

# I.W.W. SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF  
DISCONTENT

We Are  
In Here  
For YOU



You Are  
Out There  
For U S

*Remember!*

GENERAL DEFENSE EDITION

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U. S. A.



# THE PREAMBLE

Of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of management of the industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lock-out is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# SONGS OF THE WORKERS

ON THE ROAD  
IN THE JUNGLES AND  
IN THE SHOPS



FOURTEENTH EDITION

GENERAL DEFENSE

CHICAGO  
I. W. W. PUBLISHING BUREAU  
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JOE HILL



## “REMEMBER”

(Tune: “Hold the Fort”)

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### CHORUS

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.  
Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobblie true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend a knee,  
Come on you workers, organize  
And fight for Liberty.

HARRISON GEORGE,  
Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!

Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken

By exploiting parasites.

Shall you kneel in deep submission

From your cradles to your graves?

Is the height of your ambition

To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!

Fight for your own emancipation;

Arise, ye slaves of every nation.

In One Union grand.

Our little ones for bread are crying,

And millions are from hunger dying;

The end the means is justifying,

'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,

They can stop all speeding trains;

Every ship upon the ocean

They can tie with mighty chains.

Every wheel in the creation,

Every mine and every mill,

Fleets and armies of the nation,

Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,

Men and women, side by side;

We will crush the greedy shirkers

Like a sweeping, surging tide;

For united we are standing,

But divided we will fall;

Let this be our understanding—

“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!

Rise in all your splendid might;

Take the wealth that you are making,

It belongs to you by right.



No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

## THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

### CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn!



## THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

### REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage systems drain our blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?



Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

### MAKING THE CAMPS LIKE HOME

(Tune: "Way Down Upon the Swanee River")

By Richard Brazier

Way down upon the Kootenai River, out West away  
There's where the lumberjacks are working  
Only eight hours a day.  
There's where the boss am most unhappy, as sadly they  
roam  
For they see how the Loggers' One Big Union  
Am making the Camps just like home.

### CHORUS

Now the days are short and happy—eight hours we work  
then roam  
Oh! loggers our lives no more are dreary  
For we're making the camps just like home.

Think of the rotten camps so filthy, where we lived long;  
Of dollars spent on jobs and whiskey.  
Christ! how we "Jacks" were stung.  
Now, since the "Jacks" have got' together, no more we  
will roam.  
We'll fight to make our jobs still better,  
And make all the camps like home.



## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
Like beasts of burden, would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But Man is Man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?  
Once having felt thy generous flame,  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

---

A shorter work day for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.



# I. W. W. PRISON SONG

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

By Ralph Chaplin

The pale and dismal daylight falls  
Through iron bars on prison walls.  
In chains we came from far and near,  
And in dark cells they hold us here.

## CHORUS

Defiant 'neath the Iron Heel;  
Their walls of stone and bars of steel!  
For though all hell at us is hurled,  
We and our kind shall rule the world!

At us the blood-hounds are let loose,  
The lynch-mobs with the knotted noose;  
In legal sanctioned mask and gown  
The new Black Hundreds hunt us down.

To all brave comrades o'er the sea,  
In chains for human liberty,  
And all jailed rebels everywhere  
We say: be bold to do and dare!

By all the graves of Labor's dead,  
By Labor's deathless flag of red,  
We make a solemn vow to you,—  
We'll keep the faith; we will be true.

For Freedom laughs at prison bars  
Her voice re-echoes from the stars;  
Proclaiming with the tempest's breath  
A Cause beyond the reach of death!

Cell 28,  
Cook County Jail,  
March 5, 1918.



## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shout;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

### CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what kept us on the  
bum.  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son  
of a gun.  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you must rave  
and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,  
And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively "All the I. W. W.  
fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them  
"alleged I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."



## WHAT WE WANT

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Rainbow")

We want all the workers in the world to organize  
Into a great big union grand  
And when we all united stand  
The world for workers we'll demand  
If the working class could only see and realize  
What mighty power labor has  
Then the exploiting master class  
It would soon fade away.

### CHORUS

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,  
Come from every land,  
Join the fighting band,  
In one union grand,  
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a para-  
dise  
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,  
And all the cooks and laundry girls,  
We want the guy that dives for pearls,  
The pretty maid that's making curls,  
And the baker and staker and the chimneysweep  
We want the man that's slinging hash,  
The child that works for little cash  
In one union grand.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chamber-  
maid,  
We want the man that spikes on soles,  
We want the man that's digging holes,  
We want the man that's climbing poles,  
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man  
And all the factory girls and clerks,  
Yes, we want every one that works,  
In one union grand.



## WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing.")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be forevermore,—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground  
This fight must be one round  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?

---

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
Join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.



## SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says: "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffe and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.



Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

### A DREAM

By Richard Brazier  
(Tune: "The Holy City")

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry.  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy;  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy.

### CHORUS

One union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite,  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed upon  
this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the  
song;  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the  
song:

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—  
Come into our ranks, ye shrikers, for we now rule this  
land.

Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn  
your bread.

Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the  
workers' song.



## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching"

If you all will shut your trap,  
I wilil tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

### CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:



## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes  
at Me For?")

By Joe Foley

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellows when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop,  
Packing a hod of mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy;"  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.



## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout,  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

### LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.



## THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

By Richard Brazier  
(Tune: "San Antonio")

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;  
They're known throughout the land.  
They've seen the horrors of the bull-pen,  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;  
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As the Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

### CHORUS

They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master  
They'll bring disaster.  
And if you'll join them  
They'll let you know  
Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights;  
They proved themselves to be labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights;  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded  
For we still remain a union grand.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;  
The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.  
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;  
The Boss lives in the palace you make.  
You face starvation, hunger, privation,  
But the Boss is always well fed.  
Though of low station, you've built this nation—  
Built it upon your dead.  
Then when will you ever get wise;  
When will you open your eyes?



## THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")  
Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

### CHORUS

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb,"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.



## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

By John Healy

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, Maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

### CHORUS

The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.



## TIE 'EM UP!

(Words and music by G. G. Allen)

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you use your reason with the facts we have  
to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't yo see.  
Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill away,  
And you'll be among the common slaves upon some  
fateful day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about.—

So what's the use to strike the way you can't win out?

## CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win.  
Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.  
Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their like;  
What you need is One Big Union and the One Big Strike..

Why do you make agreements that divide you when you  
fight

And let the bosses bluff you with the contracts "sacred  
right,"

Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,

You all must stick together, don't you know.

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war

You can join the biggest tie-up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into one  
Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall run.



## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look, my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugle blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

## THE NINETY AND NINE

By Rose Elizabeth Smith  
(Tune: "Ninety and Nine")

There are ninety and nine that work and die,  
In hunger and want and cold,  
That one may revel in luxury,  
And be lapped in the silken fold.  
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,  
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms  
And the forest before them falls;



Their labor has builded humble homes,  
And cities with lofty halls;  
And the one owns cities and houses and lands  
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long,  
At last shall the morning bring;  
And over the land the victor's song,  
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,  
And echo afar, from zone to zone,  
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own."

**THE BOSSES WILL IN SLAVERY HOLD YOU**  
(Air: "Old Negro Melody")  
By "El Gato Rojo"

The bosses will in slavery hold you,  
The bosses will in slavery hold you—(one of these days)  
The bosses will in slavery hold you,  
If you don't join the union one of these days.

For Solidarity will help you,  
For Solidarity will help you,—(get a big raise)  
For Solidarity will help you,  
If you will join the union one of these days.

So join with us in One Big Union,  
So join with us in One Big Union—(do it today)  
So join with us in One Big Union,  
For the One Big Union is the only way.

We'll give the boss a pick and shovel,  
We'll give the boss a pick and shovel—(one of these days)  
We'll give the boss a pick and shovel,  
We'll make him earn his living one of these days.



## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

## CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
    You take the cake,  
    You make me ache.  
Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
    truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back ot the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
    right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."



Poor Block he died one evening, I'm very glad to state,  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

### FAREWELL JOE

(Tune: "Farewell To Thee")

By Richard Brazier.

Proudly went out Joe unto his death  
With smiling lips and fearless eyes  
This message gave with his last breath  
"Don't mourn for me, but ORGANIZE."

### CHORUS

Farewell to you, thou rebel true  
Whose singing heart has charmed our weary hours  
Those last brave words, before you did depart  
Shall live forever in our hearts.

Though they stilled your rebel heart with lead  
And sealed with death your lips, our Joe,  
Those words, the last you ever said  
Will bring to the masters ruin and woe.

We have shed no bitter tears for thee  
Nor have we sighed the mournful sigh.  
We have fought the fight to make men free  
In the cause for which you had to die.

The wind sighs gladly o'er your grave  
A requiem joyfully for thee.  
It seems to sing, the life you gave  
Will hasten that day of liberty.

### CHORUS TO LAST STANZA

Farewell, Joe, you had to go.  
The masters had declared that you should die, Joe,  
But although you're gone into that great unknown  
Your memory long with us, shall live.

## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—by an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—by Rudolf von Liebich, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! we have bought it fair.



## WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?

Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,  
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,

Think on the rags ye wear,

Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;

Toiling in snow and rain,

Rearing up heaps of grain,

All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,

In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;

Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,

Using not brain or hand,

Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?

What right have they to take

Things that ye toil to make?

Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;

Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;

Show these incapables who are the stronger

When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,

Over their acres all,

Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoiler's trade;

Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

---

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

---

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

### CHORUS

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with  
his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?

For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards,  
stone by stone.

It is ours, and not slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom,  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.



In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,  
For the Union makes us strong.

## THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")  
One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied here there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

**OVERALLS AND SNUFF**  
(Tune: "Wearing of the Green")

One day as I was walking along the railroad track,  
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back,  
He was an old-time hop picker, I'd seen his face before,  
I knew he was a wobbly, by the button that he wore.  
I knew he was a wobbly, by the button that he wore.

He took his blankets off his back and sat down on the rail  
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in  
jail.

He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the  
like,

For they're putting men in prison just for going out on  
strike,

Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,  
They're putting men in prison, just for going out on  
strike.

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got  
them in the pen,

If they catch a wobbly in their burg, they vag him there  
and then.

There is one thing I c n tell you, and it makes the bosses  
sore,

As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some  
more.

We can always get some more, we can always get some  
more,

As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some  
more.

Oh, Horst and Durst are mad as hell, they don't know  
what to do.

And the rest of those hop barons are all feeling mighty  
blue.

Oh, we've tied up all their hop fields, and the scabs  
refuse to come,

And we're going to keep on striking till we put them on  
the bum.

Till we put them on the bum, till we put them on the bum,  
We're going to keep on striking, till we put them on the  
bum.



Now we've got to stick together, boys, and strive with all  
our might,  
We must free Ford and Suhr, boys, we've got to win this  
fight.  
From these scissor bill hop barons we are taking no more  
bluff,  
We'll pick no more damned hops for them, for overalls  
and snuff,  
For our overalls and snuff, for our overalls and snuff,  
We'll pick no more damned hops for them, for overalls  
and snuff.

### DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the  
sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

#### CHORUS

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannon's roar.  
Greater a soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice from far away:

## DIXIE

(Tune: "They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise And  
Called It Dixie Land")

By Raymond Corder

Oh the master class and the scissor-bill  
They rave of Dixieland  
But still it's hell for darkies there  
And the migratory working man  
The plutes say Angels built Dixie  
But I think they told a fib  
If the Angels did build Dixie land  
Then I'll tell you what the Angels did.

## CHORUS

They built some built some big stockades,  
And they called it Dixie land  
Where justice is God only knows  
Far away in Dixie land  
They built the vilest place I've known  
To keep the slaves from doing harm  
Nothing was forgotten  
Where every thing is rotten  
When they built the county farm.  
And then they took a devil from the pit  
And they gave him a thirty-eight  
They taught him to be a convict quard  
And all worikngmen to hate  
It's a crime to organize down there  
But we'll show them as we've shown the Master  
Class elsewhere  
We'll make it twice as nice as paradise  
When we conquer Dixie land.

Oh the workers slave in this land so bright  
Where flowers ever bloom  
And democrats use laws and might  
To turn the light to gloom  
Oh working class of Dixie,  
Wake up and take your due  
Then the flowers will bloom for us again  
When finally we are through.

(Houston, Tex.)  
(January, 1917.)



## THE MESSAGE FROM O'ER THE SEA

(Tune: "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You")

One day as I sat pining  
A message of cheer came to me,  
A light of revolt was shining  
On a country far over the sea,  
The forces of rulers to sever  
And the flag of the earth to unfold  
To secure our freedom forever  
And a world of beauty untold.

### CHORUS

All hail to the Bolsheviks!  
We will fight for our Class and be free,  
A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter which you are  
You're nothing of interest to me;  
If you don't like the red flag of Russia,  
If you don't like the spirit so true,  
Then just be like the cur in the story  
And lick the hand that's robbing you.

We have lived in meek submission  
Thru ages of toil and despair,  
To comply with the plutes' ambition  
With never a thought nor a care.  
An echo from Russia is sounding  
'Tis the chimes of a True Liberty,  
Its a message for millions resounding  
To throw off your chains and be free.

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Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial Freedom.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

## WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;  
He said "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in one  
band.  
And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land.

### CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard  
They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.  
They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."  
The "Wobbly" said "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt  
If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.  
If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty  
You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free.



## CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

### CHORUS

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The Workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then some one put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur;  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

## THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By Wm. Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS

Are you busy Fellow Workers  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws.  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and coffee and,  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave  
There is no one but the working class to blame

When McRea, and Veitch, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the wobs still hold the fort  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the working gent  
Organizes in a Union of its class  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming' earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.



## WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horn-handed son of the toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

### CHORUS

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly, and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill  
(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor;  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### WE'RE READY

(Air: "Soldier's Song")

Courage and honor to him who's jailed;  
Our hearts shall cheer him and cry "All Hail!"  
Our hands shall help to win the fight—  
We're ready to fight, we're ready to die  
For Liberty.

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Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price, 25 cents.



## WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer  
sun,  
We have seen his children needy when the harvesting was  
done,  
We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,  
While their flag went marching on.

### CHORUS

Wage workers, come join the union!  
Wage workers, come join the union!  
Wage workers, come join the union!  
Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city  
street—

We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths and  
Vandals meet;

We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their  
feet,

But their cause went marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is  
sold,

Where the dealer's fatal hammer makes the clink of leap-  
ing gold,

But the slavers of the present more relentless powers  
hold,

Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing  
wheel,

We will free the weary women from their bondage under  
steel;

In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man  
shall feel

That his cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and dear,  
Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the  
river's voice is near;

Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland  
will be here

As we go marching on.

## THE PARASITES

By John E. Nordquist  
(Tune: "Annie Laurie")

Parasites in this fair country, live from honest labor's sweat;

There are some who never labor, yet labor's product get;  
They never starve or freeze, nor face the wintry breeze;

They are well fed, clothed and sheltered,  
And they do whate'er they please.

These parasites are living, in luxury and state;  
While millions starve and shiver, and moan their wretched fate;

They know not why they die, nor do they ever try  
Their lot in life to better;  
They only mourn and sigh.

These parasites would vanish and leave this grand old world.

If the workers fought together, and the scarlet flag unfurled;

When in One Union grand, the working class shall stand,  
The parasites will vanish.

And the workers rule the land.

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES!

By Ralph H. Chaplin  
(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

## CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years



Join in the fight—the Final Battle.

Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")  
Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.  
All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

---

One Big Union tactics are simply the efficiency system  
applied to the class struggle.

## HARK! THE BATTLE-CRY IS RINGING!

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March on the Men of Harlech")

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
    Death to tyrants' might!  
Tho' we wield not spear nor sabre,  
We the sturdy sons of Labor,  
Helping every man his neighbor,  
    Shirk not from the fight!  
See our homes before us;  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

### CHORUS

Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame, privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
    Of the rich man's spite;  
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
    After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning,  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!



## EVERYBODY'S JOINING IT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Everybody's Doin' It")

Fellow workers, can't you hear,  
There is something in the air.  
Everywhere you walk, everybody talk  
'Bout the I. W. W.  
They have got a way to strike  
That the master doesn't like—  
Everybody stick, that's the only trick,  
All are joining it now.

### CHORUS

Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!  
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!  
One Big Union; that's the workers' choice,  
One Big Union; that's the only noise,  
One Big Union; shout with all your voice;  
Make a noise, make a noise, make a noise, boys.  
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!  
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining it!  
Joining in this union grand,  
Boys and girls in every land;  
All the workers hand in hand—  
Everybody's joining it now.

Th' Boss is feeling mighty blue,  
He don't know just what to do.  
We have got his goat, got him by the throat,  
Soon he'll work or go starving.  
Join I. W. W.,  
Don't let bosses trouble you,  
Come and join with us—everybody does—  
You've got nothing to lose.

Will the One Big Union grow?  
Mister Bonehead wants to know.  
Well! What do you think, of that funny gink  
Asking such foolish questions?  
Will it grow? Well! Look a here,  
Brand new unions everywhere,  
Better take a hunch, join the fighting bunch,  
Fight for Freedom and Right.

## A. F. OF L. SYMPATHY

By B. L. Weber

(Tune: "All I Got Was Sympathy")

Bill Brown was a worker in a great big shop,  
Where there worked two thousand others;  
They all belonged to the A. F. of L.,  
And they called each other "brothers."  
One day Bill Brown's union went out on strike,  
And they went out for higher pay;  
All the other crafts remained on the job,  
And Bill Brown did sadly say:

### CHORUS

All we got was sympathy;  
So we were bound to lose, you see;  
All the others had craft autonomy,  
Or else they would have struck with glee,  
But I got good and hungry,  
And no craft unions go for me.  
Gee! Ain't it hell, in the A. F. of L.  
All you get is sympathy.

Bill Brown was a thinker, and he was not a fool,  
And fools there are many, we know.  
So he decided the A. F. of L.  
And its craft divisions must go.  
Industrial Unions are just the thing,  
Where the workers can all join the fight;  
So now on the soap box boldly he stands,  
A singing with all of his might:

### CHORUS

Here's hoping that the day is not far distant when  
we can open up the Bastiles of the Thieves of Industry  
and set our fellow workers free. Here's hoping that the  
gallows, dungeons, slave-pens and slaughter-fields of the  
master class are cheated of their prey.

---

Labor can be gouged only to the extent that it is willing to be gouged; it is willing only to the extent that it is unawakened. All workers who are not asleep should ORGANIZE. Join the I. W. W. and help arouse the Sleeping Giant to a realization of his own irresistible power.



## JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk With Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat

And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he  
thought,

And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

### CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,

The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;

Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew  
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."

He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.

He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."

John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and  
stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy  
fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

### CHORUS OF LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of all his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.

When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

By Walquist

(Tune: "Love Me and the World is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There's millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

### CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the World, unite.

Oh! workingmen, come organize,  
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belong' to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

### CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.



## LABOR'S DIXIE

By Charles M. Robinson

Work away down South in the land of cotton,  
"Citizen's Leagues" and all that's rotten,

Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;  
Work away down South in Dixie,

Work away, nary pay,  
In Dixie land the children toil  
And the mothers moil in Dixie land,

Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in  
Dixie.

### CHORUS

Work away, work away, away, away,  
Away down South in Dixie!

In Dixie land let's take our stand  
And live and die for Dixie!

In Dixie land is the Democratic party,  
Organized to make the darkie

Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;  
Work away down South in Dixie,

Work away, nary pay,  
In Dixie land it grinds and grabs  
And burns and stabs in Dixie land,

Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.  
In Dixie land is the thief land-holder—

Used to be bold, but he's now grown bolder,  
Work away, day by day, nary pay, Dixie land;

Work away down South in Dixie,

Work away, nary pay,  
In Dixie land he drags white "tramps"  
Off to his camps in Dixie land,

Work away, day by day, nary pay down South in Dixie.  
But in Dixie land we're organizing,  
Soon results will be surprising,

Work away, day by day, it will pay, Dixie land;

Work away, day by day, it will pay down South in  
Dixie.

Work away down South in Dixie,

Work away, it will pay,  
For in Dixie land we'll strike the blow—  
The boss must go from Dixie land—

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shakin' with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In one union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

### CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty,  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,

We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.  
The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling.  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry.  
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

---

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?



## PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel band;  
Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the land.  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

### CHORUS

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!  
Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—  
We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win the hardest  
fight,  
For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into  
light,  
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss with  
fears;  
Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—  
We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers  
For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us "working plugs," inferior by birth,  
But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their smiles  
or mirth—  
We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from the  
earth  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,  
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're  
through,  
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

## GONE ARE THE DAYS

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "Old Black Joe")

Gone are the days, when the master class could say,  
"We'll work you long hours for little pay;  
We'll work you all day and half the night as well."  
But I hear the workers' voices saying, "You will, like  
Hell."

### CHORUS

For we're going, to take an eight hour day.  
We surely will surprise the Boss some first of May.

Now, workmen, it's up to you to say  
If you want a general eight hour day.  
As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and  
hand.  
All you have to do is to join our Union grand.

Now, workingmen, we are working far too long;  
That's why we've got this vast unemployed throng.  
Give every worker a chance to work each day;  
Let's all join together and to the Boss all say,

---

### The I. W. W.; "Most Hated and Most Loved."

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended.—Helen Keller.



**ARE YOU A WOBBLY?**  
(Tune: "Are You from Dixie?")  
By Joe Foley

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say.

**CHORUS**

Are you a wobbly? then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, then it's kick right in and join.  
Become a wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

---

"Don't waste any time mourning—ORGANIZE!"—Joe Hill.

**WORDS AND MUSIC**  
in  
**POPULAR SHEET FORM**  
of

the following songs written by Joe Hill:

"The Rebel Girl."

"Don't Take My Papa Away from Me."

"Workers of the World, Awaken."

Single copies, 25c, 5 for \$1.00, 60 for \$10.00.

I. W. W. Publishing Bureau.

## THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

By Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities,  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life-blood into gold.

### CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace of all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crusts we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.



## WALKING ON THE GRASS

(Tune: "The Wearing of the Green")

In this blessed land of freedom where King Mammon  
wears the crown,

There are many ways illegal now to hold the people down.  
When the dudes of state militia are slow to come to time,  
The law upholding Pinkertons are gathered from the  
slime.

There are wisely framed injunctions that you must not  
leave your job,

And a peaceable assemblage is declared to be a mob,  
And Congress passed a measure framed by some consum-  
mate ass,

So they are clubbing men and women just for walking on  
the grass.

In this year of slow starvation, when a fellow looks for  
work,

The chances are a cop will grab his collar with a jerk;  
He will run him in for vagrancy, he is branded as a tramp,  
And all the well-to-do will shout: "It serves him right, the  
scamp!"

So we let the ruling class maintain the dignity of law,  
When the court decides against us we are filled with  
wholesome awe,

But we cannot stand the outrage without a little sauce  
When they're clubbing men and women just for walking  
on the grass.

The papers said the union men were all but anarchist,  
So the job trust promised work for all who wouldn't  
enlist;

But the next day when the hungry horde surrounded city  
hall,

He hedged and said he didn't promise anything at all.  
So the powers that be are acting very queer to say the  
least—

They should go and read their Bible and all about Bel-  
shazzar's feast,

And when mene tekel at length shall come to pass,  
They'll stop clubbing men and women just for walking on  
the grass,

## LIBERTY FOREVER

(Air: "Anvil Chorus")

We broke the yoke of a pitiless class,  
And we burst all asunder our bands and chains;  
Our organization will win when it strikes,  
And no more shall a king or a crown remain—

United fast are we with bonds that naught can sever;  
Long, loud and clear and far our battle cry rings ever—  
Liberty for aye and aye!  
Liberty for ever!  
Liberty for ever!  
Shall be our battle cry.

---

## UNION SCABS

My dear brother, I am sorry to be under contract to hang you, but I know it will please you to hear that the scaffold is built by union carpenters, the rope bears the label and here is my card.

---

The purpose of the I. W. W. is to organize the workers in all the world's industries into One Big Union, gaining gradual control of these industries by enforcing demands for more favorable hours wages and conditions until such time as the producers develop the necessary power and discipline to take over the ownership and management of the industries and run them for the benefit of the entire human race.

---

It is infinitely better to be in jail laying the foundation for freedom than to be free laying the foundation for jails.

---

The capitalist has had his day; he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The Future belongs to Labor, and no power on earth can make it otherwise. The sky is already bright with the Red Morning of Emancipation !



## MAY DAY SONG

Music by Rudolf von Liebig

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong,—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

---

### I. W. W. PENNANTS

Full size red felt pennants with large I. W. W. label and the wording, One Big Union. With the design and wording in three colors this makes an attractive appearance for demonstrations, and for decorating halls, etc. Price 25 cents each, postpaid.

## WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow workers pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the fixed intention of the Workers of the World.  
And I hope you'll all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To gather 'round our standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

### CHORUS

Where the Fraser river flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours  
and better pay, boys;  
And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river  
Fraser flows.

For the gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.  
So we've got to sitck together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser  
river flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching,  
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.  
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil  
spared them,  
Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser river  
flows.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray! The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

Now the harvest String Trust they would move to Ger-  
many.  
The Silk Bosses of Paterson, they also want to flee  
From strikes and labor troubles, but they cannot get  
away  
From One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray! Let's set the wage slave free.  
Hooray! Hooray! With every victory  
We'll hum the workers' anthem till you finally must be  
In One Big Industrial Union.

---

Words and music of "We have Fed You All For a  
Thousand Years" can be obtained in attractive sheet  
form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing Bureau, Price  
25 cents.

## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS (Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;

For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.

### CHORUS

One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee. For goodness  
sake, "get wise!"

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.  
Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.

Tap the bell for eight hours work; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.  
Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.  
"Such a lot of devils," that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay,



They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."

My body? Ah, If I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.

Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

---

"Don't waste any time in mourning—Organize.  
D G G B D D D D D D D D

The capital letters under the last line are the notes for  
that line. It is the ascending scale and the first "D" is  
the "D" below middle "C" on the piano. The whole line  
should be rendered with spirit and "Organize" fortissimo.

---

The I. W. W. is opposed to ALL kinds of despotism,  
but it is fighting, first, last and all the time to bring  
Democracy on to the JOB—into the daily lives of the  
workers.

---

Labor is entitled to all it can take. Join the I. W. W.  
and fight on the job for the full product of your labor.

## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Air: "Russian "ПОХОРОННЫЙ МАРШ"—Funeral March.

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all,  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheer-  
ful and brave—  
Defying chains and jails you marched upon your way.

Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell  
In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph, trusting no promise—Heaven or  
Hell;  
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now we workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold—  
We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.

Farewell true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;  
As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,  
And Labor soon will prove that none have died in vain  
Farewell true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)





### FAREWELL FRANK

(Air: "Barcarolle," from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerard J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.  
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.  
For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,  
No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,  
You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.

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Our previous appeals—you have responded to generously, but perhaps you do not realize the stupendous task that confronts us. In Chicago we have more than a hundred fellow workers awaiting trial. In Omaha we have fifty or more. In Wichita there are thirty-six. In Fresno the masters are demanding that fifteen more be sent to prison. In Sacramento and vicinity we have about a hundred and there are hundreds more scattered throughout the country, all of whom must be defended.

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# SONGS OF THE WORKERS

*ON THE ROAD  
IN THE JUNGLES AND  
IN THE SHOPS*



FIFTEENTH EDITION

CHICAGO  
INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD  
OCTOBER, 1919

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JOE HILL



## "R E M E M B E R"

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### CHORUS

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.  
Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobblie true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend a knee,  
Come on you worker, organize  
And fight for Liberty.

HARRISON GEORGE

Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!

Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.

Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

### CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.

In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains.  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;



For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Worker's Commonwealth.

### THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The worker's flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

#### CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.  
Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.  
It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeous dark, or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn

### THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

### REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors.  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,



We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage systems drain our blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights" says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equal without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisesome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight will stay.

---

A shorter work day for all employed workers would  
put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody  
worked there would be no poverty.

## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded

To mete and vend the light and air,

To mete and vend the light and air,

Like beasts of burden, would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But Man is Man, and who is more? -

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Our whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Our whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!



## I. W. W. PRISON SONG

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

By Ralph Chaplin

The pale and dismal daylight falls  
Through iron bars on prison walls.  
In chains we came from far and near,  
And in dark cells they hold us here.

### CHORUS

Defiant 'neath the Iron Heel;  
Their walls of stone and bars of steel!  
For though all hell at us is hurled,  
We and our kind shall rule the world!

At us the blood-hounds are let loose,  
The lynch-mobs with the knotted noose;  
In legal sanctioned mask and gown  
The new Black Hundreds hut us down.

To all brave comrades o'er the sea,  
In chains for human liberty,  
And all jailed rebels everywhere  
We say: be bold to do and dare!

By all the graves of Labor's dead,  
By Labor's deathless flag of red,  
We make a solemn vow to you,—  
We'll keep the faith; we will be true.

For Freedom laughs at prison bars  
Her voice re-echoes from the stars;  
Proclaiming with the tempest's breath  
A Cause beyond the reach of death!

Cell 28,  
Cook County Jail,  
March 5, 1918.

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.

We have slept out in wour hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shout;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

### CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what kept us on the  
bum.

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son  
of a gun.

We have sent your kids to college, but still you want rave  
and shout.

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.



## WHAT WE WANT

By Joe Hill  
(Tune: "Rainbow")

We want all the workers in the world to organize  
Into a great big union grand  
And when we all united stand  
The world for workers we'll demand  
If the working class could only see and realize  
What mighty power labor has  
Then the exploiting master class  
It would soon fade away.

### CHORUS

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,  
Come from every land,  
Join the fighting band,  
In one union grand,  
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a paradise

When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,  
And all the cooks and Laundry girls,  
We want the guy that dives for pearls,  
The pretty maid that's making curls,  
And the baker and staker and the chimneysweep  
We want the man that's slinging hash,  
The child that works for little cash  
In one union grand.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chambermaid,  
We want the man with spikes on soles,  
We want the man that's digging holes,  
We want the man that's climbing poles,

And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man  
And all the factory girls and clerks,  
Yes, we want every one that works,  
In one union grand.

### WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson  
(Tune: "Red Wing.")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be forevermore,—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

### CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground  
This fight must be one round  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!  
Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;



This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?

### SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to walk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.  
And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says: "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that evedy cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin;  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";

Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.  
Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

### ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Penit.)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world—wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!



Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice like angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toils' Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

### THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching"

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

### CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

**WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR  
THE BOSS FOR?**

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes  
at Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Working' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellows when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop



Packing a hod of mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy;"  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively "All the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them "alleged I. W. W's. must be holy frights."

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:  
Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout.  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

### Last CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.



## IN MEMORY

(Air: "The Memory of the Dead")

By James J. Ferriter

The long, long wished for hour has come  
But come, I hope, not in vain,  
When workingmen in One Union Grand  
Will Liberty proclaim.  
We've fought on many a battle field  
Our Cause to maintain,  
And here today we stand as one—  
True Wobblies once again.

It was in the year of seventeen,  
On August the first day,  
The tyrant dogs of the master class  
Our hero bold did slay;  
We do not fear their lynching threats,  
Their gunmen nor their jails,  
And here today we stand as one—  
Our Union never fails.

Oh, cruel was this martyrdom  
Suffered by our patriot bold,  
When dragged upon the rough paved streets,  
All for the greed of gold;  
Sure, Christ himself, when on this earth  
Suffered on the Cross of Calvary  
His life for freedom gave.

Here's to your Memory Frank Little,  
Though dead and in your grave;  
For the worker's Cause you fought so hard  
And your precious life you gave.

But though you've gone your're not forgot—  
Your work lives just the same,  
For since you left we've organized  
In honor of your name!

## **THERE IS POWER IN A UNION**

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

### **CHORUS:**

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off you head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,



If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.  
Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

### THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

(Air: "Old oaken Bucket")

By John Healy

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, Maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

### CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

### HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Worker's Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause ,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—

Union men, be strong.

Side by side we battle onward,

Victory will come.

Look, my Comrades, see the union

Banners waving high.

Reinforcements now appearing,

Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;

Hear the bugle blow.

By our union we shall triumph

Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,

But we will not fear.

Help will come whene'er it's needed,

Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.



## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,

You take the cake,

You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!

The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.

They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,

But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.

He shouted, "That's too raw,

I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.

He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."

He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,

He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,

You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"

The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,

But after the election he got in awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'll like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

### **FAREWELL, JOE!**

(Tune: "Farewell To Thee")

By Richard Brazier

Proudly went out Joe unto his death  
With smiling lips and fearless eyes  
This message gave with his last breath  
"Don't mourn for me, but ORGANIZE."

#### **CHORUS:**

Farewell to you, thou rebel true  
Whose singing heart has charmed our weary hours  
Those last brave words, before you did depart  
Shall live forever in our hearts.

Though they stilled your rebel heart with lead  
And sealed with death your lips, our Joe,  
Those words, the last you ever said  
Will bring to the masters ruin and woe.

We have shed no bitter tears for thee  
Nor have we sighed the mournful sigh.  
We have fought the fight to make men free  
In the cause for which you had to die.  
The wind sighs gladly o'er your grave  
A requiem joyfully for thee.



It seems to sing, the life you gave  
Will hasten that day of liberty.

### CHORUS TO LAST STANZA

Farewell, Joe, you had to go.  
The masters had declared that you should die, Joe,  
But although you're gone into that great unknown  
Your memory long with us, shall live.

### WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—by an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—by Rudolf von Liebig, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.

We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.

Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.

There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.

Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.

If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields

To the strike of a week ago  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! we have bought it fair.

### THE DREAM OF A MILLIONAIRE

By John E. Nordquist.

(Tune: "The Dream of a Soldier Boy")

In every jail on "democracy's" trail,  
The wobblies were doing their bit;  
A parasite lay dreaming  
Who said their doom was fit.  
When the darkness had taken to flight,  
Then he told of his dream in the night;

#### CHORUS

"We have crushed the Industrial Union,  
We have killed all their active men;  
We have smeared them with tar and we've beat them  
with clubs,  
And scared away the working dubs.

There's no chance for their organization—

ONE BIG UNION has turned to air,  
And back are the toilers to slav'ry again:"

'Twas the dream of a millionaire.

From every cell does the grand message swell;

"The toilers must organize!

Put down your tyrant masters,

Accept no compromise,

And the dream of your slavery's night

Shall come true in the real freedom's light:

#### Second CHORUS

When the Industrial Workers shall triumph,



All the masters must go to work;  
And our mothers and babes shall have homes that day,  
And work-worn children then shall play.  
Every mortal shall live by his labor  
And the old folks shall have good care;  
The earth to a paradise will be transformed—  
But a dream is the millionaire.

### SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

### CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with  
his might

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?

For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

For the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards,  
stone by stone.

It is ours, and not slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom,  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

---

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world  
history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by  
industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only  
REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

---

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.



## THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
And old procuress spied here there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

## OVERALLS AND SNUFF

(Tune: "Wearing of the Green")

One day as I was walking along the railroad track,  
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back,  
He was an old-time hop picker, I'd seen his face before,  
I knew he was a wobbly, by the button that he wore.  
I knew he was a wobbly, by the button that he wore.

He took his blankets off his back and sat down on the rail  
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in  
jail.

He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the  
like,

For they're putting men in prison just for going out on  
strike,

Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,  
They're putting men in prison, just for going out on  
strike.

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them  
in the pen,

If they catch a wobbly in their burg, they vag him there  
and then.

There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses  
sore,

As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some  
more.

We can always get some more, we can always get some  
more.

As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some  
more.

Oh, Hurst and Durst are mad as hell, they don't know  
what to do.



And the rest of those hop barons are all feeling mighty  
blue.

Oh, we've tied up all their hop fields, and the scabs refuse  
to come,

And we're going to keep on striking till we put them on  
the bum.

Till we put them on the bum, till we put them on the bum,  
We're going to keep on striking till we put them on the  
bum.

Now, we've got to stick together, boys, and strive with all  
our might,

We must free Ford and Suhr, boys, we've got to win this  
fight.

From these scissor bill hop barons we are taking no more  
bluff,

We'll pick no more damned hops for them, for overalls  
and snuff,

For our overalls and snuff, for our overalls and snuff,  
We'll pick no more damned hops for them, for overalls  
and snuff.

## DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the  
sea,

Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—

But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;

The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.

She begged, cried and pleaded so:

### CHORUS:

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.

He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.

Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.

He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannon's roar.

Greater a soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;

And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,

A girl's voice far away:

### DIXIE

(Tune: "They Made It Twice As Nice As Paradise And  
Called It Dixie Land")

By Raymond Corder

Oh the master class and the scissor-bill  
They rave of Dixieland  
But still it's hell for darkies there  
And the migratory working man  
The plutes say Angels built Dixie  
But I think they told a fib  
If the Angels did build Dixie land  
Then I'll tell you what the Angels did.

### CHORUS

They built some built some big stockades,  
And they called it Dixie land



Where justice is God only knows  
Far away in Dixie land  
They built the vilest place I've known  
To keep the slaves from doing harm  
Nothing was forgotten  
Where every thing is rotten  
When they built the county farm.

And then they took a devil from the pit  
And they gave him a thirty-eight  
They taught him to be a convict quard  
And all workingmen to hate  
It's a crime to organize down there  
But we'll show them as we've shown the Master  
Class elsewhere  
We'll make it twice as nice as paradise  
When we conquer Dixie land.

Oh the workers slave in this land so bright  
Where flowers ever bloom  
And democrats use laws and might  
To turn the light to gloom  
Oh working class of Dixie,  
Wake up and take your due  
Then the flowers will bloom for us again  
When finally we are through.

(Houston, Tex.)  
(January, 1917.)

---

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

## THE MESSAGE FROM O'ER THE SEA

(Tune: "Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You")

One day as I sat pining  
A message of cheer came to me,  
A light of revolt was shining  
On a country far over the sea,  
The forces of rules to sever  
And the flag of the earth to unfold  
To secure our freedom forever  
And a world of beauty untold.

### CHORUS

All hail to the Bolsheviki!  
We will fight for our Class and be free,  
A Kaiser, King or Czar, no matter which you are  
You're nothing of interest to me;  
If you don't like the red flag of Russia,  
If you don't like the spirit so true,  
Then just be like the cur in the story  
And lick the hand that's robbing you.

We have lived in meek submission  
Thru ages of toil and despair,  
To comply with the plutes' ambition  
With never a thought nor a care.  
An echo from Russia is sounding  
'Tis the chimes of a True Liberty,  
Its a message for millions resounding  
To throw off your chains and be free.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.



## WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;  
He said "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in one  
band  
And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land.

### CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard  
They'll all be affrighted. when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.  
They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."  
The "Wobbly" said "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt  
If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.  
If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty  
You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free.

## CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

### CHORUS

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time:  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The Workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then some one put a bunch of railroad ties across the track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. Line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."

"You're just the man." said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can yet a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.



The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel's Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur;  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

### THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By Wm. Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS

Are you busy Fellow Workers  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws.  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and coffee and,  
It's as good as we excepted when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave  
There is no one but the working class to blame

When McRea, and Veitch, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the wobs still hold the fort  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.  
When the 65 per cent  
That they call the working gent  
Organizes in a Union of its class  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming' earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

### WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horn-handed son of the toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

### CHORUS

Organize! Oh, toilers come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the worker's commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,



While he's living from sweat of your brow.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.  
We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly, and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.  
We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
Its coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

### WE'RE READY

(Air: "Soldier's Song")

Courage and honor to him who's jailed;  
Our hearts shall cheer him and cry "All Hail!"  
Our hands shall help to win the fight—  
We're ready to fight, we're ready to die  
For Liberty.

---

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial Freedom.

## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill  
(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothers.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

---

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price, 25 cents.



## WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer  
sun,  
We have seen his children needy when the harvesting was  
done,  
We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,  
While their flag went marching on.

### CHORUS

Wage workers, come join the union!  
Wage workers, come join the union!  
Wage workers, come join the union!  
Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city  
street—  
We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths and  
Vandals meet;  
We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their  
feet,  
But their cause went marching on.  
Our slaver's marts are empty, human flesh no more is  
sold,  
Where the dealer's fatal hammer makes the clink of leap-  
ing gold,  
But the slavers of the present more relentless powers  
hold,  
Though the world goes marching on  
But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing  
wheel,  
We will free the weary women from their bondage under  
steel;

In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man  
shall fell

That his cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and dear,  
Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the  
river's voice is near;

Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland  
will be here

As we go marching on.

### THE PARASITES

By John E. Nordquist  
(Tune: "Annie Laurie")

Parasites in this fair country, live from honest labor's  
sweat;

There are some who never labor, yet labor's product get;  
They never starve or freeze, nor face the wintry breeze;

They are well fed, clothed and sheltered,  
And they do whate'er they please.

These parasites are living, in luxury and state:

While millions starve and shiver, and moan their wretch  
ed fate;

They know not why they die, nor do they ever try

Their lot in life to better;  
They only mourn and sigh.

These parasites would vanish and leave this grand old  
world.

If the workers fought together, and the scarlet flag un-  
furled;

When in One Union grand, the working class shall stand,

The parasites will vanish.  
And the workers rule the land.



## UP FROM YOUR KNEES!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
—After the darkness comes the day.  
Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.  
Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.  
Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.  
Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

By John Brill

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?

Are there lots of things you lack?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?

Are you living in a shack?

Would you have your troubles scattered?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?

And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,

You can end with one good whack—

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—

And dump the bosses off your back.

---

One Big Union tactics are simply the efficiency system applied to the class struggle.



## EVERYBODY'S JOINING IT!

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Everybody's Doing It")

Fellow workers, can't you hear,  
There is something in the air.  
Everywhere you walk, everybody talk  
'Bout the I. W. W.  
They have got a way to strike  
That the master doesn't like—  
Everybody stick, that's the only trick,  
All are joining it now.

### CHORUS

Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining It!  
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining It!  
One Big Union; that's the worker's choice,  
One Big Union; that's the only noise,  
One Big Union; shout with all your voice;  
Make a noise, make a noise, make a noise, boys,  
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining It!  
Everybody's joining it! Joining what? Joining It!  
Joining in this union grand,  
Boys and girls in every land;  
All the workers hand in hand—  
Everybody's joining it now.

Th' Boss is feeling mighty blue,  
He don't know just what to do.  
We have got his goat, got him by the throat,  
Soon he'll work or go starving,  
Join the I. W. W.,  
Don't let bosses trouble you,  
Come and join with us—everybody does—  
You've got nothing to lose.

Will the One Big Union grow?  
Mister Bonehead wants to know.  
Well! What do you think, of that funny gink  
Asking such foolish questions?  
Will it grow? Look a here,  
Brand new unions everywhere,  
Better take a hunch, join the fighting bunch,  
Fight for Freedom and Right.

## JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk With Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat  
And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he  
thought,  
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

### CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,  
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;  
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew



That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.  
John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."  
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.  
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."  
John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and  
stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy  
fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

### CHORUS OF LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of all his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.  
When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

### WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

By Walquist

(Tune: "Love Me and the World is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There's millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, misery and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair

## CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the World, unite.

Oh! workingmen, come organize,  
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belong to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

## CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow, Men unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking' with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.



In one Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

### CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry;  
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

### PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel band;  
Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the land.  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

### CHORUS

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!  
Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—

We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win the hardest  
fight,  
For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into  
light,  
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss with  
fears;  
Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—  
We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers  
For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us "working plugs," inferior by birth,  
But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their smiles  
or mirth—  
We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from the  
earth  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but built it all anew,  
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're  
through,  
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

---

Full size red felt pennants with large I.W.W. label and  
the wording, One Big Union. With the design and word-  
ing in three colors this makes an attractive appearance  
for demonstrations, and for decorating halls, etc. Price  
25 cents each, postpaid.



## GONE ARE THE DAYS

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "Old Black Joe")

Gone are the days, when the master class could say,  
"We'll work you long hours for little pay;  
We'll work you all day and half the night as well."  
But I hear the workers' voices saying, "You will, like  
Hell."

### CHORUS

For we're going, to take an eight hour day.  
We surely will surprise the Boss some first of May.  
Now, workmen, it's up to you to say  
If you want a general eight hour day.  
As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and  
hand.

All you have to do is to join our Union grand.  
Now, workingmen, we are working far too long;  
That's why we've got this vast unemployed throng.  
Give every worker a chance to work each day;  
Let's all join together and to the Boss all say,

---

*The I. W. W.; "Most Hated and Most Loved."*

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended.—*Helen Keller.*

**ARE YOU A WOBBLY?**  
(Tune: "Are You from Dixie?")

By Joe Foley

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say.

**CHORUS**

Are you a wobbly? then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Worker's Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, then it's kick right in and join.  
Become a wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up your arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

---

Why does a short work day and a long pay always  $\epsilon$   
together?



## MAY DAY SONG

Music by Rudolf von Liebich

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

---

Words and music of "We have Fed You All For a  
Thousand Years" can be obtained in attractive sheet  
form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing Bureau, Price  
25 cents.

WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS  
(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow workers pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the fixed intention of the Workers of the World.  
And I hope you'll all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To gather 'round our standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

CHORUS

Where the Fraser river flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.

And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours  
and better pay, boys;

And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river  
Fraser flows.

For the gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.

So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser  
river flows.

New the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's  
fetching,

And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.

But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil  
spared them,

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser river  
flows.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?



## ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.

Forward unto battle  
We, the workers go.  
Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!

War and wrong shall perish  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

### (REFRAIN)

Gates of jails can never  
Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray! The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

Now the harvest String Trust they would move to Ger-  
many.

The silk Bosses of Paterson, they also want to flee  
From strikes and labor troubles ,but they cannot get  
away

From One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray! Let's set the wage slave free.  
Hooray! Hooray! With every victory  
We'll hum the workers' an them till you finally must be  
In One Big Industrial Union.

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;

For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.

### CHORUS

One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee. For goodness  
sake, "get wise"!

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.  
Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours work; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.  
Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

"Such a lot of devils," that's what the papers say—

"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, If I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL



## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Air: Russian „ПОХОРОННЫЙ МАРШ“—Funeral March.

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all.  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheer-  
ful and brave—

Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.  
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell

In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph, trusting no promise—Heaven or  
Hell;

This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.

Rise now we workers rebellious and bold;

Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;

We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold—

We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.

Farewell true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;

As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.

Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,

And Labor soon will prove that none have died in vain

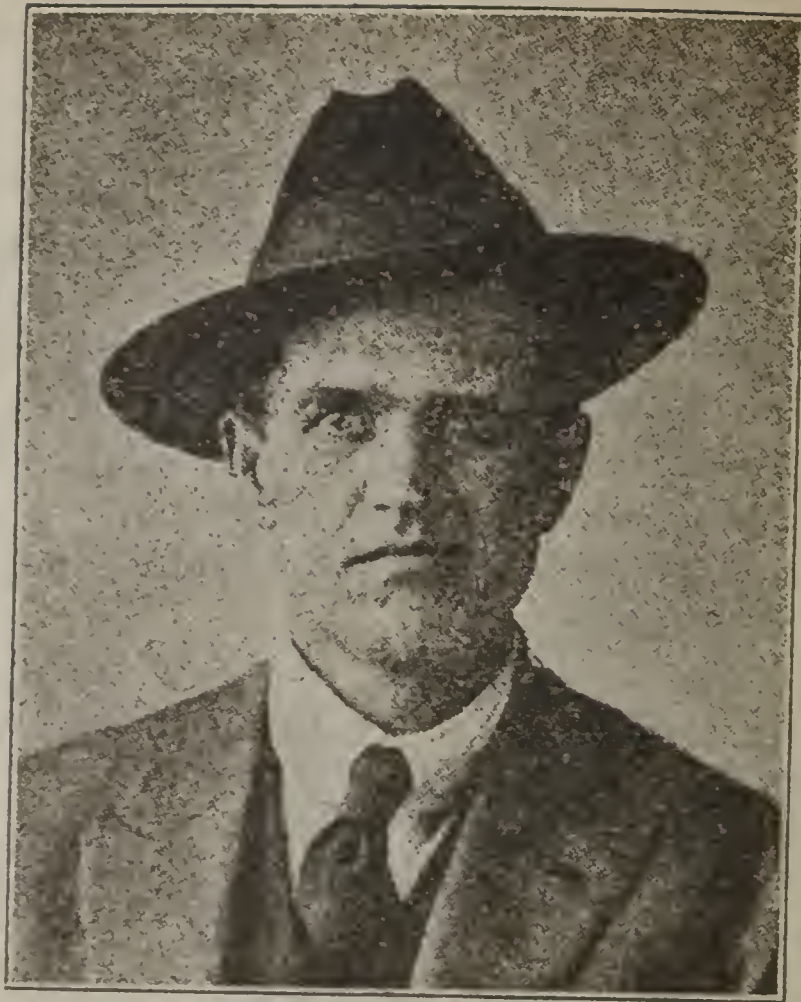
Farewell true comrades, we rise to the fight;

O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore.

Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers Unite!

To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)



### FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle." from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerard J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,

You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



## ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first,"  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;

The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

## A CALL TO ACTION

(Tune: "Smiles")

Workers, now I know, what will make the union grow  
Agitation, education, will defeat the foe.  
Workers don't you see you must make your own selves  
free,  
Do get wise and organize and strike for liberty.

## CHORUS

We'll no longer work for wages, we'll just take all we  
produce  
We have been wage slaves all through the ages  
We ourselves must break the fetters loose  
Then we will no longer heed the masters  
Our defiance at them we will hurl  
And we'll bid good bye to all wage slavery  
And the red flag we will unfurl.

Masters boast in vain Bolshevism is on the wane  
But the shirkers will be workers under Labors reign,  
Toilers don't despair; we have but to do our share,  
Agitating, educating, we must do and dare.



I. W. W. HALL

I. W. W.

# SONGS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF  
DISCONTENT



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: PRICE TEN CENTS :

# THE PREAMBLE

## OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

■ ■ ■

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of management of the industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# I. W. W. SONGS

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SONGS OF LIFE—and  
“Take out the words, if so must be,  
But leave, oh, leave the melody.”



SEVENTEENTH EDITION

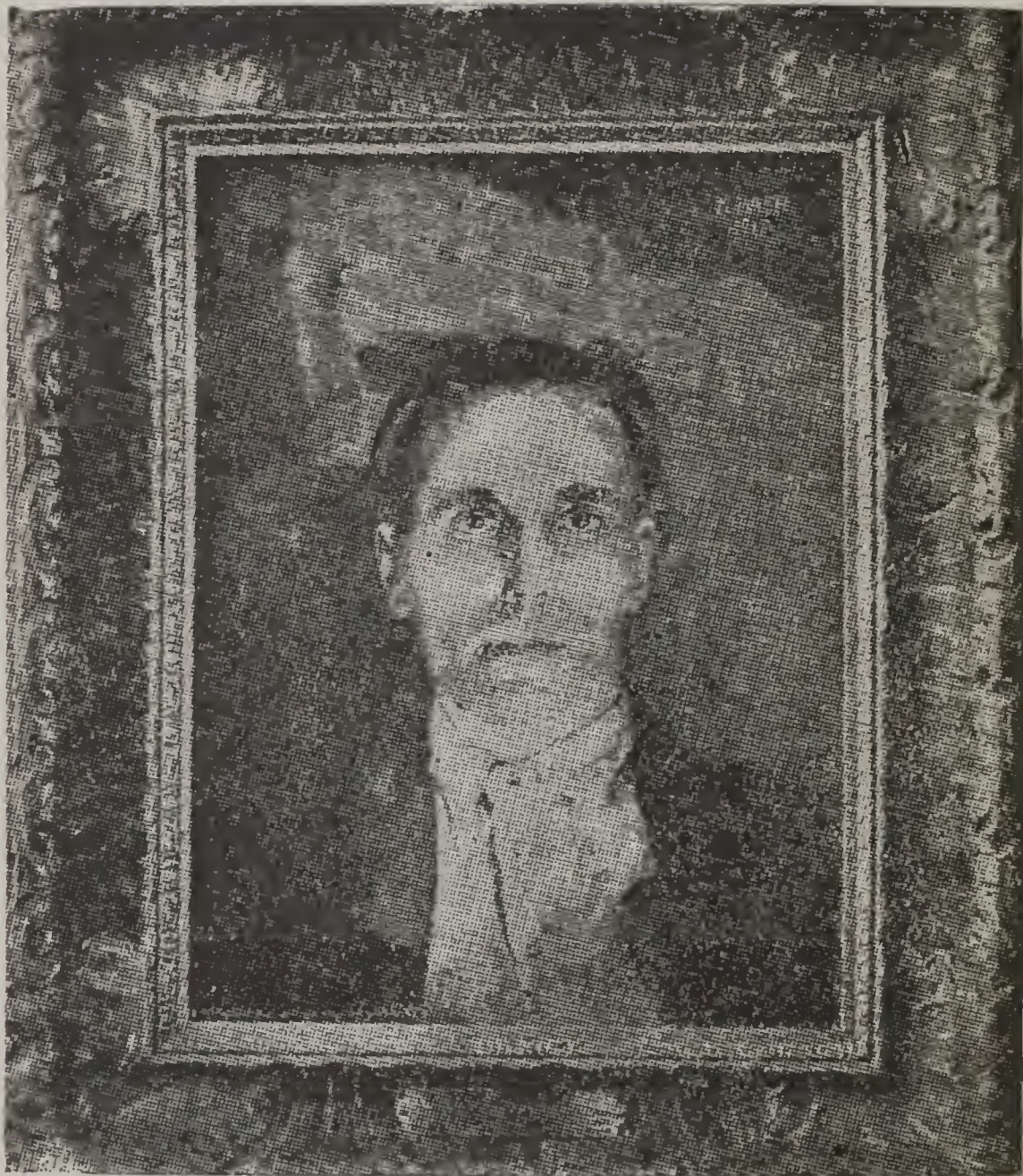
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I.W.W. HALL 504 SUPERIOR ST.

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JOE HILL



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## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

---

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price 25 cents.

## THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

### REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors.  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.  
Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffer of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.



## WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

### CHORUS:

Organize! Oh, toilers come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the worker's commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While we make the welkin ring with our applause  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
Its coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.



If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains.  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.

No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

---

A shorter work day for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hooray! Hooray! The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

## THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The worker's flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

### CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.



Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come on and join in the fray,  
Come on and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry;  
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; We are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shout;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?



### CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what kept us on the  
bum.

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son  
of a gun.

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout.

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the long wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?  
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,  
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,  
Think on the rags ye wear,  
Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;  
Toiling in snow and rain,  
Rearing up heaps of grain,  
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,  
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;  
Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,  
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,  
Using not brain or hand,  
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?  
What right have they to take  
Things thay ye toil to make?

Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;  
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;  
Show these incapables who are the stronger  
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,  
Over their acres all,  
Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,  
Claiming the wealth we've made,  
Ending the spoiler's trade;  
Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

## JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk with Jesus")

In Lawrence. when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat  
And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he  
thought,  
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

### CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,  
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;  
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew  
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."  
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.  
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."



John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

#### CHORUS OF THE LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of all his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.  
When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

#### SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place

#### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says: "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin;  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.  
All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold The Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Penit.)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.



### CHORUS:

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice like angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toils' Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

### UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

### CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I ch p some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:



## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes  
at Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellow when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop  
Packing a hod a mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS:

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy";  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

## THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied here there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
When'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

## THE BIG QUESTION

(Air: "America")

by T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more  
The boss has slam'd the door;  
What shall I do?  
Seem's like my end is near,  
My guts feel awful queer—  
Where do we go from here?  
—This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg,  
—Why must I starve and beg?  
What Shall I Do?  
Where can the answer lurk?  
Why am I out of work,  
Gazing on all this murk?  
This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,  
Masters have laid me prone;  
What Shall I Do?  
Why can't we hand in hand,  
Reclaim our right to stand,  
Unhorse the sleek brigand?  
This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive 1921.

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.



## SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

### CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with  
his might.

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards,  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom,  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, Maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

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The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

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One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.



## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—by an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—by Rudolf von Liebich, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are tis ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago  
You have taken your lives, and our babies and wives  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! we have bought it fair.

**I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB**  
(Air: Just Before The Battle, Mother)

By T-B-S.

Good-bye master, I must leave you  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't decieve you  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone  
Yes, I fear, I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm;  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you can not tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old,  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

### MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,

But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."



Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L.”  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, “I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
right.”

Sam Gompers said, “You see,  
You've got our sympathy.”

Election day he shouted, “A Socialist for Major!”  
The “comrade” got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got in awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
“I helped him to his job.”

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, “Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'll like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller.”  
Old Pete said, “Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.”

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson.

(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
“Workers of the World, unite!”

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrants shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace.  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively "All the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them "alleged I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."

## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded

To mete and vend the light and air,

To mete and vend the light and air,

Like beasts of burden, would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But Man is Man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Our whips, they noble spirit tame?

Our whips, they noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!



## "R E M E M B E R"

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### CHORUS

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.  
Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobblie true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend a knee,  
Come on you worker, organize  
And fight for Liberty.

HARRISON GEORGE

Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917.

---

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

## INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnson

(Air: Stung Right)

"You men who toil upon the ships—  
The ships of every sea—  
Come bear to me your grievances,  
Your tales of misery;  
For I am strong and good and great,  
The trusts must bow to me;  
For I shall take all workers in  
And bring them victory."

### CHORUS

Seamen! Come all—join the O. B. U.!  
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!  
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,  
Labor will be master, over every sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
You've fallen in the fire-holes  
In the days that used to be.  
But now the times must change about,  
A New Day must appear  
When all you Toilers of the Sea,  
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O workingmen,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
Come organize one union great—  
The shipping industry.  
When you are thusly organized,  
With others like your own,  
The One Big Union of the World  
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout.  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."



If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

#### Last CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

#### "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: They go wild simply wild over me)

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see.  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in  
the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me  
And I plainly saw we never would agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailor went wild over me  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me me,  
I'm refering to the bed-bug and the flea,  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my  
sleep

They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "go  
to hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my  
heart—

Will the roses grow over me?

## "RENUNCIATION"

(Air: Auld Lang Syne)

By Joachim Raucher

When hungry millions are unfed  
And little orphans weep,  
I cannot eat in peace my bread,  
Nor sing my grief to sleep.  
When thoughts arising from the heart  
Are hampered in their flight,  
I cannot sit and muse apart  
Upon a dreamy height.

### III

When craven lies oft seek to blind  
The eyes of blazing Truth,  
I cannot turn my maddened mind  
To songs of love and youth,  
Nor can I sing in lyric strains  
Of private, little woes,  
When Greed is reaping golden gains  
From bloody seeds it sows.

---

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."—Helen Keller.



## DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music By Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the  
sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

### CHORUS:

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.  
Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannons' roar.  
Greater soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice far away:

## WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;

He said, "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in one  
band

And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land.

### CHORUS:

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard,  
They'll all be afrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.

They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."

The "Wobbly", said "You'll get thes things without the  
slightest doubt

If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.

If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty

You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free.

## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wondering boy tonight?  
The boy of his mother's pride  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### II

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### III

"I was looking for work, oh judge," he said  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for the county he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.



## IV

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows", up against he goes,  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

### THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By Wm. Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit.  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS

Are you busy fellow workers  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws.  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Most' r mush and coffee and,  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave.  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the wobs still hold the fort,  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the working gent  
Organizes in a Union of its class  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY

(Air: Sunny Tennessee)

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:

## CHORUS

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;  
From mock Democracy; from inequality;  
I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful  
shore;

That all the world may do away with war—  
I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I  
will find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.  
I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,  
I want to see the whole world free from the chains  
of slavery.

## II

Let us then be up and doing—

Greater Times and things are brewing  
Oh, Organize!—The one big union way  
“Workers of the world awaken.”

“All the wealth you make is taken.”

“Break your chains.” I hear the spirit say:

## III

Tighter are the class lines drawing—

Hunger at our vitals gnawing—

My reason sways and I long to pray?

Rises then again before us

Spectre's of a Martyred chorus—

I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

## CHORUS

---

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial  
Freedom.



## MAY DAY SONG

Music by Rudolf von Liebig

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

## THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the sunset turns the Ocean's blue to gold)

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

### CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers are all singing,  
For the mis'ries of the past have flown away;  
And a worker's world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;

We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—  
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

### ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.

Forward unto battle  
We, the workers go.  
Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!

War and wrong shall perish  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

#### (REFRAIN)

Gates of jails can never  
Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.



## COUNT YOUR WORKERS—COUNT THEM!

(Air: Count Your Blessings)

An employment shark one day I went to see  
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;"  
"Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,  
But the job is steady—and the fare is free."

### CHORUS

Count your pennies—count them one by one  
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."  
Count your pennies take them in your hand,  
Sneak into a "Japs" and get a coffee and—

### II

I shipped out—and worked—and slept in lousey bunks,  
And the grub!—It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.  
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,  
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

### III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!  
Road and School and Poll tax—and Hospital fee,  
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense....  
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

### IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,  
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street  
And he said, it is the workers own mistake—  
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!

## V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,  
Who will be the first—to join our “fighting” band.  
Write me out a card says I, right here by gee!  
The Industrial Workers is the “dope” for me!

### CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one  
Stand we'll show the bosses how it's really done—  
Stand together, Workers—Hand in Hand!  
Then—you'll never have to live on coffee and—

### FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: “Portland County Jail”)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've “packed” a bed, but never will  
again.

### CHORUS:

“Such a lot of devils,” that's what the papers say—  
“They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum.”

Fifty-thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now the're fifty thousand  
strong.

---

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee. For goodness  
sake, "get wise"!

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

---

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

---

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours work; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

---

Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?



## TIE 'EM UP!

Words and music by G. G. Allen

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you use your reason with the facts we  
have to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't you see.

Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill  
away,

And you'll be among the common slaves upon some  
fateful day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about—

So whats the use to strike the way you can't win out?

### CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win

Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.

Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their  
like;

What you need is One Big Union and the One Big  
Strike.

### II

Why do you make agreements that divide you when  
you fight

And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's "sacred  
right,"

Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,

You must stick together, don't you know.

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war  
You can join the biggest tie up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into  
one

Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall  
run.

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, If I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

---

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: The Girl I Left Behind Me.)

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

---

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

### II

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
An around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me was soon unraveled.

---

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

### III

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

---

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.



## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Air: Russian Похоронный Марш Funeral March.

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all.  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheer-  
ful and brave—

Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.  
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell

In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph trusting no promise—Heaven or  
Hell;

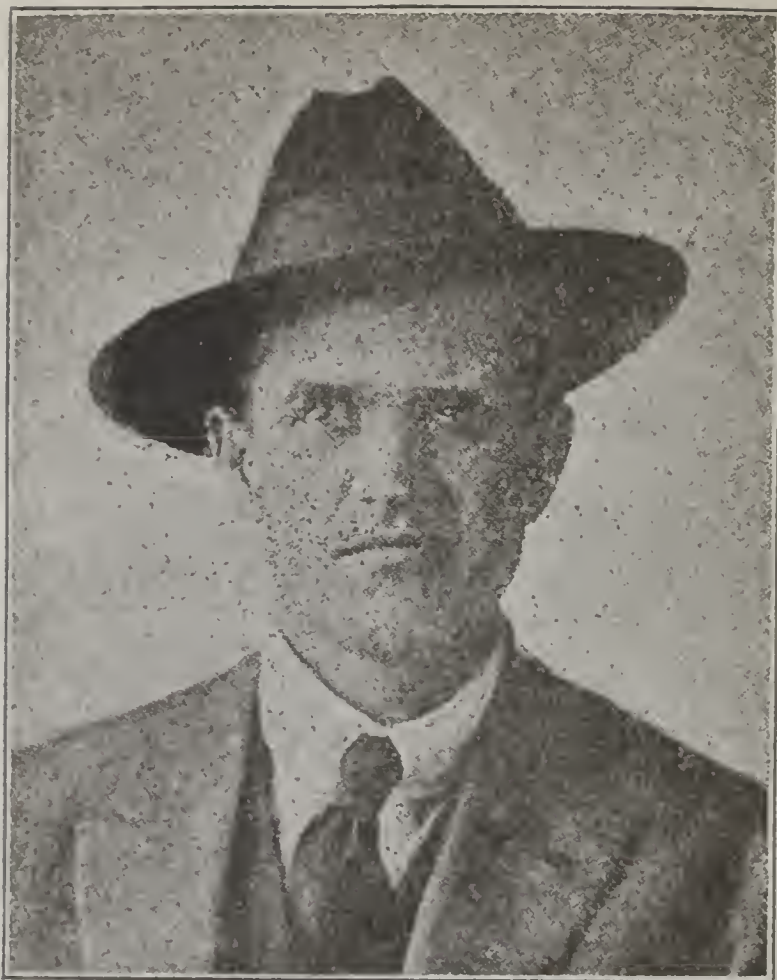
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now we workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold—

We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.  
Farewell true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;

As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,

And Labor soon will prove that none have died in vain  
Farewell true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)



### FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerard J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.  
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.  
For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,  
No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,  
You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.

## THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: Nellie Grey)

By Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities,  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

### CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of T'l that is to be.

### II

They would keep up cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

### III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?



## IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

### A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: Tuck Me to Sleep)

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,  
Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,  
Night and day I've labored since—  
Shucking corn and filling bins  
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

### CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,  
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,  
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave  
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—  
I ain't had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn't  
best;  
—Thought that I could rest the best—after I "go  
west"  
'Tuck me to bed in my old Kentucky home,  
Let me lay there—stay there, cover me up with loam.

## II

Old Kentucky cradled me—'tis even true—  
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,  
Every state in all this land  
Used me for a hired hand,  
But why I'm broke—I fail to understand.

## III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way—  
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;  
I have worked from sun to sun,  
Nothing I have ever won  
And now, thank God, my harvesting is done.

## ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first",  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;  
The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

### THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

#### CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.



Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?

Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

## HARVEST LAND

(Air: Beulah Land)

By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

## CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn.  
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
“Bull Durum” will not buy our Brawn—  
You’re out of luck—poor farmer, John.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come. leave the Valley of the Kaw.”  
Nebraska Calls, “Don’t be mis-led.”  
“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”  
“We need ten thousand men—or more;”  
“Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God’s Sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosiers” barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

## CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Worker's Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look, my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugle blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.



## WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be forevermore, —  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

### CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground  
This fight must be one round  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is maching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?

# WE ARE GOING TO FIND OUT

One hundred men, mostly Industrial Workers of the World, are still in the federal penitentiaries on convictions in war-opinion cases. They have been there five years. Somehow the Harding administration has seen neither the justice nor the necessity of releasing these men, even though every other nation has freed all its war prisoners, and though the United States has let go every conscientious objector and every actual spy.

Why doesn't Harding say the word that will set our fellow workers free? Is it because the allied employers of the country fear that the I. W. W. will hamper them in profiteering? Who makes the decisions at the White House?

We propose to find out. We know that when enough expressed public opinion is brought to bear against the administration the boys in Leavenworth and McNeil's Island will be liberated.

To arouse this public opinion, to make the American public realize the enormity of the crime perpetrated against these prisoners, two of whom are slowly dying of tuberculosis in Leavenworth, we must bring highly efficient organization into play. We must spread the facts to every community.

That takes money for printing, postage, letter-writing, mimeographing. We are sadly hampered by lack of funds.

You are outside, in the sunlight. You owe a debt to those who have borne the brunt of the fight to make America a decent living place for the working class. Send your contribution today!

**GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE**

1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

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OF THE

## INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

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Words by Douglas. Music by Rudolph von Liebich.

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CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.





I. W. W.



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TO FAN THE FLAMES OF  
D I S C O N T E N T



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: PRICE TEN CENTS :

# THE PREAMBLE

## OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

■                      ■   ■                      ■

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of management of the industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# I. W. W. SONGS

---

SONGS OF LIFE—and  
“Take out the words, if so must be,  
But leave, oh, leave the melody.”

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EIGHTEENTH EDITION

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JOE HILL



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## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

---

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price 25 cents.

## THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

### REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors.  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

## WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

### CHORUS:

Organize! Oh, toilers come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the worker's commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While we make the welkin ring with our applause  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.



We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
Its coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.

In One Union grand.

Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains.  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.

No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

---

A shorter work day for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hooray! Hooray! The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

## THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The worker's flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

### CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.



Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered, swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark, or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
    ho want freedom from wage slavery;  
    nd we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come on and join in the fray,  
Come on and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
    For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
    Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling,  
    The toilers of the world they hear its cry;  
In line w th the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
    By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; We are coming back  
    to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
    hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
    morning shout;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
    go-about's?

### CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what kept us on the  
bum.

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son  
of a gun.

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout.

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the long wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.



## WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?

Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,

Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,

Think on the rags ye wear,

Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;

Toiling in snow and rain,

Rearing up heaps of grain,

All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,

In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;

Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,

Using not brain or hand,

Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?

What right have they to take

Things thay ye toil to make?

Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;

Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;

Show these incapables who are the stronger

When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,

Over their acres all,

Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoiler's trade;

Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

## JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk with Jesus")

In Lawrence. when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat  
And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he  
thought,  
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

### CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,  
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;  
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew  
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."  
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.  
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."

John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

#### CHORUS OF THE LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of all his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.  
When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

#### SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

#### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.



And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says: "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin;  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.  
All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold The Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Penit.)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### CHORUS:

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice like angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toils' Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

### UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.



Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

### CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I ch p some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes  
at Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellow when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop  
Packing a hod a mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS:

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy";  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.



## THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied here there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

## THE BIG QUESTION

(Air: "America")

by T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more  
The boss has slam'd the door;  
What shall I do?  
Seem's like my end is near,  
My guts feel awful queer—  
Where do we go from here?  
—This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg,  
—Why must I starve and beg?  
What Shall I Do?  
Where can the answer lurk?  
Why am I out of work,  
Gazing on all this murk?  
This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,  
Masters have laid me prone;  
What Shall I Do?  
Why can't we hand in hand,  
Reclaim our right to stand,  
Unhorse the sleek brigand?  
This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive 1921.

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

### CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with  
his might.

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?

For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards,  
stone by stone.



It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom,  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, Maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

### CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

---

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

---

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.

## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—by an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—by Rudolf von Liebig, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are tis ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! we have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago  
You have taken your lives, and our babies and wives  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! we have bought it fair.



## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

(Air: Just Before The Battle, Mother)

By T-B-S.

Good-bye master, I must leave you  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't decieve you  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone  
Yes, I fear, I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm;  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you can not tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old,  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

### MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L.”  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, “I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
right.”

Sam Gompers said, “You see,  
You've got our sympathy.”

Election day he shouted, “A Socialist for Major!”  
The “comrade” got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got in awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
“I helped him to his job.”

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, “Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'll like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller.”  
Old Pete said, “Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.”

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson.

(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
“Workers of the World, unite!”



As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrants shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace.  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively "All the I. W. W. fellows I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them "alleged I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."

## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

Th' avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded

To mete and vend the light and air,

To mete and vend the light and air,

Like beasts of burden, would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But Man is Man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty! can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Our whips, they noble spirit tame?

Our whips, they noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!

## "R E M E M B E R"

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### CHORUS

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.  
Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobbler true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend a knee,  
Come on you worker, organize  
And fight for Liberty.

HARRISON GEORGE

Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917.

---

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
**your class** from wage slavery.



# INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnson

(Air: Stung Right)

"You men who toil upon the ships—  
The ships of every sea—  
Come bear to me your grievances,  
Your tales of misery;  
For I am strong and good and great,  
The trusts must bow to me;  
For I shall take all workers in  
And bring them victory."

## CHORUS

Seamen! Come all—join the O. B. U!  
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!  
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,  
Labor will be master, over every sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
You've fallen in the fire-holes  
In the days that used to be.  
But now the times must change about,  
A New Day must appear  
When all you Toilers of the Sea,  
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O workingmen,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
Come organize one union great—  
The shipping industry.  
When you are thusly organized,  
With others like your own,  
The One Big Union of the World  
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they'll tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout.  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

#### Last CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

#### "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: They go wild simply wild over me)

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in  
the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.



Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me  
And I plainly saw we never would agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailor went wild over me  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me me,  
I'm refering to the bed-bug and the flea,  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my  
sleep

They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "go  
to hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my  
heart—

Will the roses grow over me?

## "RENUNCIATION"

(Air: Auld Lang Syne)

By Joachim Raucher

When hungry millions are unfed  
And little orphans weep,  
I cannot eat in peace my bread,  
Nor sing my grief to sleep.  
When thoughts arising from the heart  
Are hampered in their flight,  
I cannot sit and muse apart  
Upon a dreamy height.

### III

When craven lies oft seek to blind  
The eyes of blazing Truth,  
I cannot turn my maddened mind  
To songs of love and youth,  
Nor can I sing in lyric strains  
Of private, little woes,  
When Greed is reaping golden gains  
From bloody seeds it sows.

---

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."—Helen Keller.

## DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music By Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the  
sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

### CHORUS:

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.  
Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannons' roar.  
Greater soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice far away:



## WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip").

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;

He said, "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in one  
band

And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land.

### CHORUS:

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard,  
They'll all be afrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.

They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."

The "Wobbly", said "You'll get thes things without the  
slightest doubt

If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.

If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty

You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free.

## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wondering boy tonight?  
The boy of his mother's pride  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### II

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### III

"I was looking for work, oh judge," he said  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for the county he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

## IV

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows", up against he goes,  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

### THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By Wm. Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit.  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS

Are you busy fellow workers  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws.  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.



Though the living is not grand,  
Most' r mush and coffee and,  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave.  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the wobs still hold the fort,  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the working gent  
Organizes in a Union of its class  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY

(Air: Sunny Tennessee)

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:

## THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the sunset turns the Ocean's blue to gold)

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

### CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers are all singing,  
For the mis'ries of the past have flown away;  
And a worker's world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;

We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—  
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

### ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.

Forward unto battle  
We, the workers go.  
Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!

War and wrong shall perish,  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

#### (REFRAIN)

Gates of jails can never  
Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.



## COUNT YOUR WORKERS—COUNT THEM!

(Air: Count Your Blessings)

An employment shark one day I went to see  
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;"  
"Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,  
But the job is steady—and the fare is free."

### CHORUS

Count your pennies—count them one by one  
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."  
Count your pennies take them in your hand,  
Sneak into a "Japs" and get a coffee and—

### II

I shipped out—and worked—and slept in lousey bunks,  
And the grub!—It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.  
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,  
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

### III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!  
Road and School and Poll tax—and Hospital fee,  
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense....  
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

### IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,  
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street  
And he said, it is the workers own mistake—  
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!

V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,  
Who will be the first—to join our “fighting” band.  
Write me out a card says I, right here by gee!  
The Industrial Workers is the “dope” for me!

CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one  
Stand we'll show the bosses how it's really done—  
Stand together, Workers—Hand in Hand!  
Then—you'll never have to live on coffee and—

FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: “Portland County Jail”)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty ears they've “packed” a bed, but never will  
again.

CHORUS:

“Such a lot of devils,” that's what the papers say—  
“They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum.”

Fifty-thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

---

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee. For goodness  
sake, "get wise"!

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

---

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

---

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours work; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

---

Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?



## TIE 'EM UP!

Words and music by G. G. Allen

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you use your reason with the facts we  
have to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't you see.  
Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill  
away,

And you'll be among the common slaves upon some  
fateful day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about—

So whats the use to strike the way you can't win out?

## CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win  
Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.  
Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their  
like;

What you need is One Big Union and the One Big  
Strike.

## II

Why do you make agreements that divide you when  
you fight

And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's "sacred  
right,"

Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,

You must stick together, don't you know.

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war  
You can join the biggest tie up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into  
one

Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall  
run.

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, If I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

---

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: The Girl I Left Behind Me.)

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

---

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

### II

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
An around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me was soon unraveled.

---

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

### III

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

---

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.



## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

Air: Russian Похоронный Марш Funeral March.

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all.  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheer-  
ful and brave—

Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.  
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell

In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph trusting no promise—Heaven or  
Hell;

This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now we workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold—

We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.  
Farewell true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;

As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,

And Labor soon will prove that none have died in vain  
Farewell true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)



### FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerard J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,

You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



## THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: Nellie Grey)

By Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities,  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

### CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of T l that is to be.

### II

They would keep up cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

### III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad



#### IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

#### A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: Tuck Me to Sleep)

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,  
Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,  
Night and day I've labored since—  
Shucking corn and filling bins  
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

#### CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,  
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,  
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave  
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—  
I ain't had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn't  
best;  
—Thought that I could rest the best—after I "go  
west"  
'Tuck me to bed in my old Kentucky home,  
Let me lay there—stay there, cover me up with loam.

## II

Old Kentucky cradled me—'tis even true—  
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,  
Every state in all this land  
Used me for a hired hand,  
But why I'm broke—I fail to understand.

## III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way—  
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;  
I have worked from sun to sun,  
Nothing I have ever won  
And now, thank God, my harvesting is done.

## ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first",  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;  
The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

## THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

### CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.



Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

## HARVEST LAND

(Air: Beulah Land)

By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

## CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn.  
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
“Bull Durum” will not buy our Brawn—  
You’re out of luck—poor farmer, John.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come. leave the Valley of the Kaw.”  
Nebraska Calls, “Don’t be mis-led.”  
“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”  
“We need ten thousand men—or more;”  
“Our grain is turning—prices drop:  
For God’s Sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosiers” barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

## CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Worker's Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look, my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugle blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.



## WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

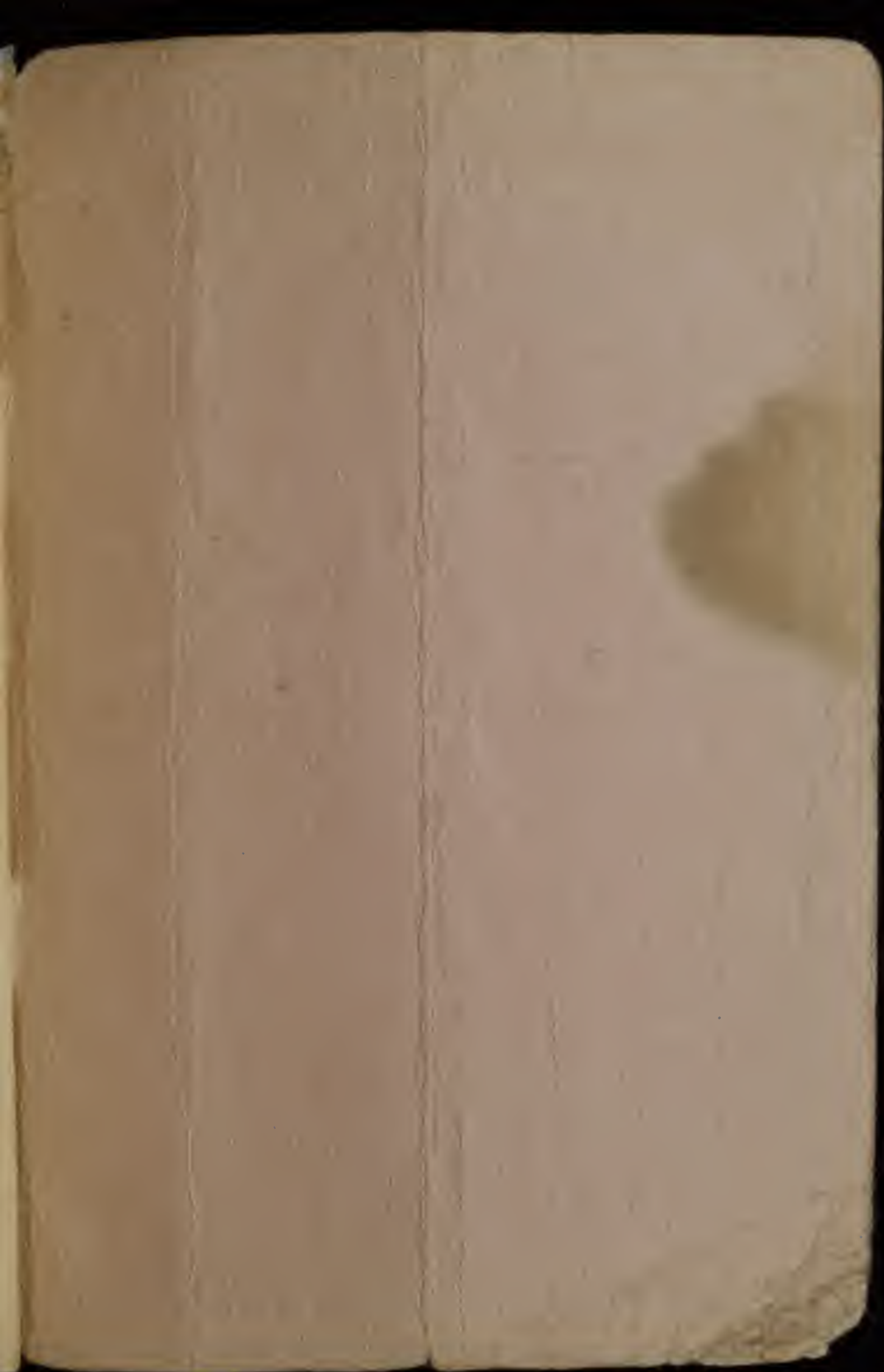
Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be forevermore, —  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

### CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground  
This fight must be one round  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?



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OF THE

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CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



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*To Fan  
the Flames  
of Discontent*

PRICE TEN CENTS

Nineteenth Edition

1923

Published by the

**Industrial Workers of the World**

1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



# *Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World*

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# I. W. W. SONGS

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SONGS OF LIFE—and  
“Take out the words, if so must be,  
But leave, oh, leave the melody.”

---

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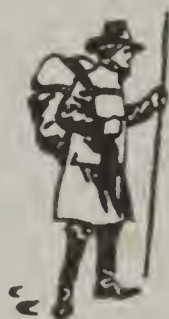
JOE HILL

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# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill  
(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

---

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price 25 cents.

# THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profit from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## Chorus

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While we make the welkin ring with our applause.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.



We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

### Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.

No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

---

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

# ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng;

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

## CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though coward's flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.



Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come on and join in the fray,  
Come on and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry;  
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan  
(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shout;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what kept us on the bum.

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son of a gun.

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout.

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the long wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslave  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?

Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,

Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,

Think on the rags ye wear,

Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;

Toiling in snow and rain,

Rearing up heaps of grain,

All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,

In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;

Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why then like cowards stand,

Using not brain or hand,

Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?

What right have they to take

Things that ye toil to make?

Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;

Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;

Show these incapables who are the stronger

When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,

Over their acres all,

Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoiler's trade;

Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

# JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk with Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat

And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he thought,  
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

## CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,

The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;

Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew  
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."  
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.  
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."

John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

### CHORUS OF THE LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.  
When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

### SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face,  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.



And scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says, "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchman and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigner" is cussin;  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to heaven on the streets of gold.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?

Are there lots of things you lack?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?

Are you living in a shack?

Would you have your troubles scattered?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?

And dump the bosses off your back?

All the agonies you suffer,

You can end with one good whack—

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—

And dump the bosses off your back.

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Pen.)

Now the final battle rages;

Tyrants quake with fear.

Rulers of the New Dark Ages

Know THEIR end is near.

## CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin  
(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

## CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.



Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy, —  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at  
Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellow when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop  
Packing a hod o' mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing.  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German spy";  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.



# THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")  
One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

## CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

# THE BIG QUESTION

(Air: "America")

By T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more  
The boss has slam'd the door;  
What shall I do?  
Seem's like my end is near,  
My guts feel awful queer—  
Where do we go from here?  
—This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg,  
—Why must I starve and beg?  
What Shall I Do?  
Where can the answer lurk?  
Why am I out of work,  
Gazing on all this murk?  
This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,  
Masters have laid me prone;  
What Shall I Do?  
Why can't we hand in hand,  
Reclaim our right to stand,  
Unhorse the sleek brigand?  
This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive, 1921.

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skywards,  
stone by stone.



It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS

The faithful alarm clock  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

---

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.

# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—By Rudolph von Liebich, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.



## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

By T-B-S.

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone.  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm;  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

## CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L.”  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, “I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
right.”

Sam Gompers said, “You see,  
You've got our sympathy.”

Election day he shouted, “A Socialist for Mayor!”  
The “comrade” got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
“I helped him to his job.”

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, “Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller.”  
Old Pete said, “Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.”

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson.  
(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
“Workers of the World, unite!”



As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrants' shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s" must be holy frights."

## THE WORKERS' MARSELLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary--

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band--

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

....Th' avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded

To mete and vend the light and air,

To mete and vend the light and air,

Like beasts of burden, would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!

## **"REMEMBER"**

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### **CHORUS**

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.

Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobbly true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend the knee,  
Come on, you worker, organize,  
And fight for Liberty..

HARRISON GEORGE

Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917

---

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.



# INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnston

(Air: "Stung Right")

"You men who toil upon the ships—  
The ships of every sea—  
Come bear to me your grievances,  
Your tales of misery;  
For I am strong and good and great,  
The trusts must bow to me;  
For I shall take all workers in  
And bring them victory."

## CHORUS

Seamen! Come all—join the O. B. U.!  
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!  
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,  
Labor will be master, over the sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
You've fallen in the fire-holes  
In the days that used to be.  
But now the times must change about,  
A New Day must appear  
When all you Toilers of the Sea,  
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O Workingmen,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
Come organize one union great —  
The shipping industry.  
When you are thusly organized,  
With others like your own,  
The One Big Union of the World  
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray,  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and Jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

### LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.



Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me  
And I plainly saw we never would agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer went wild over me  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea,  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? Nö, he told me "Go to  
hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart—  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## “RENUNCIATION”

(Air: “Auld Lang Syne”)

By Joachim Raucher

When hungry millions are unfed  
And the little orphans weep,  
I cannot eat in peace my bread,  
Nor sing my grief to sleep.  
When thoughts arising from the heart  
Are hampered in their flight,  
I cannot sit and muse apart  
Upon a dreamy height.

When craven lies oft seek to blind  
The eyes of blazing Truth,  
I cannot turn my maddened mind  
To songs of love and youth,  
Nor can I sing in lyric strains  
Of private, little woes,  
When Greed is reaping golden gains  
From bloody seeds it sows.

---

“For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended.”—Helen Keller.

# DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across  
the sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

## CHORUS

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannons' roar.  
Greater soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice far away:



# WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;

He said, "You guys whose hoes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the 'Wobblies' in one  
band

And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land?"

## CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,

No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.

The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard,

They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.

They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."

The "Wobbly" said, "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt

If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.

If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty

You'll strike the blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free."

## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wandering boy tonight?  
The boy of his mother's pride,  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### II

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### III

"I was looking for work, Oh judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for the country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

#### IV

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes,  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

### THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By William Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit.  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

#### CHORUS

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.



Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the Wobs still hold the fort,  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## **I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY**

(Air: "Sunny Tennessee")

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:

## CHORUS

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;  
From mock Democracy; from inequality;  
I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful  
shore;

That all the world may do away with war—  
I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I will  
find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.  
I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,  
I want to see the whole world free from the chains  
of slavery.

## II

Let us then be up and doing—

Greater Times and things are brewing  
Oh, Organize!—The One Big Union Way:

“Workers of the world, awaken.”

“All the wealth you make is taken.”

“Break your chains.” I hear the spirit say:

## III

Tighter are the class lines drawing—

Hunger at our vitals gnawing—

My reason sways and I long to pray?

Rises then again before us

Spectres of a Martyred chorus—

I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

---

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial  
Freedom.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolph von Liebich

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!



# THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold)

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free,  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile,  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

## CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers all are singing,  
For the miseries of the past have flown away.  
And a worker's world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's Day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;

We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—  
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

## **ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"**

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.

### **REFRAIN**

Gates of jails can never  
'Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.

Forward unto battle  
We, the workers, go.  
Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led  
With the free society  
Shining out ahead!  
War and wrong shall perish,  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

# COUNT YOUR WORKERS—COUNT THEM!

(Air: "Count Your Blessings")

An employment shark one day I went to see,  
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;  
Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,  
But the job is steady—and the fare is free."

## CHORUS

Count your pennies— count them one by one,  
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."  
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,  
Sneak into a "Jap's" and get a coffee and—

## II

I shipped out—and worked—and slept in lousy bunks,  
And the grub!—It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.  
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,  
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

## III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!  
Road and School and Poll tax—and Hospital fee,  
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense . . .  
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

## IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,  
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street,  
And he said, it is the workers' own mistake—  
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!



## V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,  
Who will be the first—to join our “fighting” band?  
Write me out a card, says I, right here, by gee!  
The Industrial Workers is the “dope” for me!

### CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one  
Stand! we'll show the bosses how it's really done—  
Stand together, Workers—Hand in Hand!  
Then—you'll never have to live on coffee and—

## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: “Portland County Jail”)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've “packed” a bed, but never will  
again.

### CHORUS

“Such a lot of devils,” that's what the papers say—  
They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum.”

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did, they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee! For goodness  
sake, "Get wise!"

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours' work; treat the boys like  
men,

And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

# TIE 'EM UP!

Words and Music by G. G. Allen

## I

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you to use your reason with the facts we  
have to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't you see.  
Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill  
away,

And you'll be among the common slaves upon some fateful  
day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about—

So what's the use to strike the way you can't win out?

## CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win.  
Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.  
Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their  
like;  
What you need is One Big Union and the One Big  
Strike.

## II

Why do you make agreements that divide you when you  
fight,  
And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's "sacred  
right,"  
Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,  
You must stick together don't you know.



### III

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war  
You can join in the biggest tie-up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into one  
Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall run.

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?

# THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me")

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

## II

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

## III

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me.  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

(Air: Russian Funeral March-Pochoronii Marsh)

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all.  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheerful  
and brave —

Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.  
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell

In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph trusting no promise—Heaven or Hell;  
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now ye workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold —

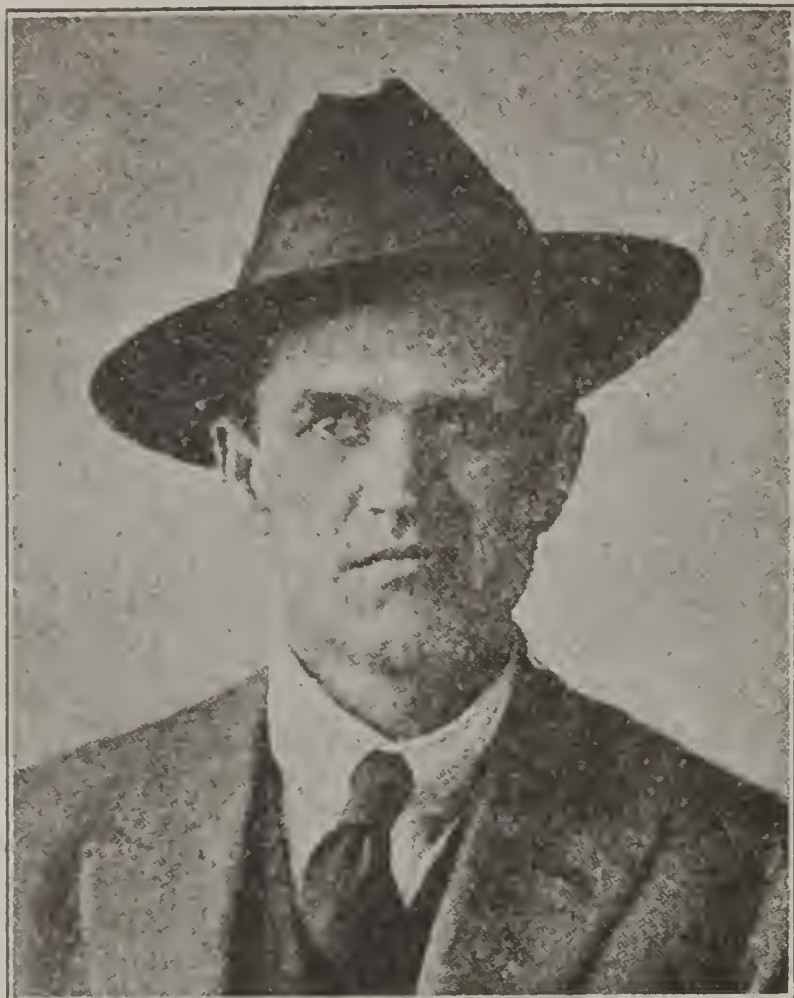
We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.  
Farewell, true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;

As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,

And labor soon will prove that none have died in vain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers, Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)





## FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerald J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,

You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

By Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

## II

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

## III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

## IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away.  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

### A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: "Tuck Me to Sleep")

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,  
Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,  
Night and day I've labored since—  
Shucking corn and filling bins  
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

### CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,  
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,  
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave  
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—  
I ain't had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn't best;  
—Thought that I could rest the best—after I "go west."  
'Tuck me to bed in my old 'tucky home,  
Let me lay there—stay there, cover me up with loam.



## II

Old Kentucky cradled me—'tis even true—  
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,  
Every state in all this land  
Used me for a hired hand,  
But why I'm broke—I fail to understand.

## III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way—  
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;  
I have worked from sun to sun,  
Nothing have I ever won  
And now, thank God, my harvestng is done.

## ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first,"  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A-shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;  
The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

## THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

### CHORUS

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

## HARVEST LAND

(Air: "Beulah Land")

By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat



## CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn. ....  
—Old fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
“Bull Durham” will not buy our Brawn—  
You’re out of luck—poor farmer, Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw.”  
Nebraska calls, “Don’t be misled.”  
“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”  
“We need ten thousand men—or more”;  
Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God’s sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosier’s” barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

## CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

# WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson  
(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be for evermore,—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?



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# I. W. W. SONGS



*To Fan  
the Flames  
of Discontent*

PRICE TEN CENTS

Twentieth Edition

1924

Published by the

**Industrial Workers of the World**

1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of the working people and the few who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping to defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

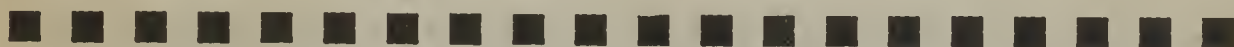
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# I. W. W. SONGS

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SONGS OF LIFE—and  
“Take out the words, if so must be,  
But leave, oh, leave the melody.”

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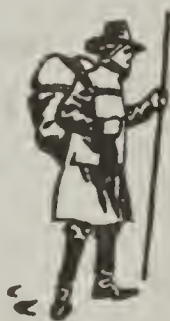
JOE HILL



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## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill  
(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

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Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price 25 cents.



# THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profit from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## Chorus

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While we make the welkin ring with our applause.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

### Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.



If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.

No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

---

A shorter workday for all employed workers would  
put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody  
worked there would be no poverty.

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng;

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

## THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

### CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.



## CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come on and join in the fray,  
Come on and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry;  
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan  
(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shout;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum.

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun.

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the long wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?

Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,

Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,

Think on the rags ye wear,

Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;

Toiling in snow and rain,

Rearing up heaps of grain,

All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,

In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;

Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why then like cowards stand,

Using not brain or hand,

Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?

What right have they to take

Things that ye toil to make?

Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;

Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;

Show these incapables who are the stronger

When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,

Over their acres all,

Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoiler's trade;

Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.



# JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk with Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat  
And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he thought,  
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

## CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,  
The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;  
Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew  
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."  
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.  
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."

John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

### CHORUS OF THE LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.  
When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

### SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face,  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says, "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchman and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigner" is cussin;  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to heaven on the streets of gold.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Pen.)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin  
(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy, —  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.



## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try."  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried—

## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes at  
Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellow when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop  
Packing a hod o' mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
'Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for.  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing.  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German Spy";  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

# THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

## CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.



# THE BIG QUESTION

(Air: "America")

By T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more  
The boss has slamm'd the door;  
What shall I do?  
Seems like my end is near,  
My guts feel awful queer—  
Where do we go from here?  
—This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg,  
—Why must I starve and beg?  
What Shall I Do?  
Where can the answer lurk?  
Why am I out of work,  
Gazing on all this murk?  
This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,  
Masters have laid me prone;  
What Shall I Do?  
Why can't we hand in hand,  
Reclaim our right to stand,  
Unhorse the sleek brigand??  
This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive, 1921.

---

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.



## CHORUS

The faithful alarm clock  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

---

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.

## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—By Rudolph von Liebig, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

By T-B-S.

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone.  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm;  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.



One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

## CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L.”  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, “I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
right.”

Sam Gompers said, “You see,  
You've got our sympathy.”

Election day he shouted, “A Socialist for Mayor!”  
The “comrade” got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
“I helped him to his job.”

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, “Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller.”  
Old Pete said, “Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.”

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson.  
(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
“Workers of the World, unite!”

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrants' shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s" must be holy frights."



## THE WORKERS' MARSELLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
....Th' avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
Like beasts of burden, would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
O, Liberty can man resign thee?

Once having felt thy generous flame,  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

## **"REMEMBER"**

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### **CHORUS**

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.

Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobbly true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend the knee,  
Come on, you worker, organize,  
And fight for Liberty..

HARRISON GEORGE

Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917

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An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

# INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnston

(Air: "Stung Right")

"You men who toil upon the ships—  
The ships of every sea—  
Come bear to me your grievances,  
Your tales of misery;  
For I am strong and good and great,  
The trusts must bow to me;  
For I shall take all workers in  
And bring them victory."

## CHORUS

Seamen! Come all—join the O. B. U.!  
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!  
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,  
Labor will be master, over the sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
You've fallen in the fire-holes  
In the days that used to be.  
But now the times must change about,  
A New Day must appear  
When all you Toilers of the Sea,  
Begin to see and hear."



"I speak to you, O Workingmen,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
Come organize one union great —  
The shipping industry.  
When you are thusly organized,  
With others like your own,  
The One Big Union of the World  
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
'They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray,  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and Jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

### LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

### "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me  
And I plainly saw we never would agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer went wild over me  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea,  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to  
hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart—  
Will the roses grow wild over me?



## “RENUNCIATION”

(Air: “Auld Lang Syne”)

By Joachim Raucher

When hungry millions are unfed  
And the little orphans weep,  
I cannot eat in peace my bread,  
Nor sing my grief to sleep.

When thoughts arising from the heart  
Are hampered in their flight,  
I cannot sit and muse apart  
Upon a dreamy height.

When craven lies oft seek to blind  
The eyes of blazing Truth,  
I cannot turn my maddened mind  
To songs of love and youth,  
Nor can I sing in lyric strains  
Of private, little woes,  
When Greed is reaping golden gains  
From bloody seeds it sows.

---

“For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended.”—Helen Keller.

# DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across  
the sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

## CHORUS

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannons' roar.  
Greater soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice far away:

# WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;  
He said, "You guys whose hoes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the 'Wobblies' in one  
band  
And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land?"

## CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard,  
They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.

They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."

The "Wobbly" said, "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt

If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.

If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty

You'll strike the blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free."



## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wandering boy tonight?  
The boy of his mother's pride,  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### II

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### III

"I was looking for work, Oh judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for the country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

#### IV

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes,  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

### THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By William Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit.  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

#### CHORUS

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the Wobs still hold the fort,  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY

(Air: "Sunny Tennessee")

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:



## CHORUS

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;  
From mock Democracy; from inequality;  
I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful  
shore;

That all the world may do away with war—  
I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I will  
find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.  
I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,  
I want to see the whole world free from the chains  
of slavery.

## II

Let us then be up and doing—

Greater Times and things are brewing  
Oh, Organize!—The One Big Union Way:

“Workers of the world, awaken.”

“All the wealth you make is taken.”

“Break your chains.” I hear the spirit say:

## III

Tighter are the class lines drawing—

Hunger at our vitals gnawing—

My reason sways and I long to pray?

Rises then again before us

Spectres of a Martyred chorus—

I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

---

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial  
Freedom.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolph von Liebich

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must 'disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

# THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold)

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free,  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile,  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

## CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers all are singing,  
For the miseries of the past have flown away.  
And a worker's world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's Day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;



We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—  
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

## ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.

### REFRAIN

Gates of jails can never  
'Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.  
Forward unto battle  
We, the workers, go.  
Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led  
With the free society  
Shining out ahead!  
War and wrong shall perish,  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

# COUNT YOUR WORKERS—COUNT THEM!

(Air: "Count Your Blessings")

An employment shark one day I went to see,  
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;  
Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,  
But the job is steady—and the fare is free."

## CHORUS

Count your pennies— count them one by one,  
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."  
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,  
Sneak into a "Jap's" and get a coffee and—

## II

I shipped out—and worked—and slept in lousy bunks,  
And the grub!—It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.  
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,  
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

## III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!  
Road and School and Poll tax—and Hospital fee,  
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense . . .  
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

## IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,  
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street,  
And he said, it is the workers' own mistake—  
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!

## V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,  
Who will be the first—to join our "fighting" band?  
Write me out a card, says I, right here, by gee!  
The Industrial Workers is the "dope" for me!

### CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one  
Stand! we'll show the bosses how it's really done—  
Stand together, Workers—Hand in Hand!  
Then—you'll never have to live on coffee and—

## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

### CHORUS

"Such a lot of devils," that's what the papers say—  
They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."



Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did, they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee! For goodness  
sake, "Get wise!"

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.

Tap the bell for eight hours' work; treat the boys like  
men,

And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

# TIE 'EM UP!

Words and Music by G. G. Allen

## I

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you to use your reason with the facts we  
have to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't you see.  
Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill  
away,

And you'll be among the common slaves upon some fateful  
day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about—

So what's the use to strike the way you can't win out?

## CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win.

Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.

Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their  
like;

What you need is One Big Union and the One Big  
Strike.

## II

Why do you make agreements that divide you when you  
fight,

And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's "sacred  
right,"

Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,

You must stick together don't you know.

### III

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war  
You can join in the biggest tie-up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into one  
Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall run.

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

/ JOE HILL.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?



# THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me")

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

## II

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

## III

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me.  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

(Air: Russian Funeral March-Pochoronii Marsh)

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all.  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheerful  
and brave —

Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.  
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell

In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph trusting no promise—Heaven or Hell;  
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now ye workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold —

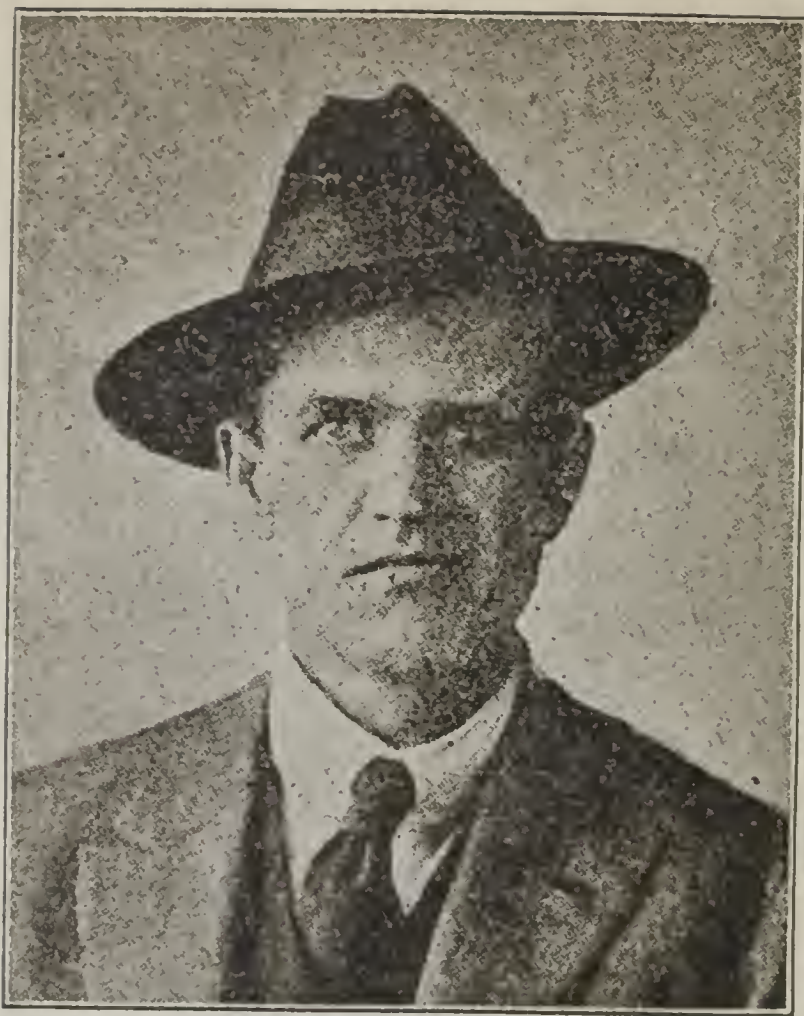
We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.  
Farewell, true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;

As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,

And labor soon will prove that none have died in vain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers, Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)





## FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerald J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.  
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.  
For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,  
No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,  
You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

By Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

## II

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

## III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

## IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away.  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

### A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: "Tuck Me to Sleep")

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,  
Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,  
Night and day I've labored since—  
Shucking corn and filling bins  
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

### CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,  
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,  
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave  
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—  
I ain't had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn't best;  
—Thought that I could rest the best—after I "go west."  
'Tuck me to bed in my old 'tucky home,  
Let me lay there—stay there, cover me up with loam.

## II

Old Kentucky cradled me—'tis even true—  
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,  
Every state in all this land  
Used me for a hired hand,  
But why I'm broke—I fail to understand.

## III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way—  
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;  
I have worked from sun to sun,  
Nothing have I ever won  
And now, thank God, my harvestng is done.

## ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first,"  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.



Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A-shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;  
The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

## **THERE IS POWER IN A UNION**

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

### **CHORUS**

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

## HARVEST LAND

(Air: "Beulah Land")

By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat

## CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn. ....  
—Old fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
“Bull Durham” will not buy our Brawn—  
You’re out of luck—poor farmer, Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw.”  
Nebraska calls, “Don’t be misled.”  
“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”  
“We need ten thousand men—or more”;  
Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God’s sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosier’s” barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

## CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.



## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

# WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be for evermore,—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?

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*To Fan  
the Flames  
of Discontent*

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Twenty-first Edition

1924

Published by the  
**Industrial Workers of the World**  
1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the bottling of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

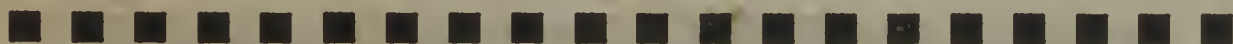
It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# I. W. W. SONGS

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SONGS OF LIFE—and  
“Take out the words, if so must be,  
But leave, oh, leave the melody.”

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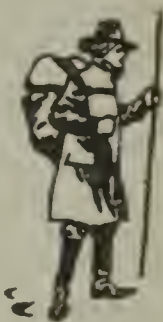


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## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill  
(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

---

Words and Music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form by applying to I. W. W. Publishing  
Bureau. Price 25 cents.

# THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.

To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.



# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of toil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profit from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## Chorus

Organize! Oh, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While we make the welkin ring with our applause.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools,  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast! it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## **WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!**

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

### **Chorus**

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation.  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
“All for one and one for all.”

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.

No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health.  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

---

A shorter workday for all employed workers would  
put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody  
worked there would be no poverty.



# ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng;

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

## CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place;  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in great fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come on and join in the fray,  
Come on and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry;  
In line with the Industrial Workers they are falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan  
(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shout;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?



## CHORUS

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on  
the bum.

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-  
of-a-gun.

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the long wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

---

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD

(Air: "Lillibulero")

By Connell

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?  
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?  
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,  
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?  
Think of the wrongs ye bear,  
Think on the rags ye wear,  
Think on the insults endur'd from your birth;  
Toiling in snow and rain,  
Rearing up heaps of grain,  
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.  
Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,  
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;  
Ye've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters,  
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.  
Why then like cowards stand,  
Using not brain or hand,  
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?  
What right have they to take  
Things that ye toil to make?  
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?  
Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;  
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;  
Show these incapables who are the stronger  
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.  
Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,  
Over their acres all,  
Onwards we'll press like waves of the sea,  
Claiming the wealth we've made,  
Ending the spoiler's trade;  
Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

# JOHN GOLDEN AND THE LAWRENCE STRIKE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "A Little Talk with Jesus")

In Lawrence, when the starving masses struck for more  
to eat

And wooden-headed Wood he tried the strikers to defeat,  
To Sammy Gompers wrote and asked him what he thought,  
And this is just the answer that the mailman brought:

## CHORUS

A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right;  
He'll settle any strike,  
If there's coin in sight;  
Just take him up to dine  
And everything is fine—  
A little talk with Golden  
Makes it right, all right.

The preachers, cops and money-kings were working hand  
in hand,

The boys in blue, with stars and stripes were sent by  
Uncle Sam;

Still things were looking blue, 'cause every striker knew  
That weaving cloth with bayonets is hard to do.

John Golden had with Mr. Wood a private interview,  
He told him how to bust up the "I double double U."  
He came out in a while and wore the Golden smile.  
He said: "I've got all labor leaders skinned a mile."



John Golden pulled a bogus strike with all his "pinks and stools."

He thought the rest would follow like a bunch of crazy fools.

But to his great surprise the "foreigners" were wise,  
In one big solid union they were organized.

### CHORUS OF THE LAST VERSE

That's one time Golden did not  
Make it right, all right;  
In spite of his schemes  
The strikers won the fight.  
When all the workers stand  
United hand in hand,  
The world with all its wealth  
Will be at their command.

## SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face,  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says, "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchman and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigner" is cussin;  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to heaven on the streets of gold.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

---

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US!

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

(Written by Ralph H. Chaplin, in Leavenworth Pen.)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.



## CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By Ralph H. Chaplin  
(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

## CHORUS

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy, —  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising.  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching."

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try."  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried—



## WHADDA YA WANT TO BREAK YOUR BACK FOR THE BOSS FOR?

(Tune: "What Do You Want To Make Those Eyes at  
Me For?")

Toiling along in light from morn 'til night,  
Wearin' away your all for the Parasite;  
Workin' like a mule with a number two,  
Puffin' like a bellow when the day is through;  
Steering a load of gravel through the muck and slop  
Packing a hod o' mustard 'til you damn near flop;  
Trying to bust a gut for two twenty-five,  
Pluggin' like a sucker 'til five.

### CHORUS

So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?  
Do you think it right to struggle day and night,  
And plow like Hell for the Parasite?  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for.  
When there's more in life for you?  
Slow up Bill! that's the way to beat the System;  
Join the Wobbly Gang, they've got the bosses guessing.  
So whadda ya want to break your back for the boss for,  
When it don't mean life to you?

Do it all today and you'll soon find out,  
Tomorrow there'll be nothing but to hang about,  
Looking at the "job sign," wondering why you rave,  
With a wrinkle on your belly like an ocean wave;  
Doughnuts then begin to hang a little high,  
You're pinched by the Bull for a "German Spy";  
You're nothing but a bum, says the Judge with a smile,  
Thirty days on the Rock pile.

# THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

## CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river,  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver,  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

# THE BIG QUESTION

(Air: "America")

By T-B-S.

My Job—now is no more  
The boss has slamm'd the door;  
What shall I do?  
Seems like my end is near,  
My guts feel awful queer—  
Where do we go from here?  
—This is up to you.

No, I've not lost a leg,  
—Why must I starve and beg?  
What Shall I Do?  
Where can the answer lurk?  
Why am I out of work,  
Gazing on all this murk?  
This is up to you.

I can not stand alone,  
Masters have laid me prone;  
What Shall I Do?  
Why can't we hand in hand,  
Reclaim our right to stand,  
Unhorse the sleek brigand??  
This is up to you.

Dedicated to the Open Shop drive, 1921.

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The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.



# **SOLIDARITY FOREVER!**

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's blood  
shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## **CHORUS**

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**But the Union makes us strong.**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy para-  
site

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?

For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade.

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded  
gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal, maybe land in a prison  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS

The faithful alarm clock  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn out and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load,  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding,  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive.  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

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The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.



## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By an Unknown Proletarian.

Music—By Rudolph von Liebich, of the General Recruiting Union, Chicago, and Composer of Music for the Working Class.

We have fed you all, for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

By T-B-S.

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone.  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm;  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

## CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie on a rock to your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."



Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L.”  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, “I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
right.”

Sam Gompers said, “You see,  
You've got our sympathy.”

Election day he shouted, “A Socialist for Mayor!”  
The “comrade” got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock.  
A great big socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
“I helped him to his job.”

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, “Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller.”  
Old Pete said, “Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.”

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson.  
(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
“Workers of the World, unite!”

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrants' shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

---

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s" must be holy frights."

## THE WORKERS' MARSELLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
....Th' avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
Like beasts of burden, would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
O, Liberty can man resign thee?  
Once having felt thy generous flame,  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!



## **"REMEMBER"**

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

We speak to you from jail today  
Two hundred union men,  
We're here because the bosses' laws  
Bring slavery again.

### **CHORUS**

In Chicago's darkened dungeons  
For the O. B. U.

Remember you're outside for us  
While we're in here for you.

We're here from mine and mill and rail  
We're here from off the sea,  
From coast to coast we make the boast  
Of Solidarity.

We laugh and sing, we have no fear  
Our hearts are always light,  
We know that every Wobbly true  
Will carry on the fight.

We make a pledge—no tyrant might  
Can make us bend the knee,  
Come on, you worker, organize,  
And fight for Liberty..

HARRISON GEORGE

Cook County Jail, Oct. 18, 1917

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An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

# INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM SPEAKS TO TOILERS OF THE SEA

By Harold R. Johnston

(Air: "Stung Right")

"You men who toil upon the ships—  
The ships of every sea—  
Come bear to me your grievances,  
Your tales of misery;  
For I am strong and good and great,  
The trusts must bow to me;  
For I shall take all workers in  
And bring them victory."

## CHORUS

Seamen! Come all—join the O. B. U.!  
Fearless fighters, every one, and true!  
For, when we are all lined up, in the industry,  
Labor will be master, over the sea!

"You've weathered storms upon the deck,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
You've fallen in the fire-holes  
In the days that used to be.  
But now the times must change about,  
A New Day must appear  
When all you Toilers of the Sea,  
Begin to see and hear."

"I speak to you, O Workingmen,  
O, Toilers of the Sea;  
Come organize one union great —  
The shipping industry.  
When you are thusly organized,  
With others like your own,  
The One Big Union of the World  
Shall rule the earth, ALONE!"

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

### CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray,  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you're on the bum:

Holy Rollers and Jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."



If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries, unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

### LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

### "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

By T-Bone Slim

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me  
And I plainly saw we never would agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer went wild over me  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea,  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to  
hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart—  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## "RENUNCIATION"

(Air: "Auld Lang Syne")

By Joachim Raucher

When hungry millions are unfed  
And the little orphans weep,  
I cannot eat in peace my bread,  
Nor sing my grief to sleep.  
When thoughts arising from the heart  
Are hampered in their flight,  
I cannot sit and muse apart  
Upon a dreamy height.

When craven lies oft seek to blind  
The eyes of blazing Truth,  
I cannot turn my maddened mind  
To songs of love and youth,  
Nor can I sing in lyric strains  
Of private, little woes,  
When Greed is reaping golden gains  
From bloody seeds it sows.

---

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot be free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."—Helen Keller.



# DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across  
the sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

## CHORUS

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid the  
cannons' roar.  
Greater soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice far away:

# WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles near  
the tracks;

He said, "You guys whose hoes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the 'Wobblies' in one  
band

And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land?"

## CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard,  
They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The "stiffs" all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.

They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."

The "Wobbly" said, "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt

If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.

If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge of  
liberty

You'll strike the blow all slaves must strike if they would  
be free."

## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wandering boy tonight?  
The boy of his mother's pride,  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### II

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

### III

"I was looking for work, Oh judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for the country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.



#### IV

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes,  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

### THE EVERETT COUNTY JAIL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching")

By William Whalen

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken hearted—nit.  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

#### CHORUS

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When McRae, and Veith, and Black  
To the Lumberyards go back  
May they travel empty handed as they came.  
May they turn in their report  
That the Wobs still hold the fort,  
That a rebel is an awful thing to tame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## **I WANNA FREE MISS LIBERTY**

(Air: "Sunny Tennessee")

By T-B-S.

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seem'd to hear this joyous fighter say:

## CHORUS

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;  
From mock Democracy; from inequality;  
I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful  
shore;

That all the world may do away with war—  
I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I will  
find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.  
I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,  
I want to see the whole world free from the chains  
of slavery.

## II

Let us then be up and doing—

Greater Times and things are brewing  
Oh, Organize!—The One Big Union Way:

“Workers of the world, awaken.”

“All the wealth you make is taken.”

“Break your chains.” I hear the spirit say:

## III

Tighter are the class lines drawing—

Hunger at our vitals gnawing—

My reason sways and I long to pray?

Rises then again before us

Spectres of a Martyred chorus—

I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

---

Industrial Unionism is the royal road to Industrial  
Freedom.



## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolph von Liebich

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

# THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold)

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free,  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile,  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

## CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers all are singing,  
For the miseries of the past have flown away.  
And a worker's world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's Day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;

We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—  
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

## ONWARD, "ONE BIG UNION!"

By Ralph Cheney

(To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.

### REFRAIN

Gates of jails can never  
'Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.  
Forward unto battle  
We, the workers, go.  
Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led  
With the free society  
Shining out ahead!  
War and wrong shall perish,  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.



# COUNT YOUR WORKERS—COUNT THEM!

(Air: "Count Your Blessings")

An employment shark one day I went to see,  
And he said, "Come in and buy a job from me;  
Just a couple of dollars for an office fee,  
But the job is steady—and the fare is free."

## CHORUS

Count your pennies— count them one by one,  
Then you'll plainly see how "easy you are done."  
Count your pennies, take them in your hand,  
Sneak into a "Jap's" and get a coffee and—

## II

I shipped out—and worked—and slept in lousy bunks,  
And the grub!—It stunk as bad as nineteen skunks.  
When I worked a week the boss he said one day,  
"You're too tired, you're fired, go and get your pay."

## III

When I went to get my pay, Oh, Holy Gee!  
Road and School and Poll tax—and Hospital fee,  
Then I nearly fainted and I lost my sense . . .  
When the clerk he said, "You owe me fifty cents."

## IV

When I got back to town with blisters on my feet,  
There I saw a fellow speaking on the street,  
And he said, it is the workers' own mistake—  
If they'd stick together they'd get all they make!

## V

And he says, Who'll come and join our union grand,  
Who will be the first—to join our “fighting” band?  
Write me out a card, says I, right here, by gee!  
The Industrial Workers is the “dope” for me!

### CHORUS

Count your workers, count them one by one  
Stand! we'll show the bosses how it's really done—  
Stand together, Workers—Hand in Hand!  
Then—you'll never have to live on coffee and—

## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune: “Portland County Jail”)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs,  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've “packed” a bed, but never will  
again.

### CHORUS

“Such a lot of devils,” that's what the papers say—  
They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum.”

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did, they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—Gee! For goodness  
sake, "Get wise!"

The more you try to buck them now the more they or-  
ganize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets and  
brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat.  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours' work; treat the boys like  
men,

And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

Men who work should be well paid. "A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore,  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.



# TIE 'EM UP!

Words and Music by G. G. Allen

## I

We have no fight with brothers of the old A. F. of L.  
But we ask you to use your reason with the facts we  
have to tell.

Your craft is but protection for a form of property,  
The skill that you are losing, don't you see.  
Improvements on machinery take your tool and skill  
away,

And you'll be among the common slaves upon some fateful  
day.

Now the things of which we're talking we are mighty  
sure about—

So what's the use to strike the way you can't win out?

## CHORUS

Tie 'em up! tie 'em up; that's the way to win.

Don't notify the bosses till hostilities begin.

Don't furnish chance for gunmen, scabs and all their  
like;

What you need is One Big Union and the One Big  
Strike.

## II

Why do you make agreements that divide you when you  
fight,

And let the bosses bluff you with the contract's "sacred  
right,"

Why stay at work when other crafts are battling with  
the foe,

You must stick together don't you know.

### III

The day when you begin to see the classes waging war  
You can join in the biggest tie-up that was ever known  
before.

When the strikes all o'er the country are united into one  
Then the workers One Big Union all the wheels shall run.

### JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

JOE HILL.

---

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

Why does a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?

# THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me")

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

## II

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

## III

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me.  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.



## WORKERS' MEMORIAL SONG

(Air: Russian Funeral March-Pochoronii Marsh)

Dying as soldiers fighting for Labor, so did you fall;  
An off'ring of your love for those who share the strife;  
Gladly you gave us talent and treasure; yielding your all.  
The honor of the world, your freedom and your life.  
Deeply you suffered nor shrunk from the grave—  
Judges and hangmen, the fate of the fray;  
Starved in dark dungeons, beaten and tortured—cheerful  
and brave —

Defying chains and jails, you marched upon your way.  
Mad with their blood-lust, rich from our labor, exploiters  
dwell

In luxury and splendor; scornful of our power  
Sweeping to triumph trusting no promise—Heaven or Hell;  
This song of sorrow sounds to them their fatal hour.  
Rise now ye workers rebellious and bold;  
Tyrants no longer shall rule from above;  
We are the builders—no one shall suffer hunger and  
cold —

We bring a world of beauty, liberty and love.  
Farewell, true comrades, death now enfolds you—rest in  
the tomb;

As sleeping there in peace you know no more of pain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we will remember you and your  
doom,

And labor soon will prove that none have died in vain.  
Farewell, true comrades, we rise to the fight;  
O'er-sweeping all 'neath the banner ye bore,  
Slavery and sorrow vanish before us. Toilers, Unite!  
To break your bonds and rule the world for evermore.

(Repeat the last four lines of the last stanza.)



## **FAREWELL, FRANK!**

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerald J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.  
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.  
For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,  
No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,  
You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

By Ralph Chaplin

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free.  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

## II

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

## III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?



## IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away.  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

### A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: "Tuck Me to Sleep")

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,  
Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,  
Night and day I've labored since—  
Shucking corn and filling bins  
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

### CHORUS

'Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,  
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,  
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave  
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—  
I ain't had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn't best;  
—Thought that I could rest the best—after I "go west."  
'Tuck me to bed in my old 'tucky home,  
Let me lay there—stay there, cover me up with loam.

## II

Old Kentucky cradled me—'tis even true—  
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,  
Every state in all this land  
Used me for a hired hand,  
But why I'm broke—I fail to understand.

## III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way—  
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;  
I have worked from sun to sun,  
Nothing have I ever won  
And now, thank God, my harvestng is done.

## ORGANIZE!

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first,"  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A-shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;  
The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

## THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come! Do your share, like a man.

### CHORUS

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.



Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

## HARVEST LAND

(Air: "Beulah Land")

By T-D and H.

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat

## CHORUS

Oh Farmer John—Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn. ....  
—Old fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
“Bull Durham” will not buy our Brawn—  
You’re out of luck—poor farmer, Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw.”  
Nebraska calls, “Don’t be misled.”  
“We’ll furnish you a feather bed!”

Then South Dakota “lets a roar,”  
“We need ten thousand men—or more”;  
Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God’s sake save our bumper crop.”

In North Dakota—(I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosier’s” barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

## CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause,  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed;  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.



# WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury,—  
You workingmen are poor,—  
Will be for evermore,—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy?

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SPECIAL CENTRALIA EDITION

PRICE TEN CENTS



Published by  
Industrial Workers of the World  
1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the concentrating of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# I. W. W. SONGS

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mine, mill, factory and shop

TWENTY-FIRST EDITION

1925

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1001 W. MADISON ST. CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.



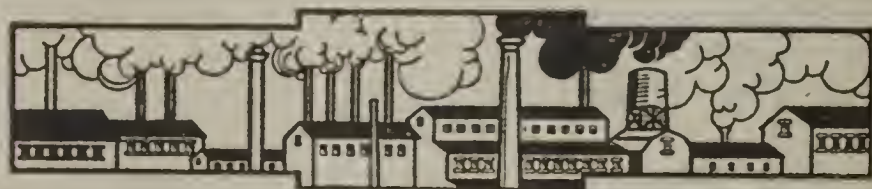
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## WESLEY EVEREST

(Mutilated and murdered at Centralia, Washington,  
Nov. 11, 1919, by a mob of "respectable"  
business men)

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,  
Wounded he faced you as he stood at bay;  
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,  
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed;  
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of Greed . . .  
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,  
Tortured and killed . . . and silent slunk away  
Without one qualm of horror at the deed.

Once . . . long ago . . . do you remember how  
You hailed Him king for soldiers to deride—  
You placed a scroll above His bleeding brow  
And spat upon Him, scourged Him, crucified . . . ?  
A rebel unto Caesar—then as now  
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear wound in his side!

## MOURN NOT THE DEAD

By Ralph Chaplin

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—

Dust unto dust—

The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die

As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—

Too strong to strive—

Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,

Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—

The cowed and the meek—

Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong

And dare not speak!

——wIw——

## TO MY LITTLE SON

By Ralph Chaplin

I cannot lose the thought of you

It haunts me like a little song,

It blends with all I see or do

Each day, the whole day long.

The train, the lights, the engine's throb,

And that one stinging memory:

Your brave smile broken with a sob,

Your face pressed close to me.

Lips trembling far too much to speak;

The arms that would not come undone;

The kiss so salty on your cheek;

The long, long trip begun.

I could not miss you more it seemed,

But now I don't know what to say.

It's harder than I ever dreamed

With you so far away.



# THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson  
(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrants' shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and club are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come, arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven;  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguards of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.



## THE WORN OUT SLAVE

By George Lambert

(Tune: "Old Pal Why Don't You Answer Me?")

Old man, you're canned, you can no longer stay,  
Old man, you can no longer earn your pay;  
We who have employed you for a long, long time,  
Know that you are useless at the present time.

### CHORUS

For years I've tried to satisfy,  
But now you are discharging me.  
My hands are worn, my health is gone,  
You haven't any sympathy.  
If you discharge me now I know that you  
Will drive me to insanity.

### II

Old man you've worked and never lost a day,  
Old man you've worked and always earned your  
pay,  
If you have no money there are lots the  
same;  
Try and live without it; we are not to blame.

—wIw—

## CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of  
plumb.

### CHORUS

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The Workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn out track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

**Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.**

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

**Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.**

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

**Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur;  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."**

—wIw—

YOU cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final  
battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.



## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear.  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——wIw——

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's  
blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the  
sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.



## CHORUS

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

But the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles  
of railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and  
ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled  
to earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel  
can turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of  
the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

# WHAT WE WANT

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Rainbow")

We want all the workers in the world to organize  
Into a great big union grand  
And when we all united stand  
The world for workers we'll demand.  
If the working class could only see and realize  
What mighty power labor has  
Then the exploiting master class  
It would soon fade away.

## CHORUS

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,  
Come from every land,  
Join the fighting band,  
In one union grand,  
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a  
paradise  
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,  
And all the cooks and laundry girls,  
We want the guy that dives for pearls,  
The pretty maid that's making curls,  
And the baker and the staker and the chimneysweep,  
We want the man that's slinging hash,  
The child that works for little cash,  
In one union grand.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chambermaid,  
We want the man that spikes on soles,  
We want the man that's digging holes,  
We want the man that's climbing poles,  
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man  
And all the factory girls and clerks,  
Yes, we want every one that works,  
In one union grand.



# THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage systems drain our blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?



Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers.  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

——wIw——

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song.  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng;  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS

Hooray! Hooray The truth will make you free.  
Hooray! Hooray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## Chorus

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation?  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide;  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

——wIw——

## SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face,  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says, "This country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn  
Swede."



He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the sonna fur gun.  
Scissor Bill, the "foreigner" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody,  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says, he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to heaven on the streets of gold.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union.  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

—wIw—

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it too, for fair;  
He was not the kind to shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

### CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus" so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try."  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating-time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge,"  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came that happy day  
When his life did pass away;  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died.  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried—

——wIw——

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I too am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot go free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."—Helen Keller.

# THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

## CHORUS

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

——wIw——

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.



## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—by an Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the worker's dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full.

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

——wIw——

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
Like beasts of burden, would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

——wIw——

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the hall.



*Yours for the CBH*  
*Forhill*



## JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November the 19th, 1915

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what Life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.

White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful, with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws...  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue,"  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

# THE CALIFORNIA PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted—nit.  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be,  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

## CHORUS

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 65 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seem to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s' must be holy frights."

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge he went wild over me  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer he went wild over me  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bed-bug and the flea,  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my  
sleep,

They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to  
hell,"

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my  
heart—

Will the roses grow wild over me?



## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for the country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

# MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

## CHORUS

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The sharks got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of  
luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that fore-  
man right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock.  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to  
state;

He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

——wIw——

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolph von Liebich

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place.  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!



# THAT TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

By George Lambert

(Tune: "That Tumble Down Shack in Athalone")

I have worked like a jack,  
For that tumble down shack,  
That you see standing up on the hill;  
I have worked like a hoss,  
For the very same boss,  
That you see every day at the mill.  
When I walk down the track  
To the tumble down shack,  
I have visions of prosperity,  
Of rebuilding that shack,  
When the boss pays me back,  
All the money he swindled from me.

When you're all organized,  
You will then be surprised,  
At the changes we'll have at the mill.  
All the strikes will be won  
When we go out as one,  
Our demands will be granted at will.  
Then you'll walk down the track,  
And tear down that old shack,  
That is standing way up on the hill.  
With the money paid back,  
We can build a new shack,  
From the money we made at the mill.

——wIw——

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts  
(A Centralia Victim, now in Walla Walla Penitentiary)

(TUNE: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with  
us still;

We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys I did my best!"  
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad  
farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land  
to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will  
sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland  
shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

# THE GOOD OLD WOBBLY BAND

By A. Layton

(Tune: "Barney Google")

Who're the finest band of men  
The whole world ever knew?  
Who're the finest band of men,  
Each one so staunch and true?  
Well, it ain't the loyal Legion,  
And it ain't the K. K. K.,  
It ain't the old A. F. L.,  
But believe me when I say:

## CHORUS

It's the good old Wobblies;  
The Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.  
It's the good old Wobbly,  
Find a better if you can.  
Who was it got the eight hour day?  
Who was it got us better pay?  
The good old Wobbly,  
The Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.

## II

Who is it makes the bosses swear  
Whenever he hears the name?  
Because he knows they're out to beat  
His dirty rotten game;  
Who is it that is fighting  
To set the wage slaves free?  
Who is it says the boss must work  
The same as you and me?

It's the good old Wobbly,  
It's the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band,  
It's the good old Wobbly,  
Find a better if you can.  
Who is it gets thrown in the can,  
For educating the working man?  
The good old Wobbly,  
It's the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.



### III

So come on all you working stiff,  
And join this gallant throng.  
Come on, all you workers and  
We'll organize so strong  
That the capitalist system  
Will soon be on the bum,  
And everyone will have their share  
Of work and sleep and fun.

So join the Wobblies,  
Join the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band,  
Join the Wobblies,  
And the workers of every land  
Will soon be one big brotherhood  
To decide what's right for the workers'  
good.  
So join the Wobblies,  
Join the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.

——wIw——

## THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: "Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold")

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free,  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile,  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

## CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers all are singing,  
For the miseries of the past have flown away.  
And a worker's world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's Day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;  
We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—  
Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

——wIw——

## HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to  
town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on  
the bum.  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-  
of-a-gun.  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.  
But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,  
And the long drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

——wIw——

## ARE YOU A WOBBLY?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say.



## CHORUS

Are you a wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, then it's kick right in and  
join.

Become a wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——WIW——

## DAN MCGANN

By Dublin Dan

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man,  
Who sat with him on a bench:  
"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis,  
He flourished a Stillson wrench,  
"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie,  
Don't open your lips to speak  
Of the socialist or the anarchist,  
Don't mention the bolshevik.

"I've heard enough of your foreign stuff,  
I'm as sick as a man can be  
Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight,  
That this is the land for me;  
If you want to brag, take a look at our flag,  
And boast of its field of blue,  
Boast of the dead whose blood was shed  
For the peace of the likes of you.

"I'll have no more," and he waved once more  
His wrench, in a forceful way,  
"Of the cunning creed of the Russian breed,  
But I stand for the U. S. A.  
I'm sick of your fads and your wild-eyed lads,  
Don't flourish your flag so red—  
Where I can see, or at night there'll be,  
Tall candles around your head.

"So tip your hat to a flag like that,  
Thank God for its stripes and stars,  
Thank God you are here, where the roads are clear,  
Away from the kings and czars,  
And don't you speak of the bolshevik,  
I'm sick of the stuff, I am—  
One God, one flag, that's the creed I brag,  
I'm boosting for Uncle Sam."

#### REPLY

The "foreign" man looked at Dan McGann,  
And in perfect English, said:  
"I cannot see, for the life of me,  
What you have got in your head.  
You boast and brag 'bout the grand old flag  
And the foes you put to rout,  
When you haven't a pot in which to spit,  
Or a window to throw it out.  
You howl and kick about the bolshevik,  
The anarchist and wob—  
You defend this rotten system when  
You don't even own your job.

"Immigration laws would be 'jake' with you  
If they kept out the Russian Finn,  
The German Jew, and the Frenchman too,  
And just let the Irish in;  
You're full of that religious bunk  
And the priest on your life has a lease—  
You're not even blest, like some of the rest,  
With the sense that God gave geese;

You're a rank disgrace to the human race,  
You're one of those grand mistakes,  
Who came from the land, from which I understand,  
St. Patrick drove the snakes.

"The boss told you, and you think it's so,  
And I guess it is at that,  
That your head is a place on the top of your face,  
Which is meant to hold your hat.  
If a thought ever entered your ivory dome—  
Which I am inclined to doubt—  
You would not rest till you'd done your best  
To drive the 'foreigner' out.  
You kick about the strangers here,  
But you give no reason why—  
And without these so-called 'foreigners',  
How would you get by?

"You're working for an Englishman  
You room with a French Canuck,  
You board in a Swedish restaurant  
Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck;  
You buy your clothes from a German Jew,  
Your shoes from a Russian Pole,  
And you place your hope in a Dago pope,  
To save your Irish soul.  
You're an 18-carat scissor-bill,  
You're a regular brainless gem—  
But the time's at hand when you'll have to stand  
For the things you now condemn.

"So throw away your Stillson wrench,  
You booster for Uncle Sam,  
For the language you use, when you're full of booze,  
Doesn't scare me worth a damn—  
Go fight and be damned, for your glorious flag,  
And the boss who is robbing you;  
One Union Grand, that's where I stand;  
I'm boosting the O. B. U.

——wIw——

Why do a short work day and a long pay always go  
together?



## TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)



We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
They couldn't still your voice,  
So they strangled it;  
They couldn't chill your heart,  
So they stopped it;  
They couldn't dam your life blood,  
So they spilled it.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
They didn't come in the broad of day  
And warn you that in a world  
Being made safe for democracy  
There was no safety for you.  
In the dead of night they came  
And pounced on you,  
Dragged you out as if you were an animal  
Without daring to let you put your clothes on  
Or bind up your broken leg.  
They spared you no indignity,  
They withheld from you no shame;  
Afterward, no doubt, they washed their hands  
With the air of men who've done their bit  
In the cause of freedom.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died ten thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
Long after the workers have made the world  
Safe for Labor,  
We'll repeat your name  
And remember that you died for us.  
The red flag that you dropped  
A million hands will carry on;  
The cause that you loved  
A million tongues will voice.  
Good bye, Frank Little!  
Indian, white man, Wobbly true,  
Valiant soldier of the great Red Army,  
We'll remember you!

—Phillips Russell.

## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution.)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will.  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.

——wiw——

## THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

### CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the commonwealth of Toil that is to be.



## II

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield up our lives to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

## III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

## IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

——wIw——

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There is Power in the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

——wIw——

## HARVEST LAND

By T-D and H.  
(Air: "Beulah Land")

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

### CHORUS

Oh, Farmer John—poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is overdrawn.  
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
"Bull Durham" will not buy our Brawn—  
You're out of luck—poor Farmer Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
"Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw."  
Nebraska calls, "Don't be misled."  
"We'll furnish you a feather bed!"

Then South Dakota "lets a roar,"  
"We need ten thousand men—or more";  
Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God's sake save our bumper crop."

In North Dakota—(I'll be darn)  
The "wise guy" sleeps in "hoosier's" barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, "It's quarter after four."

### CHORUS

Oh Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it's going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

——wIw——

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-b. S.

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone.  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel;  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.



If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

——wIw——

## CZAR OF ALL CZARS

By T-b. S.

(Air: "Oh, What a Pal Was Mary")

I

Kaiser of Steel,  
Steamship and Wheel,  
Master of Land and of Ocean;  
Owner of Souls,  
Railroad and Coals,  
Let us address you Devotion;  
Listen, oh King;  
Harken, ol'Thing;  
Softly we sing...and low.

### CHORUS

Oh what a pal was Gary.  
Oh what a pal was He.  
A tyrant was born,  
Without hoofs and horn

When nature was on a Spree—  
Master of Men and Women,  
Czar of all Czars Supreme  
—Time rambles on—  
Hush! We are gone!  
Gary, almighty Dream!

## II

Ribbons of Steel  
Glowing, unreal  
Down in the ol' river Furnace.  
Reckless of Doom,  
Shearing a Bloom;  
For you we toil, delve and skirmish,  
Twelve hours each Day.  
Work is our Pay.  
That's why we sing and low.

——wIw——

## GESUNDHEIT, MR. WOB

By T-b. S.

(Tune: "Gallagher and Shean")

There are two famous men,  
They're always on the job;  
One is Mr. Scissorbill,  
The other is Mr. Wob.  
Let praises then be sung,  
(By hearts with sorrow wrung)  
For the things they do  
And the way they coo  
And the way they use their "lung."

## CHORUS

O Mr. Scissorbill, O Mr. Scissorbill.  
How much coin have you taken to Liquorville?  
—I'm convinced you drink too much;  
And your brain must need a crutch—  
Yes, I hope to gosh 'twill make you sicker still.

Oh Mr. Wob, O Mr. Wob,  
My head feels just as if 'twas being shod  
I am sick and sore inside  
And I fear I've strained my hide . . .  
More than likely, Mr. Scissorbill—  
Gesundheit, Mr. Wob.

O hearken to my wail—  
They are two famous men;  
Please, O Mr. Editor,  
Donate this space to them;  
Although it may be wrong,  
Please soak them with a song:  
For the way they slave  
And the way they rave—  
'Tis an inspiration strong.

### CHORUS

O Mr. Scissorbill, O Mr. Scissorbill,  
Your dear wife now will surely miss her swill;  
She will surely miss her hash—  
Now that you have had your splash,  
And I 'spose you've got the crust to kick her  
still?

O Mr. Wob, O Mr. Wob,  
My wife does everything but carry "hod,"  
And although it's wrong to pun  
She's my faithful washing-ton . . .  
And you love 'er, Mr. Scissorbill?  
—All there's of her, Mr. Wob.

——wIw——

If you would be informed of the every-day struggles,  
the theory and ultimate aim of the Revolutionary Labor  
Movement, your must read INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY.

——wIw——



# PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel band;  
Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the  
land,  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

## CHORUS

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!  
Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—  
We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win our hardest  
fight,  
For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness into  
light,  
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss  
with fears;  
Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—  
We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest cheers  
For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us "working plugs," inferior by birth,  
But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their  
smiles of mirth—

We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from  
the earth  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,  
And what we'll have for government, when finally we're  
through,  
Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions died before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus.

## CHORUS

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer,  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Ain't that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends—if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.



# THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

By Richard Brazier  
(Tune: "San Antonio")

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;  
They're known throughout the land.  
They've seen the horrors of the bull-pen,  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;  
Upon them soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As the Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

## CHORUS

They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master  
They'll bring disaster.  
And if you'll join them  
They'll let you know  
Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights;  
They proved themselves to be labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights;  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded  
For we still remain a union grand.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;  
The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.  
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;  
The Boss lives in the palace you make.  
You face starvation, hunger, privation,  
But the Boss is always well fed.  
Though of low station, you've built this nation—  
Built it upon your dead.  
Then when will you ever get wise;  
When will you open your eyes?



# THE HOPE OF THE AGES .

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
Our aim to attain and fulfill,  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom"; new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

——wIw——

## THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The Workers of the World are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now are quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

### CHORUS

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread,



The master's class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

—wIw—

## THE BONEHEAD WORKING MAN

(Tune: "Fiddle Up")

Mr. Slave, Mr. Slave, listen to the call  
Of the brave to the brave; take the world for all.  
Now you need the light and might to free all working  
men, *look around*  
Look around, *all* around and *you'll* see,  
Hear the pound, heard the sound of machinery.  
How the owners fool you, how they rule you.  
Just hear the bosses blow.

### CHORUS

Hurry up! Hurry up! on my new machine.  
Man, you're ~~so~~ slow, boss is losing money.  
It displaces seventy men. If you cannot speed up  
you're fired then.  
Go and look, go and look for another master.  
Good or bad, you sure will make him wealthy.  
It's gol darned hard to wake you up.  
YOU'RE A BONEHEAD WORKING MAN.

Mr. Slave, Mr. Slave, hear the union grand.  
*It's* a wave, it's a wave rolling through the land.  
*It's* the masters fear *will* free our class from slavery.  
Get a book, get a book, read the word of light,  
Take a look, take a look, join the band of might.  
Come and and be a wobbly, then you'll probably  
Not let the bosses cry:



## "MIGHT IS RIGHT"

By Covington Hall

Might was Right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was Right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;  
And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole's young life was beaten out  
In Spokane's dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg'ring down death's way—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell 'round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolfe Weyerhauser's prey—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take

The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awaken!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
’Tis Freedom’s only way—  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

——wIw——

## **HARK! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING!**

By H. S. Salt

(Air: “March of the Men of Harlech”)

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
Death to tyrants’ might!  
Tho’ we wield not spear nor sabre,  
We the sturdy sons of Labor,  
Helping every man his neighbor,  
Shirk not from the fight!  
See our homes before us;  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

### **CHORUS**

Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!



Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame, privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
Of the rich man's spite;  
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning,  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

——wIw——

## THE WORLD GOES ON

By Vera Möller

A baby starves at a starving mother's breast, and yet  
the world goes on.

The guiltless are hung, while knaves go free,  
Yet the currents of life still run;  
A maiden must sell herself for bread,  
Yet the suns shine as they've always done;  
And that which has been, will be, men say,  
Since it has been, it must be so,  
Since beings have lived, given life and died  
In the midst of oppression and woe.

But they forget that the gods' mills grind,  
Even when they grind slow;  
A slave dreams of freedom and files at his chains,  
And yet the world goes on;  
The oppressed of a nation rise up in their wrath,  
And a few bloody tyrants are gone;  
Serfs gather and plan to uprising, but no bolt  
Strikes them dead with the coming of dawn.



And since there has always been cruelty and wrong,  
They tell us it still must be;  
Yet 'tis true that while many have always been slaves  
That there are many who have longed to be free.

Is the weakling or hero the one in the end  
Who shall shape the world's destiny?  
For the veils are rent that have hidden truth;  
Men are looking upon her face,  
And fruits are ripening, buds burst in bloom,  
As the earth whirls on through space;  
And men have grown whose strong hands shall mould  
A world for the whole human race.

——wIw——

## A CALL TO ACTION

(Tune: "Smiles")

Workers, now I know, what will make the union grow:  
Agitation, education, will defeat the foe.  
Workers, don't you see, you must make your own selves  
free,  
Do get wise and organize and strike for liberty.

### CHORUS

We'll no longer work for wages, we'll just take all we  
produce;  
We have been wage slaves all through the ages,  
We ourselves must break the fetters loose.  
Then we will no longer heed the masters,  
Our defiance at them we will hurl,  
And we'll bid good-bye to all wage slavery  
And the red flag we will unfurl.

Masters boast in vain one big union's on the wane,  
But the shirkers will be workers under Labor's reign;  
Toilers don't despair, we have but to do our share,  
Agitating, educating, we must do and dare.

# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Copyrighted, 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy.  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

—wIw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in popular sheet form from the I. W. W., 1001 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



# WORKINGMEN. UNITE!

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury:  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be forevermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?  
And serve your enemy?

——wIw——

Why should any worker be without the necessities  
of life when ten men can produce enough for a  
hundred?



# THE RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And give unto a war that is not yours;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathesome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soli  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes till you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thraldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

Montreal, 1914.

——wIw——

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

By Ralph Chaplin

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### CHORUS

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.



## SOME DAY A SILENT GUARD

By Ralph Chaplin

Some day a silent guard will come for me  
And touch my shoulder, surely soon or late;  
And lead me to the massive prison gate  
And swing it wide and tell me I am free.  
Will all this pass, this iron cage of hate?  
Or will their shadow always lie in wait  
To chill the flame of every ecstasy?

Shall I be cold from living long with death  
Like one grave-wrapped, returning from the dead—  
My heart a stone, the dungeon on my breath?  
Or shall I thrill with sudden awe instead,  
And feel the terrible and strange delight  
Of one long blind who is restored to sight?

——wIw——

## WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits from his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

### CHORUS

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the workers' commonwealth.  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.



We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

——wIw——

## THE SONG OF THE RAIL

By Ralph Chaplin

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,  
Stickin' around at a regular job.  
All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,  
We don't fit in on a laborin' job.  
Things here is too much precise and pernickity,  
Bo, I would just as soon be in a jail.  
Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Us for the road and th eold hobo way again,  
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,  
Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,  
Nary a worry of work to be done.  
Say, ain't you ready to beat it by crickity—  
Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,  
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Judges will call you a shame to society,  
Brakemen'll bounce you off onto the ground.  
Trampin's no cinch but it's full of variety;  
Here we're just ploddin' around and around.  
Honest, I'm getting all feeble and rickity.  
Say, Bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick;  
Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, clickity, clickity, click.

——wIw——

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad,  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

——wIw——

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.



# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

——wlw——

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk;  
join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.



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The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

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## WESLEY EVEREST

(Mutilated and murdered at Centralia, Washington,  
Nov. 11, 1919, by a mob of "respectable"  
business men)

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,  
Wounded he faced you as he stood at bay;  
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,  
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed;  
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of Greed . . .  
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,  
Tortured and killed . . . and silently slunk away  
Without one qualm of horror at the deed.

Once . . . long ago . . . do you remember how  
You hailed Him king for soldiers to deride—  
You placed a scroll above His bleeding brow  
And spat upon Him, scourged Him, crucified . . .  
A rebel unto Caesar—then as now  
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear wound in his side!



# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts  
(A Centralia Victim, now in Walla Walla Penitentiary)

(TUNE: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with  
us still;  
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad  
farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land  
to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will  
sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland  
shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin

(AIR: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

## II

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield up our lives to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

## III

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

## IV

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

# THE INTERNATIONALE

By Eugene Pottier  
(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye priseners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage systems drain our blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?



Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due..

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

—wIw—

## THE BANNER OF LABOR

(TUNE: "The Star Spangled Banner")

Oh, say, can you hear, coming near and more near,  
The call now resounding: "Come all ye who labor?"  
The Industrial band, throughout all the land  
Bid toilers, remember each toiler his neighbor.  
Come, workers, unite! 'tis Humanity's fight.  
We call, you come forth in your manhood and might.

### CHORUS

And the **BANNER OF LABOR** will surely soon wave  
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.  
And the **BANNER OF LABOR** will surely soon wave  
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.

The blood and the lives of children and wives  
Are ground into dollars for parasites' pleasure;  
The children now slave, till they sink in their grave—  
That robbers may fatten and add to their treasure.  
Will you idly sit by, unheeding their cry?  
Arise! Be ye men! See the battle draws nigh.

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil  
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes;  
While Poverty gaunt, Desolation and Want  
Have dwelt in the bowels of earth's toiling masses.  
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,  
**INDUSTRIAL UNION**, the wage slave now cheers..

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——wIw——

## SOLIDARITY FOREVER !

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the worker's  
blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the  
sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**For the Union makes us strong.**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles  
of railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and  
ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled  
to earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel  
can turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes  
of the old,

For the Union makes us strong.



# WHAT WE WANT

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Rainbow")

We want all the workers in the world to organize  
Into a great big union grand  
And when we all united stand  
The world for workers we'll demand.  
If the working class could only see and realize  
What mighty power labor has  
Then the exploiting master class  
It would soon fade away.

## CHORUS:

Come all ye toilers that work for wages,  
Come from every land,  
Join the fighting band,  
In one union grand,  
Then for the workers we'll make upon this earth a  
paradise  
When the slaves get wise and organize.

We want the sailor and the tailor and the lumberjacks,  
And all the cooks and laundry girls,  
We want the guy that dives for pearls,  
The pretty maid that's making curls,  
And the baker and the stoker and the chimneysweep,  
We want the man that's slinging hash,  
The child that works for little cash,  
In one union grand.

We want the tinner and the skinner and the chamber-  
maid,  
We want the man that spikes on soles,  
We want the man that's digging holes,  
We want the man that's climbing poles,  
And the trucker and the mucker and the hired man  
And all the factory girls and clerks,  
Yes, we want every one that works,  
In one union grand.

## THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

There's a new day of liberty dawning  
When sunbeams of Freedom shine true  
And the emblem of love, floats gently above.  
Hark! the message is calling to you.

### CHORUS:

Sons of toil! awake to liberty  
Wield thy sword of Solidarity.  
Strike from bondage to be free.  
Take the world for all who labor.  
Dawn is breaking through the gloomy night  
Spreading rays of liberty and light  
That the wrong way may be made right in this world  
so fair.

I can see in the light of the morning  
A new social era draws near;  
Its glories sublime, in all hearts will shine  
When there's no beastly rulers to fear.

Rally on with the banner of freedom  
No longer to sweat in despair;  
And the Heavens shall know we have conquered the foe  
When the Red Flag is thrown to the air.

——wIw——

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.



# THE CALIFORNIA PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted—nit—  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

## CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."



## MY WANDERING BOY

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where you boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue;"  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that fore-  
man right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

——wIw——

## THAT TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

By George Lambert

(Tune: "That Tumble-Down Shack In Athalone")

I have worked like a jack,  
For that tumble-down shack,  
That you see standing up on the hill;  
I have worked like a hoss,  
For the very same boss,  
That you see every day at the mill.  
When I walk down the track  
To the tumble-down shack,  
I have visions of prosperity,  
Of rebuilding that shack,  
When the boss pays me back,  
All the money he swindled from me.

When you're all organized,  
You will then be surprised,  
At the changes we'll have at the mill.  
All the strikes will be won  
When we go out as one,  
Our demands will be granted at will,  
Then you'll walk down the track,  
And tear down that old shack,  
That is standing 'way up on the hill.  
With the money paid back,  
We can build a new shack,  
From the money we made at the mill.



# ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

## CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, than it's kick right in and  
join.

Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone.  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel;  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.



## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

——wIw——

A shorter workday for all employed workers would  
put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody  
worked there would be no poverty.



## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
O, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

——wIw——

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the hall.



*Yours for the O.B.R.*  
*Jordill*



## JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November 19, 1915

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there were none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what Life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.

White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . . .  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue,"  
Into the night unending; why was it you?



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN !

By Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall:  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

——wIw——

## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.

——wIw——

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I too am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot go free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."—HELEN KELLER.

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Ain't that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends—if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.



# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

——wIw——

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form from the I. W. W. 2333 Belmont  
Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers For the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
Our aim to attain and fulfill.  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

——wIw——

## **ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US**

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### **CHORUS:**

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.



## HARVESTERS !

(Tune: "Maryland")

You harvest workers of this land,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Its bulwark evermore to stand,  
Organize, oh, organize.

For with the flag of right unfurled,  
In spite of darts against you hurled,  
You still must feed this hungry world:  
Organize, oh, organize.

If you would come into your own,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Or be forever overthrown,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Yes, everywhere, throughout this land  
Together in one union stand;  
And be a firm united band,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Firmly to stand against each wrong,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Your only hope is union strong,  
Organize, oh, organize.

To break the bands of slavery  
That bind you now from sea to sea,  
And from oppression set you free,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Your calling was the first on earth,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
And now's the time to prove its worth,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Then come you workers, good and true  
With good of all the world in view,  
The die is cast, it's up to you:  
Organize, oh, organize.

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

——wIw——

If you would be informed of the every-day struggles,  
the theory and ultimate aim of the Revolutionary Labor  
Movement, you must read INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY.



# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way  
to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the  
bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered  
son-of-a-gun;  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.  
But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.



## SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill  
(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.  
Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he gets rewarded thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get in the neck.

But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is goin' to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.  
Scissor Bill, he wouldn't join the union.  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me by heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

——wIw——

## THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.



## CHORUS

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

## CHORUS

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

## CHORUS

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearlygate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

—wIw—

## THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the skys;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.



And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout.  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

### LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

——wIw——

### STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

### CHORUS

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for  
slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the  
waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my  
snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him  
down and out;  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.  
One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you some-  
thing nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some  
exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half  
a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with  
Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any  
means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

——wIw——

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final  
battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.

——wIw——

Why do a shorter workday and a long pay always go  
together?



# WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungle  
near the tracks;  
He said "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in  
one band  
And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land.

## CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard  
They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The stiffs all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.

They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."

The "Wobbly" said "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt

If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.

If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge  
of liberty

You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they  
would be free.



# HARK ! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING !

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March of the Men of Harlech")

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
    Death to tyrants' might!  
Though we wield not spear nor sabre,  
We the sturdy sons of Labor,  
Helping every man his neighbor,  
    Shirk not from the fight!  
See our homes before us;  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

## CHORUS:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame, privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
    Of the rich man's spite;  
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
    After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning,  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

———wIw———

If you would be informed of the every-day struggles  
the theory and ultimate aim of the Revolutionary Labor  
Movement, you must read INDUSTRIAL SOLIDARITY

## TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)



We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
They couldn't still your voice,  
So they strangled it;  
They couldn't chill your heart,  
So they stopped it;  
They couldn't dam your life blood,  
So they spilled it.



We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
They didn't come in the broad of day  
And warn you that in a world  
Being made safe for democracy  
There was no safety for you.  
In the dead of night they came  
And pounced on you,  
Dragged you out as if you were an animal  
Without daring to let you put your clothes on  
Or bind up your broken leg.  
They spared you no indignity,  
They withheld from you no shame;  
Afterward, no doubt, they washed their hands  
With the air of men who've done their bit  
In the cause of freedom.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
Long after the workers have made the world  
Safe for Labor,  
We'll repeat your name  
And remember that you died for us.  
The red flag that you dropped  
A million hands will carry on;  
The cause that you loved  
A million tongues will voice.  
Good bye, Frank Little!  
Indian, white man, Wobbly true,  
Valiant soldier of the great Red Army,  
We'll remember you!

.. —Phillips Russell.



# WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer  
sun,

We have seen his children needy when the harvesting  
was done,

We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,  
While their flag went marching on.

## CHORUS:

Wage workers, come join the union!

Wage workers, come join the union!

Wage workers, come join the union!

Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city  
street—

We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths  
and Vandals meet;

We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their  
feet,

But their cause went marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is  
sold,

Where the dealer's fatal hammer makes the clink of  
leaping gold,

But the slavers of the present more relentless powers  
hold,

Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing  
wheel,

We will free the weary women from their bondage under  
steel;

In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man  
shall feel

That the cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and dear,  
Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the  
river's voice is near;

Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland  
will be here

As we go marching on.

# FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

## CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay."  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know you're game, know your pride is  
pricked.  
Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?  
They've joined the One Big Union—gee—for goodness'  
sake, get wise!"  
The more you try to buck them now the more they  
organize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets  
and brooms;  
Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit;  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.  
Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat;  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.



Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children too galore  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

——wIw——

## DAN McGANN

By Dublin Dan

Said Dan McGann to a foreign man,  
Who sat with him on a bench:  
"Let me tell you this," and for emphasis,  
He flourished a Stillson wrench,  
"Don't talk to me of the bourgeoisie,  
Don't open your lips to speak  
Of the socialist or the anarchist,  
Don't mention the bolshevik.

"I've heard enough of your foreign stuff,  
I'm as sick as a man can be  
Of the speech of hate, and I'm telling you straight,  
That this is the land for me;  
If you want to brag, take a look at our flag,  
And boast of its field of blue,  
Boast of the dead whose blood was shed  
For the peace of the likes of you.

"I'll have no more," and he waved once more  
His wrench, in a forceful way,  
"Of the cunning creed of the Russian breed,  
But I stand for the U. S. A.  
I'm sick of your fads and your wild-eyed lads,  
Don't flourish your flag so red,  
Where I can see—or at night there'll be  
Tall candles around your head.



"So tip your hat to a flag like that  
Thank God for its stripes and stars,  
Thank God you are here, where the roads are clear,  
Away from the kings and czars,  
And don't you speak of the bolshevik,  
I'm sick of that stuff, I am—  
One God, one flag, that's the creed I brag,  
I'm boosting for Uncle Sam."

### REPLY

The "foreign" man looked at Dan McGann,  
And in perfect English, said:  
"I cannot see, for the life of me,  
What you have got in your head.  
You boast and brag 'bout the grand old flag  
And the foes you put to rout,  
When you haven't a pot in which to spit,  
Or a window to throw it out.  
You howl and kick about the bolshevik,  
The anarchist and Wob—  
You defend this rotten system when  
You don't even own your job.

"Immigration laws would be 'jake' with you  
If they kept out the Russian Finn,  
The German Jew, and the Frenchman too,  
And just let the Irish in;  
You're full of that religious bunk  
And the priest on your life has a lease—  
You're not even blest, like some of the rest,  
With the sense that God gave geese;  
You're a rank disgrace to the human race,  
You're one of those grand mistakes,  
Who came from the land, from which I understand,  
St. Patrick drove the snakes.

"The boss told you, and you think it's so,  
And I guess it is at that,  
That your head is a place on the top of your face,  
Which is meant to hold your hat.  
If a thought ever entered your ivory dome—

Which I am inclined to doubt—  
You would not rest till you'd done your best  
To drive the 'foreigner' out.  
You kick about the strangers here,  
But you give no reason why—  
And without these so-called 'foreigners,'  
How would you get by?

"You're working for an Englishman,  
You room with a French Canuck,  
You board in a Swedish restaurant  
Where a Dutchman cooks your chuck;  
You buy your clothes from a German Jew,  
Your shoes from a Russian Pole,  
And you place your hope in a dago pope,  
To save your Irish soul.  
You're an 18-carat scissorbill,  
You're a regular brainless gem—  
But the time's at hand when you'll have to stand  
For the things you now condemn.

"So throw away your Stillson wrench,  
You booster for Uncle Sam,  
For the language you use, when you're full of booze,  
Doesn't scare me worth a damn—  
Go fight and be damned, for your glorious flag,  
And the boss who is robbing you;  
One Union Grand, that's where I stand;  
I'm boosting the O. B. U."

——wIw——

The purpose of the I. W. W. is to organize the workers in all the world's industries into One Big Union, gaining gradual control of these industries by enforcing demands for more favorable hours, wages and conditions until such time as the producers develop the necessary power and discipline to take over the ownership and management of the industries and run them for the benefit of the entire human race.



# THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

By Richard Brazier  
(Tune: "San Antonio")

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;  
They're known throughout the land;  
They've seen the horror of the bull-pen,  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;  
Upon them soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As The Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

## CHORUS:

They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master  
They'll bring disaster.

And if you'll join them  
They'll let you know

Just the reason why the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights;  
They proved themselves to be labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights;  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded  
For we still remain a union grand.

Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;

The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.

You work ten hours a day and live in huts;

The Boss lives in the palace you make.

You face starvation, hunger, privation,

But the Boss is always well fed.

Though of low station—you've built this nation—  
Built it upon your dead.

Then when will you get wise;  
When will you open your eyes?



## PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel  
band—

Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the  
land,

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

### CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!

Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—

We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win our hardest  
fight,

For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness  
into light,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss  
with fears;

Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—

We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest  
cheers

For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us "working plugs," inferior by  
birth,

But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their  
smiles of mirth—

We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from  
the earth—

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,  
And what we'll have for government, when finally  
we're through,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

# THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal—maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive—  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

——wIw——

It is infinitely better to be in jail laying the foundation  
for freedom than to be free laying the foundations for  
jails.



# OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

By Lambert

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning—

Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed;

For the hardest thing of all is to hear the master call:

"You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning."

Some day I'm not going to answer.

Some day I'm going to remain in bed.

I'll telephone up to the boss and ask him if "he'll come across——"

If not—I'll never get out of bed.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning—

Oh, how I'd love to remain in bed;

When I think about the pay that he gives me every day,

I hate to get up, I hate to get up, I hate to get up in the morning.

Some day I'm not a-going to answer.

Some day I'm going to remain in bed—

I'll send him out an S. O. S., and tell him I'm going to rest,

And spend the rest of my life in bed.

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,

Oh, how I love to remain in bed—

When I think about my job, and the boss, the great big slob,

I hate to get up, I hate to get up, I hate to get up this morning.

Some day I'm going to forget all my troubles,

And stay in bed every day till ten—

I'll tell the boss I am a Wob—and if he wants to take my job,

Well, then I'll never get out of bed!



# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

——wIw——

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the jungles.

## "MIGHT IS RIGHT"

By Covington Hall

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;  
And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole's young life was beaten out  
In Spokane's dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg'ring down death's way—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Morgan builds  
A hell 'round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser's prey—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."



Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
"Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was, it is, it e'er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
'Tis Freedom's only way—  
"Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

——wIw——

## A CALL TO ACTION

(Tune: "Smiles")

Workers, now I know, what will make the union grow:  
Agitation, education, will defeat the foe.  
Workers, don't you see, you must make your own selves  
free,  
Do get wise and organize and strike for liberty.

### CHORUS:

We'll no longer work for wages, we'll just take all we  
produce;  
We have been wage slaves all through the ages,  
We ourselves must break the fetters loose.  
Then we will no longer heed the masters,  
Our defiance at them we will hurl,  
And we'll bid good-bye to all wage slavery  
And the red flag we will unfurl.

Masters boast in vain one big union's on the wane,  
But the shirkers will be workers under Labor's reign;  
Toilers don't despair, we have but to do our share,  
Agitating, educating, we must do and dare.



# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

# THE RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours;  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
“Enough! enough! God give us peace again.”  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've “won,”  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.



So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

——wIw——

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Connell

(Air: "Lillibulero")

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?  
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?  
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,  
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,  
Think of the rags ye wear.  
Think of the insults endur'd from your birth;  
Toiling in snow and rain,  
Rearing up heaps of grain,  
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,  
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;  
Ye've braves to teach you to laugh at disasters,  
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,  
Using not brain or hand,  
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?  
What right have they to take  
Things that you toil to make?  
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?



Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;  
Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;  
Show these incapables who are the stronger  
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.  
Thro' Castle, Court and Hall,  
Over their acres all,  
Onward we'll press like waves of the sea,  
Claiming the wealth we've made,  
Ending the spoiler's trade;  
Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

——wIw——

## **HARVEST LAND**

By T-D and H.  
(Air: "Beulah Land")

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

### **CHORUS:**

Oh, Farmer John—poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is overdrawn.  
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
"Bull Durham" will not buy our Brawn—  
You're out of luck—poor Farmer Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
"Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw."  
Nebraska calls, "Don't be misled,"  
"We'll furnish you a feather bed!"

Then South Dakota "lets a roar,"  
"We need ten thousand men—or more;"  
Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God's sake save our bumper crop."

In North Dakota—(I'll be darn)  
The "wise guy" sleeps in "hoosier's" barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, "It's quarter after four."

CHORUS:

Oh, Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it's going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

——wIw——

CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of  
plumb.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this  
strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a  
hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out  
track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the  
S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went  
on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."



Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur—  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P.  
line."

——wIw——

## WORKINGMEN, UNITE !

By E. S. Nelson  
(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

### CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!



Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?  
And serve your enemy?

—wIw—

## THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

——wIw——

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.



Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—

He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Even God, he went wild over me,  
This I found out when I knelt upon my knee,  
Did he hear my humble yell? No, he told me "Go to hell,"  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

——wIw——

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

——wIw——

Why should any worker be without the necessities of life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?



# ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—

Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng;

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

## CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—

Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?

The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,

Is One Big Industrial Union.

——wIw——

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

——wIw——

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,

With others of his class he built the road.

Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,

Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.

He walks and walks and walks and walks

And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

——wIw——

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk.  
Join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

## THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

### CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.



# Workers- Unite!

Workers of the world: you know these songs. There is not a land where capitalism exists into which I. W. W. songs have not found their way. There is not a strike of class-conscious workers anywhere in which they are not heard. Workers are united in feeling, even as they unite their voices in the singing of songs "To Fan The Flames of Discontent."

Now make this unity real, and make your discontent heeded by uniting your power on the job as you have united your wishes and aspirations in "Solidarity Forever." Make "The Internationale" a reality; make the industrial union actually the whole human race. Make all prison songs unnecessary. It can only be done if we all come together, organized, ready to put an end to capitalism and make the world something worth singing about.

If you are not already in the Industrial Workers of the World, get in. If you are a member now, bring your fellow workingman into it; make him a real Fellow Worker, building the "Commonwealth of Toil That Is To Be." You can do it. So do it.

Address Industrial Workers of the World,  
3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



# Read the I. W. W. Papers

Read the I. W. W. papers for the news from the job; read them to watch the whole labor movement; read them for revolutionary theory; read them for the official announcements of the Industrial Workers of the World; read them for accounts of your friends and enemies; read them to refute the arguments of the master class; read them for inspiration in the class struggle; read them to give yourself a voice—for the I. W. W. papers are written by workers, and if you are a worker you should express yourself through them—their columns are open to you, and you are privileged to speak directly from the point of production to all other workers near and far. Read in English, Spanish, Russian, Hungarian, Finnish, Czecho-Slovak, or Italian, as it suits you best. We publish in all these languages. Write to 3333 Belmont Avenue for particulars on foreign language papers.

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To Fan the Flames of Discontent

# SONGS

PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the concentrating of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# I. W. W. SONGS

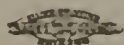
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TWENTY-THIRD EDITION

1927

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It was Napoleon who  
said that if he could  
write a country's songs  
he would not care who  
wrote its laws.

# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

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The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
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It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all,  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

——wIw——

## THREE SHINING STARS

(Tune: "After The Ball")

By T. E. Hawkins

Star lights are shining o'er life's great sway,  
Pointing to freedom, fearless and gay;  
See the army marching, onward with glee,  
Three stars to guide them, freedom, to thee.  
Long have we lingered in misery and woe;  
Take the World for workers, why kneel so low?  
Masters shall vanish from earth for aye  
When the workers arise, their might to display.

### CHORUS:

Beautiful stars are shining,  
Shining with life so bright;  
Sparkling with rays of freedom,  
Liberty, love and light;  
Bidding the Sons of Labor  
Take the World for all,  
Lest in the throes of misery  
Our Class should fall.

Come, form the union, fight with the band,  
All you who labor, from every land.  
Can you be silent through years of pain,  
While your class by millions mammon has slain?  
Years have we slaved in mine, mill and on soil  
Only for a master to own and despoil.  
When we unite in One Union Grand  
Then the world for Labor, we will demand.



# WORKINGMEN, UNITE !

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain;  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?  
And serve your enemy?

——wIw——



## WESLEY EVEREST

(Mutilated and murdered at Centralia, Washington,  
Nov. 11, 1919, by a mob of "respectable"  
business men)

Torn and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,  
Wounded he faced you as he stood at bay;  
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,  
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed;  
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of Greed . . .  
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,  
Tortured and killed . . . and silently slunk away  
Without one qualm of horror at the deed.

Once . . . long ago . . . do you remember how  
You hailed Him king for soldiers to deride—  
You placed a scroll above His bleeding brow  
And spat upon Him, scourged Him, crucified . . .  
A rebel unto Caesar—then as now  
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear wound in his side!

# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts  
(A Centralia Victim, now in Walla Walla Penitentiary)

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with  
us still;

We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad  
farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land  
to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will  
sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland  
shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



## THE LONG, LONG FIGHT

(Tune: "The Long, Long Trail")

By Richard Brazier

Where the orange trees are blooming,  
Where all seems bright and fair,  
Behind prison walls above them looming  
Lie our Fellow Workers there.  
Waiting for their One Big Union  
To fight and conquer all;  
Waiting for that happy morning  
When every prison wall shall fall.

### CHORUS:

But there's a long, long fight for us that are yearning  
To set our Class War Prisoners free,  
And our hearts with zeal are burning  
To restore their liberty;  
So a song of hope we must be singing,  
Then by the Wobblies three stars bright,  
Soon the prison doors we'll be swinging  
To bring them out into the fight.

Where the pine trees in their beauty  
Wave on wooded heights,  
Wobblies who've done their duty  
In a hundred Class War fights,  
Behind high prison walls are lying  
Because they fought for working men,  
Wondering if we all are trying  
To bring them out into the fight again.

Down in sunny California,  
At the mercy of the foe,  
In Walla Walla and Centralia  
They are waiting for us all to go.  
So while the master class is scheming  
To enslave all working men,  
Shall workers still lie idly dreaming  
Forgetting those who are in the "pen"?

——wIw——

### IT IS UP TO YOU

(Tune: "Three O'clock in the Morning")

Working, working, working from night until morn.  
Slaving, slaving, slaving since the day I was born.  
Toiling, toiling, yes, I'm a wage slave still.  
Am I to be a slave forever in Gary's mill?

### CHORUS:

It's three o'clock in the morning,  
I've worked the whole night through.  
Daylight soon will be dawning,  
Yet I will not be through.  
If we were organized rightly,  
All in the Grand O. B. U.,  
We would not be slaves forever; this is up to you.

Come one, come all, join that industrial band.  
Workers, workers, why can't we stand hand in hand?  
Why not line up and make industry stand still?  
Then we will not be slaves in Gary's mill.

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone to the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?



## NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

By John E. Nordquist

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled,  
They've filled his manly heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near  
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

### CHORUS:

On high the blood red banners wave!  
The flag for which his life he gave;  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers, shed no tear,  
For Joe Hill died without fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen, low:  
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs;  
While rebel workers press the fight  
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.

# SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he only could think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

——wIw——

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer---  
And dump the bosses off your back.



# ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

## CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, than it's kick right in and  
join.  
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

—wIw—

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-bone Slim

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,  
I must e'er disdain to moan  
And although I'm awful hungry,  
I would leave "your work" alone.  
Yes, I fear I cannot tarry—  
And I know just how you feel;  
But you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a double meal.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## THERE'S A BRIGHT WAY TO FREEDOM

(Tune: "Mother Machree")

By Herbert Tulin

There's a bright way to Freedom, all toilers may learn,  
Their own right secure then in doing their turn;  
There's a way out of bondage, there's a way open still,  
Where no master can lead us our One Union will.

### CHORUS:

That a bright day is dawning all labor shall know;  
When we learn our power—our might then shall show;  
That in standing united we'll make this world free,  
Our dream through the ages of true Liberty.

With slavery and care, to a dark day good by,  
Then a world of toilers will a tyrant defy;  
As a bright star to help us and guide us aright,  
Our banner unfurl—make way for the light.

—wIw—

## CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

### CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.



The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur—  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

——wIw——

An ounce of ORGANIZATION is worth a ton of talk.  
Join the One Big Union and help to free yourself and  
your class from wage slavery.

# THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

## CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

—wIw—

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY.

## THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE WORKERS

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

By CHARLES JAMES

Oh, mine eyes have seen the vision of the workers true  
and brave,  
All alight for fuller freedom which humanity shall save;  
They have flung their flaming banner over land and  
over wave,  
Their hosts are marching on.

### CHORUS:

**One Big Union forever! One Big Union Forever!**  
**One Big Union forever! United we march on!**

Woe unto the herd of idlers, they shall share the fate  
of drones;  
Woe unto the brood of tyrants, trembling on their  
tottering thrones;  
For their fortresses are falling on the sound of trumpet  
tones,  
Their foes are marching on.

From the ruins of the ramparts shall the golden city rise;  
See its mansions reared by freemen mounting proudly  
to the skies;  
On ye workers! On ye warriors! Win the last—the  
noblest prize,  
March on till it is won.

Win the prize of all the ages, stretching wide from sea  
to sea,  
Mother earth and all her bounty, nature's gift to you  
and me—  
When united we reclaim her, then in truth we shall be  
free,  
And free we shall march on.



# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

——wIw——

If you would be informed of the every-day struggles,  
the theory and ultimate aim of the Revolutionary Labor  
Movement, you must read the I. W. W. publications.

# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way  
to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.  
You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the  
bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered  
son-of-a-gun;  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

## THE GOOD OLD WOBBLY BAND

By A. LAYTON

(Tune: "Barney Google")

Who're the finest band of men  
The whole world ever knew?  
Who're the finest band of men  
Each one so staunch and true?  
Well, it's not the loyal Legion,  
And it's not the K. K. K.,  
It's not the old A. F. of L.,  
But believe me when I say:

### CHORUS:

It's the good old Wobblies;  
The Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.  
It's the good old Wobbly,  
Find a better if you can.  
Who was it got the eight hour day?  
Who was it got us better pay?  
The good old Wobbly,  
The Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.

Who is it makes the bosses swear  
Whenever he hears the name?  
Because he knows they're out to beat  
His dirty rotten game;  
Who is it that is fighting  
To set the wage slaves free?  
Who is it says the boss must work  
The same as you and me?



It's the good old Wobbly,  
It's the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band  
It's the good old Wobbly,  
Find a better if you can.  
Who is it gets thrown in the can,  
For educating the working man?  
The good old Wobbly,  
It's the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.

So come on all you workingmen  
And join this gallant throng.  
Come on, all you workers and  
We'll organize so strong  
That the capitalist system  
Will soon be on the bum,  
And everyone will have their share  
Of work and sleep and fun.

So join the Wobblies,  
Join the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band,  
Join the Wobblies,  
And the workers of every land  
Will soon be one big brotherhood  
To decide what's right for the workers,  
good.

So join the Wobblies,  
Join the Wob, Wob, Wobbly band.

—wIw—

Why should any worker be without the necessities of  
life when ten men can produce enough for a hundred?

# THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson

(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyran's shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

—wIw—

## THE WORN OUT SLAVE

By George Lambert

(Tune: "Old Pal Why Don't You Answer Me?")

Old man, you're canned, you can no longer stay,  
Old man, you can no longer earn your pay;  
We who have employed you for a long, long time,  
Know that you are useless at the present time.

### CHORUS

For years I've tried to satisfy,  
But now you are discharging me.  
My hands are worn, my health is gone,  
You haven't any sympathy.  
If you discharge me now I know that you  
Will drive me to insanity.

### II

Old man you've worked and never lost a day,  
Old man you've worked and always earned your pay,  
If you have no money there are lots the same;  
Try and live without it; we are not to blame.





*Yours for the O.B.R.*  
*Forster*  
*C*

## JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November 19, 1915.

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.

Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there was none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.

Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.

White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!

Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.

High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue",  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

## FAREWELL, JOE

(Tune: "Farewell To Thee")

By Richard Brazier

Proudly went out Joe unto his death  
With smiling lips and fearless eyes,  
This message, gave with his last breath,  
"Don't mourn for me, but ORGANIZE."

### CHORUS:

Farewell to you, thou rebel true  
Whose singing heart has charmed our weary hours;  
Those last brave words, before you did depart,  
Shall live forever in our hearts.

Though they stilled your rebel heart with lead  
And sealed with death your lips, our Joe,  
Those words, the last your ever said,  
Will bring to the masters ruin and woe.

We have shed no bitter tears for thee,  
Nor have we sighed the mournful sigh.  
We have fought the fight to make men free,  
In the cause for which you had to die.

The wind sighs gladly o'er your grave  
A requiem joyfully for thee.  
It seems to sing, the life you gave  
Will hasten that day of liberty.

### CHORUS TO LAST STANZA:

Farewell, Joe, you had to go.  
The masters had declared that you should die, Joe.  
But although you're gone into that great unknown  
Your memory long with us shall live.



# DON'T TAKE MY PAPA AWAY FROM ME

Words and Music by Joe Hill

(Written just before his execution)

A little girl with her father stayed, in a cabin across the  
sea,  
Her mother dear in the cold grave lay; with her father  
she'd always be—  
But then one day the great war broke out and the father  
was told to go;  
The little girl pleaded—her father she needed.  
She begged, cried and pleaded so:

## CHORUS

Don't take my papa away from me, don't leave me there  
all alone.  
He has cared for me so tenderly, ever since mother was  
gone.  
Nobody ever like him can be, no one can so with me  
play.  
Don't take my papa away from me; please don't take  
papa away.

Her tender pleadings were all in vain, and her father  
went to the war.  
He'll never kiss her good night again, for he fell 'mid  
the cannons' roar.  
Greater soldier was never born, but his brave heart was  
pierced one day;  
And as he was dying, he heard some one crying,  
A girl's voice far away:

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN !

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!

Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall:  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

### “RENUNCIATION”

(Air: “Auld Lang Syne”)

By JOACHIM RAUCHER

When hungry millions are unfed  
And little orphans weep,  
I cannot eat in peace my bread,  
Nor sing my grief to sleep.  
When thoughts arising from the heart  
Are hampered in their flight,  
I cannot sit and muse apart  
Upon a dreamy height.

When craven lies oft seek to blind  
The eyes of blazing Truth,  
I cannot turn my maddened mind  
To songs of love and youth,

Nor can I sing in lyric strains  
Of private, little woes,  
When Greed is reaping golden gains  
From bloody seeds it sows.



## A DREAM

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Holy City")

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry.  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy;  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy.

### CHORUS

One Union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite,  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed upon  
this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the  
song;  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the  
song:

### CHORUS

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—  
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule this  
land.

Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn your  
bread.

Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the  
workers' song.

Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the  
workers' song.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin

(AIR: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

# THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

By Eugene Pottier

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.  
  
The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage systems drain our blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."



Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

——wIw——

## THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

(Tune: "Juanita")

Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth,  
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.  
In the heart of woman, dwells a wish to heal all pain,  
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

### CHORUS

Woman, oh, woman, leave your fetters in the past;  
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.

Mother, wife and maiden, in your hands great power lies;  
Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice.  
Far across the hilltop breaks the light of coming day,  
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away.

## ORGANIZE

(Tune: "The Green Fields of Dunmoor")

By James J. Ferriter

Come all you exploited workingmen  
And fight for Freedom's cause,  
For you are bound, both hand and foot,  
By capitalistic laws;  
Your voices you can raise no more,  
Your lips you now must seal,  
For if you rise to speak a word  
A gun-man's at your heel.

Come on, unite, my hearty boys,  
And fight the common foe;  
'The rustling card with all its faults  
This time must surely go.  
The "seven days" and "safety first",  
Alas, they are no more,  
So now's your time to fall in line  
At Freedom's onward roll.

Our master is a "patriot" true,  
Red wealth he has galore,  
And all good things that Labor brings,  
He's locked up in his store;  
But if, like men, you'll organize,  
His reign will be no more,  
And he will go where he belongs  
A-shoveling copper ore.

Remember, then, the six-hour day  
Must be our first demand;  
For miners from our ranks each day  
From death receive a call;  
The miner's "con" you soon will see  
Will lose its deadly pall,  
And we'll make this camp a grand old spot  
For the workers, one and all.

—wIw—

### THE NINETY AND NINE

By Rose Elizabeth Smith  
(Tune: "Ninety and Nine")

There are ninety and nine that work and die,  
In hunger and want and cold,  
That one may revel in luxury,  
And be lapped in the silken fold.  
And ninety and nine in their hovels bare,  
And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms  
And the forest before them falls;  
Their labor has builded humble homes,  
And cities with lofty halls;  
And the one owns cities and houses and lands  
And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night so dreary and dark and long,  
At last shall the morning bring;  
And over the land the victor's song  
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,  
And echo afar, from zone to zone,  
"Rejoice! for Labor shall have its own."



## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS:

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters;  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising,  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to  
mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the  
world,  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and  
steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is  
unfurled.

### CHORUS:

Where the Fraser river flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union  
grows.

And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours  
and better pay, boys;

And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river  
Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty  
actors,

And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker  
knows.

So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser  
river flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's  
fetching,

And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.

But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil  
spared them,

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser river  
flows.

# THE CALIFORNIA PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted—nit—  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

## CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

———wIw———

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged' I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."



## WE MADE GOOD WOBS OUT THERE

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

By Vera Moller

Though we be shut out from the world,  
Here worn and battle scarred,  
Our names shall live where men walk free  
On many a small red card.

So let us take fresh hope my friend,  
We cannot feel despair,  
Whate'er may be our lot in here,  
We made good Wobs out there.

When we were out we did our bit  
To hasten Freedom's dawn,  
They can't take back the seed we spread,  
The truths we passed along.

'Tis joy to know we struck a blow  
To break the master's sway,  
And those we lined up take the work  
And carry on today.

Though we be shut out from the world  
And days are long and hard,  
They can't erase the names we wrote  
In many a small red card.

So let us take fresh hope my friend  
Above our prison fare,  
Whate'er may be our lot in here,  
We made good Wobs out there.

## SONG OF THE FUTURE

By JOHN F. KENDRICK

(Tune: "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls")

We'll sing the praise of future days,  
The happy times to be,  
When every man shall guard the plan  
That every man be free.

We have no ties beyond the skies,  
Our loves and hopes are here;  
No holy fool can make us drool  
The dismal hymns of fear.

With ready hand we take our stand  
To hope and work and fight;  
And while we live, our strength we'll give  
For liberty and right.

We make all wealth, conserve all health,  
By cunning craft and trade;  
We bring all joys, for we're the boys  
Of hammer, brush and spade.

Then live the part that warms the heart,  
And wakens manhood's pride:  
All Nature's laws confirm the cause  
For which our comrades died.  
Some day we'll own the fields we've sown,  
When hunger's rule is past;  
No child shall slave to feed a knave,  
When man is free at last.

## STAND UP! YE WORKERS

By Ethel Comer

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.  
Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.  
From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.  
Unite, and fight for freedom,  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.  
Put on the workers' armor,  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:  
Unite in ONE BIG UNION—  
You've got a world to gain.



# FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

## CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Fatty Rich, we know your game, know your pride is  
pricked.

Say—but why not be a man, and own when you are  
licked?

They've joined the One Big Union—gee—for goodness'  
sake, get wise!"

The more you try to buck them now the more they  
organize.

Take a tip and start right in—plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets  
and brooms;

Shower baths for men who work keeps them well and fit;  
A laundry, too, and drying room, would help a little bit.

Get some dishes, white and clean; good pure food to eat;  
See that cook has help enough to keep the table neat.  
Tap the bell for eight hours; treat the boys like men,  
And fifty thousand lumberjacks may come to work again.

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

——wIw——

## THE BANNER OF LABOR

(TUNE: "The Star Spangled Banner")

Oh, say, can you hear, coming near and more near,  
The call now resounding: "Come all ye who labor?"  
The Industrial band, throughout all the land  
Bid toilers, remember each toiler his neighbor.  
Come, workers, unite! 'tis Humanity's fight.  
We call, you come forth in your manhood and might.

### CHORUS

And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely soon wave  
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.  
And the BANNER OF LABOR will surely soon wave  
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.

The blood and the lives of children and wives  
Are ground into dollars for parasites' pleasure;  
The children now slave, till they sink in their grave—  
That robbers may fatten and add to their treasure.  
Will you idly sit by, unheeding their cry?  
Arise! Be ye men! See the battle draws nigh.

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil  
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes;  
While Poverty gaunt, Desolation and Want  
Have dwelt in the bowels of earth's toiling masses.  
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,  
INDUSTRIAL UNION, the wage slave now cheers..



# I WANT TO FREE MISS LIBERTY

(Tune: "Sunny Tennessee")

By T-BONE SLIM

While the moon was softly shining  
On my cot, as I lay pining,  
Thinking of the day—long passed away;  
Came a drowsy feeling o'er me—  
And Joe Hill stood there before me—  
I seemed to hear this joyous fighter say:

## CHORUS:

I came to free Miss Liberty, from the bonds of slavery;  
From mock Democracy; from inequality;

I want to feel no Iron Heel shall disgrace our peaceful  
shore;

That all the world may do away with war—

I love to dream the old, old dream, that tomorrow I  
will find

Men of a kindred mind—who love their fellow kind.

I long to make this plea, say not that it cannot be,  
I want to see the whole world free from the chains  
of slavery.

Let us then be up and doing—

Greater times and things are brewing;

Oh, Organize!—the One Big Union way;

"Workers of the world awaken;

All the wealth you make is taken;

Break your chains," I hear the spirit say.



Tighter are the class lines drawing—  
Hunger at our vitals gnawing—  
My reason sways and I long to pray.  
Rises then again before us  
Spectres of a Martyred Chorus—  
I seem to hear these sterling fighters say:

—wIw—

## THE PARASITES

By JOHN E. NORDQUIST

(Tune: "Annie Laurie")

Parasites in this fair country, live from honest labor's  
sweat;

There are some who never labor, yet labor's product get;  
They never starve or freeze, nor face the wintry breeze;  
They are well fed, clothed and sheltered,  
And they do whate'er they please.

These parasites are living, in luxury and state;  
While millions starve and shiver, and moan their  
wretched fate;

They know not why they die, nor do they ever try  
Their lot in life to better;  
They only mourn and sigh.

These parasites would vanish and leave this grand old  
world,

If the workers fought together, and the scarlet flag  
unfurled;

When in One Union Grand, the working class shall stand,  
The parasites will vanish,  
And the workers rule the land.

## "MIGHT IS RIGHT"

By Covington Hall

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;  
And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole's young life was beaten out  
In Spokane's dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg'ring down death's way—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell 'round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser's prey—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
"Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was, it is, it e'er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
'Tis Freedom's only way—  
"Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

——wIw——

## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of  
his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.



## IT IS THE UNION

By RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "We Have a Navy")

Sing a song in praise of toiling masses,  
Sing a song about our sons of toil;  
Sing of wrongs done to the working classes,  
Wrongs that make our hearts blood boil.  
We have always borne the blows and lashes—  
No more we'll patient stand,  
But on every hand, throughout this splendid land,  
We sons of toil will make our stand.  
Then in our glory will we tower,  
What will be the secret of our power?

### CHORUS:

It is the Union, the Industrial Union—  
Our banner is unfurled.  
We will unite in all our splendid might  
In the Industrial Workers of the World.  
We have a union, a fighting union,  
And our masters know that, too.  
It will keep them in their place  
When they know they have to face  
Our union of workingmen that's true.

For countless years and ages we've been enslaved  
Beneath the capitalistic rule;  
We, the strong, cringing to those men depraved.  
In whose hands we have ever been a tool.  
But the day of liberty is dawning—  
Freedom now draws nigh.

We must unite to win the fight—  
Wage slavery then will die.  
Then in our glory will we tower,  
Great will be the workers' power.

—wIw—

## THE ROAD TO EMANCIPATION

(Tune: "Tipperary")

Now workingmen, you know you live a life of misery,  
So join the union of your class, determined to be free.  
Don't let the master gouge your lives for many years  
to come,  
But organize upon the job and put him on the bum.

### CHORUS:

It's the road to emancipation, it's the right way to go;  
For the toilers to run the nation and world, both  
high and low.  
Kick in, and do your duty; for it's up to you and me—  
It's the One Big Union of the Workers that will bring  
prosperity.

Don't be a meek and lowly slave like lots of those you  
meet;  
Don't be a servile scissor bill and lick the bosses feet.  
Don't let them starve you off the earth, don't endure  
their crushing heel,  
But organize together and make the boss your power  
feel.

Now, workingmen, the masters have no more jobs to  
give;  
Form the organizing habit if you ever wish to live.  
Postponing meals is suicide on the installment plan,  
So organize to get the goods, and take them like a man.

## WE COME

(Air: "Toreador Song")

Workers, the World!  
The Masters call in vain.  
Though ground down pitiless,  
We rise again;  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths,  
We shout our message to man—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come."

Workers, be brave;  
Through nights of toil and pain,  
Oppression and slavery,  
Priest, gun and chain,  
Law and the bribings of a cruel, despotic class,  
We march and sing our refrain—  
Singing hopes of a million slaves:  
"Workers, unite  
Unite."

Workers, be strong;  
They offer bribes in vain,  
Promise and trick us,  
Keep us enchained;  
But to humanity's call we answering come,  
Chanting our far flung refrain—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answer to us,  
Workers, unite,  
"We Come."



Workers, the World!  
Though Masters call in vain,  
Grind us down pitiless,  
We'll rise again.  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths  
We fling our challenge for right—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come!"

——wIw——

### THE CALL

(Tune: "Call Me Back, Pal Of Mine")

By Herbert Tulin

We are fighting today, for a far brighter day  
When as toilers we gain all we earn.  
We are looking to you, just to help see us through;  
Oh, will you do your turn?

### CHORUS

Hear the call, slaves of toil, may our cause be your own;  
Hear the call, help to free all your kind.  
Let us stand then to win, and to claim as our own  
All we earn in the days to come.  
Speed the day and the hour, feel the thrill of your power,  
Let us fight to the end of the way.  
Let us help see it through in our Grand O. B. U.  
Hear the call of your kind, all today.

There's a way to be free, when all Labor shall be  
In our union to stand for their right.  
Let us know that you hear, for your duty is clear.  
Toilers, come show your might!

## THE RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours;  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

——wIw——

## ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### CHORUS:

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.



## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

By Walquist

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")  
I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

### CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the World, unite.  
Oh! workingmen, come organize,  
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belong to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

### CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

Holy Rollers and jumpers come out,  
And they holler, they jump and they shout.  
"Give your money to Jesus," they say,  
"He will cure all diseases today."

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers For the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
Our aim to attain and fulfill  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.



What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

——wIw——

## THAT TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

By George Lambert

(Tune: "That Tumble-Down Shack In Athalone")

I have worked like a jack,  
For that tumble-down shack,  
That you see standing up on the hill;  
I have worked like a hoss,  
For the very same boss,  
That you see every day at the mill.  
When I walk down the track  
To the tumble-down shack,  
I have visions of prosperity,  
Of rebuilding that shack,  
When the boss pays me back,  
All the money he swindled from me.  
When you're all organized,  
You will then be surprised,  
At the changes we'll have at the mill.  
All the strikes will be won  
When we go out as one,  
Our demands will be granted at will,  
Then you'll walk down the track,  
And tear down that old shack,  
That is standing 'way up on the hill.  
With the money paid back,  
We can build a new shack,  
From the money we made at the mill.

# HARVEST LAND

By T-B and H.

(Air: "Beulah Land")

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

## CHORUS:

Oh, Farmer John—poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is overdrawn.  
—Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage—  
"Bull Durham" will not buy our Brawn—  
You're out of luck—poor Farmer Jawn.

You advertise, in Omaha,  
"Come, leave the Valley of the Kaw."  
Nebraska calls, "Don't be misled,"  
"We'll furnish you a feather bed!"

Then South Dakota "lets a roar,"  
"We need ten thousand men—or more;"  
Our grain is turning—prices drop!  
For God's sake save our bumper crop."

In North Dakota—(I'll be darn)  
The "wise guy" sleeps in "hoosier's" barn  
—Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, "It's quarter after four."

## CHORUS:

Oh, Harvest Land—Sweet Burning Sand!  
—As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it's going to rain—  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.

# HARK ! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING !

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March of the Men of Harlech")

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
    Death to tyrants' might!  
Though we wield not spear nor sabre,  
We the sturdy sons of Labor,  
Helping every man his neighbor,  
    Shirk not from the fight!  
See our homes before us;  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

## CHORUS:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame, privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
    Of the rich man's spite;  
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
    After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning,  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

——wIw——



## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . . "—From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916).

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Song on his lips, he came;

Song on his lips, he went;—

This be the token we bear of him,—

Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night

Of poverty and injury and woe—

With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,—

Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right

To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.

Bare hands against the masters' armored might!—

A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea

Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.

The barricade spewed shots and mockery

And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,—

Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,—

Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,—

Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went;——  
This be the token we bear of him,——  
Soldier of Discontent!

——wIw——

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming——  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——wIw——

# WHEN YOU WEAR THAT BUTTON

(Tune: "When You Wore a Tulip")

By Richard Brazier

I met him in Dakota when the harvesting was o'er,  
A "Wob" he was, I saw by the button that he wore.  
He was talking to a bunch of slaves in the jungles  
near the tracks;  
He said "You guys whose homes are on your backs;  
Why don't you stick together with the "Wobblies" in  
one band  
And fight to change conditions for the workers in this  
land."

## CHORUS

When you wear that button, the "Wobblies" red button  
And carry their red, red card,  
No need to hike, boys, along these old pikes, boys,  
Every "Wobbly" will be your pard.  
The boss will be leery, the "stiffs" will be cheery  
When we hit John Farmer hard,  
They'll all be affrighted, when we stand united  
And carry that Red, Red Card.

The stiffs all seemed delighted, when they heard him  
talk that way.  
They said, "We need more pay, and a shorter working  
day."  
The "Wobbly" said "You'll get these things without the  
slightest doubt  
If you'll organize to knock the bosses out.  
If you'll join the One Big Union, and wear their badge  
of liberty  
You'll strike that blow all slaves must strike if they  
would be free.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Connell

(Air: "Lillibulero")

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?

Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,

Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,

Think of the rags ye wear.

Think of the insults endur'd from your birth;

Toiling in snow and rain,

Rearing up heaps of grain,

All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,

In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;

Ye've braves to teach you to laugh at disasters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,

Using not brain or hand,

Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?

What right have they to take

Things that you toil to make?

Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

Rise in your might, brothers, bear it no longer;

Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;

Show these incapables who are the stronger

When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Through Castle, Court and Hall,

Over their acres all,

Onward we'll press like waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,

Ending the spoiler's trade;

Labor shall triumph and mankind be free.

——wIw——

# THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,

That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

——wIw——

## ONWARD, ONE BIG UNION!

By Ralph Cheeney

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.  
Forward unto battle  
We, the workers go.

Gates of jails can never  
Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.  
War and wrong shall perish  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

### (REFRAIN)

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!



## TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)



We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
They couldn't still your voice,  
So they strangled it;  
They couldn't chill your heart,  
So they stopped it;  
They couldn't dam your life blood,  
So they spilled it.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
They didn't come in the broad of day  
And warn you that in a world  
Being made safe for democracy  
There was no safety for you.  
In the dead of night they came  
And pounced on you,  
Dragged you out as if you were an animal  
Without daring to let you put your clothes on  
Or bind up your broken leg.  
They spared you no indignity,  
They withheld from you no shame;  
Afterward, no doubt, they washed their hands  
With the air of men who've done their bit  
In the cause of freedom.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
Long after the workers have made the world  
Safe for Labor,  
We'll repeat your name  
And remember that you died for us.  
The red flag that you dropped  
A million hands will carry on;  
The cause that you loved  
A million tongues will voice.  
Good bye, Frank Little!  
Indian, white man, Wobbly true,  
Valiant soldier of the great Red Army,  
We'll remember you!

.. —Phillips Russell.

## IN MEMORY

(Tune: "The Memory Of the Dead")

By James J. Ferriter

The long, long wished for hour has come  
But come, I hope, not in vain,  
When workingmen in One Union Grand  
Will liberty proclaim.  
We've fought on many a battle field  
Our cause to maintain,  
And here today we stand as one—  
True Wobblies once again.

It was the year of seventeen,  
On August the first day,  
The tyrant dogs of the master class  
Our worker true did slay.  
We do not fear their lynching threats,  
Their gunmen nor their jails;  
And here today we stand as one—  
Our Union never fails!

Here's to your memory, Frank Little,  
Though dead and in your grave;  
For the workers' cause you fought so hard  
And your precious life you gave.  
But though you're gone you're not forgot—  
Your work lives just the same  
For since you left we've organized  
In honor of your name!

——wIw——

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final  
battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.



## WAGE WORKERS, COME JOIN THE UNION

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We have seen the reaper toiling in the heat of summer  
sun,

We have seen his children needy when the harvesting  
was done,

We have seen a mighty army dying, helpless, one by one,  
While their flag went marching on.

### CHORUS:

Wage workers, come join the union!

Wage workers, come join the union!

Wage workers, come join the union!

Industrial Workers of the World.

O, the army of the wretched, how they swarm the city  
street—

We have seen them in the midnight, where the Goths  
and Vandals meet;

We have shuddered in the darkness at the noises of their  
feet,

But their cause went marching on.

Our slavers' marts are empty, human flesh no more is  
sold,

Where the dealer's fatal hammer makes the clink of  
leaping gold,

But the slavers of the present more relentless powers  
hold,

Though the world goes marching on.

But no longer shall the children bend above the whizzing  
wheel,

We will free the weary women from their bondage under  
steel;

In the mines and in the forest worn and helpless man  
shall feel

That the cause is marching on.

Then lift your eyes, ye toilers, in the desert hot and drear,  
Catch the cool winds from the mountains. Hark! the  
river's voice is near;

Soon we'll rest beside the fountain and the dreamland  
will be here

As we go marching on.

# STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

## CHORUS

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for  
slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the  
waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my  
snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him  
down and out;  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you some-  
thing nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some  
exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half  
a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with  
Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any  
means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

——wIw——

## THE DAWN OF FREEDOM

(Tune: "Till We Meet Again")

There's a new day of liberty dawning  
When sunbeams of Freedom shine true,  
And the emblem of love, floats gently above.  
Hark! the message is calling to you.

### CHORUS:

Sons of toil! awake to liberty  
Wield thy sword of Solidarity.  
Strike from bondage to be free.  
Take the world for all who labor.  
Dawn is breaking through the gloomy night,  
Spreading rays of liberty and light,  
That the wrong way be made right in this world so fair.

I can see in the light of the morning  
A new social era draws near;  
Its glories sublime, in all hearts will shine  
When there are no beastly rulers to fear.

Rally on with the banner of freedom,  
No longer to sweat in despair;  
And the heavens shall know we have conquered the foe  
When the Red Flag is thrown to the air.



## PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel  
band—

Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the  
land,

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

### CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!

Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—

We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win our hardest  
fight,

For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness  
into light,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss  
with fears;

Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—

We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest  
cheers

For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us, "working plugs," inferior by  
birth,

But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their  
smiles of mirth—

We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from  
the earth—

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,  
And what we'll have for government, when finally  
we're through,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

# THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal—maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive—  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

Music by Rudolf von Liebig

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,

Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,

Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;

Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,

Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;

Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.

Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,

Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—

One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.

Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

——wIw——

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.



## A SONG OF THE SEA

(Tune: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

By James Morris

The brutalizing tyranny endured before the mast,  
By rebel toilers of the sea throughout the ages past,  
Has fanned the flames of discontent and urged us all  
    anew  
To join the union of our Class, the M. T. W.

### CHORUS:

Seamen, let's go and join the O. B. U.  
Firemen, stewards and longshoremen, too;  
No master class shall wine and dine while we on swill  
    must eat;  
We'll take the things we helped create and give  
    ourselves a treat.

From the battles of the past we learn to organize aright,  
Divided then, we couldn't hope to win in any fight;  
But now in One Big Union we'll march to victory,  
And with our might we'll win the fight to end our  
    slavery.

No more we'll hike around the town and to our masters  
    plead  
A chance to work that we might buy the wife and kids  
    a feed;  
We'll put the boss in overalls and sign him for a trip,  
And work him in the hell-holes that constitute a ship.

—wIw—

Why do a shorter workday and a long pay always go  
together?

# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

—wIw—

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

By T-Bone Slim

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.



# SOLIDARITY FOREVER !

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers'  
blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the  
sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?  
Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles  
of railroad laid.  
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made;  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and  
ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.  
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled  
to earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel  
can turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes  
of the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

## A CALL TO ACTION

(Tune: "Smiles")

Workers, now I know, what will make the union grow:  
Agitation, education, will defeat the foe.

Workers, don't you see, you must make your own selves  
free,

Do get wise and organize and strike for liberty.

### CHORUS:

We'll no longer work for wages, we'll just take all we  
produce;

We have been wage slaves all through the ages,

We ourselves must break the fetters loose.

Then we will no longer heed the masters,

Our defiance at them we will hurl,

And we'll bid good-bye to all wage slavery

And the red flag we will unfurl.

Masters boast in vain One Big Union's on the wane,

But the shirkers will be workers under Labor's reign;

Toilers don't despair, we have but to do our share,

Agitating, educating, we must do and dare.

## HARVESTERS !

(Tune: "Maryland")

You harvest workers of this land,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Its bulwark evermore to stand,  
Organize, oh, organize.

For with the flag of right unfurled,  
In spite of darts against you hurled,  
You still must feed this hungry world:  
Organize, oh, organize.

If you would come into your own,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Or be forever overthrown,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Yes, everywhere, throughout this land  
Together in one union stand;  
And be a firm united band,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Firmly to stand against each wrong,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Your only hope is union strong,  
Organize, oh, organize.

To break the bands of slavery  
That bind you now from sea to sea,  
And from oppression set you free,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Your calling was the first on earth,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
And now's the time to prove its worth,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Then come you workers, good and true  
With good of all the world in view,  
The die is cast, it's up to you:  
Organize, oh, organize.



# THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: The Marseillaise)

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

## CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

——wIw——

One worker on the job is worth a dozen in the hall.

## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue;"  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that fore-  
man right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

——wIw——

### FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerald J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.  
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.  
For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,  
No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,  
You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.  
Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.

——wIw——

The present is distinctively an industrial epoch in world history. There can be no democracy in a world ruled by industrial despots. The I. W. W. stands for the only REAL democracy—Industrial Democracy.



## THEY'LL SOON RING OUT

By John E. Nordquist

(Air: Where the Sunset Turns the Ocean's Blue to Gold)

We are looking for that time,  
When the bells of earth shall chime  
To proclaim a world of workers really free.  
I can see that joyous day  
Not so very far away  
And the vision puts a hopeful heart in me.  
I can see the wage slave free  
With his children by his knee,  
And his darling wife is bubbling o'er with cheer;  
And the childish faces smile,  
Nothing can their joy defile  
For they hear the bells of freedom ringing clear.

### CHORUS

Oh I hear those free bells ringing  
And the toilers are all singing,  
For the mis'ries of the past have flown away;  
And a workers' world I see,  
Where no misery can be;  
How I long to hear those bells on Freedom's day.

If you wish to speed those times,  
If you long to hear those chimes,  
Do your part in organizing all the slaves.  
If we're going to see that day  
You must help to clear the way;  
We must end the reign of cap'talistic knaves.  
We must capture industry,  
All the ships upon the sea—

Ev'ry fact'ry, mine and mill, we're going to take.  
When the boss gets overalls,  
Then the cause of mis'ry falls  
And those sleeping bells of freedom shall awake.

—wIw—

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng;  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

——wIw——

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Ain't that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends—if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.



# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

——wIw——

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form from the I. W. W. 3333 Belmont  
Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

# THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

By Richard Brazier  
(Tune: "San Antonio")

There is a bunch of honest workingmen;  
They're known throughout the land;  
They've seen the horror of the bull-pen,  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation;  
Upon them soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As The Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

## CHORUS:

They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master  
They'll bring disaster.  
And if you'll join them  
They'll let you know  
Just the reason why the boss must go.  
They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights;  
They proved themselves to be labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights;  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded  
For we still remain a union grand.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

You live on coffee and on doughnuts;  
The Boss lives on porterhouse steak.  
You work ten hours a day and live in huts;  
The Boss lives in the palace you make.  
You face starvation, hunger, privation,  
But the Boss is always well fed.  
Though of low station—you've built this nation—  
Built it upon your dead.  
Then when will you get wise;  
When will you open your eyes?



# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brow.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide With Me")

By J. E. Sinclair

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly on, the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!

—wIw—

"For my part, I sympathize with them. While they are threatened and imprisoned, I am manacled. If they are denied a living wage, I, too, am defrauded. While they are industrial slaves I cannot go free. My hunger is not satisfied while they are hindered and neglected. When they are flung out on a desert under a scorching sun, I, too, burn, and my soul is athirst. When one of them is dragged from his bed and hung to a railroad trestle, a great horror of darkness falls upon my spirit, and from the depths of my heart I cry out against those who persecute the weak and unfriended."—HELEN KELLER.



# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

“We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years”  
in sheet music form may be obtained for fifteen  
cents a copy from the I. W. W., 555 W. Lake St.,  
Chicago, Ill.



# I. W. W. Publications

Authorized by the General Executive Board

The press is the life of any modern movement. The I. W. W. press is fearless. It fights the boss class without compromise. It is the workers' best educational and agitational instrument. Make the I. W. W. press more powerful and you will have stronger organization, and more of the good things of life which can be secured only by industrial organization. These are our publications:

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# Sing and Fight!

## WORKERS EVERYWHERE!

Right was the tyrant king who once said, "Beware of a movement that sings." Singing was the ancient Thracian slave band that challenged Imperial Rome. Singing was the first marching on Paris in the streets of the Marcellus. Whenever and wherever the oppressed challenge the old order, songs are on their lips.

Today, industrial tyranny rules us to an extent deeper ever devised. But well may the tyrants over ship and mill and mine, ships and railroads and all industries, tremble if you raise your voices in song, as they find you go into battle against them.

These are your songs. These inspire you to wage the fight for freedom. Sing them wherever you are, on the hills or at home, in meetings or alone. Let the clattering, whistling sound of these workers' songs ring out to show your class consciousness and your faith in the cause of collective labor.

These songs have sounded in every land and on every sea. They have thrilled countless thousands of the oppressed class with hope. The hearts of millions workers over all the world have been cheered on new determination for victory as our songs have been sung.

United in heart and brain and voice by the I. W. W. songs, stirred to vision of a new day when there shall be no "master and no slave," you shall be irresistible. As you sing with us join with us in brotherhood. Let us make common cause for the happiness of all. Add your strength to that of our organization whose mission is to bring a self-sustaining free man of the working class from wage slavery.

Do your duty to yourself and your class. Don't wait till tomorrow. Act today. For full information write to

**Industrial Workers of the World**

555 West Lake Street

Chicago, Ill.





# IWW

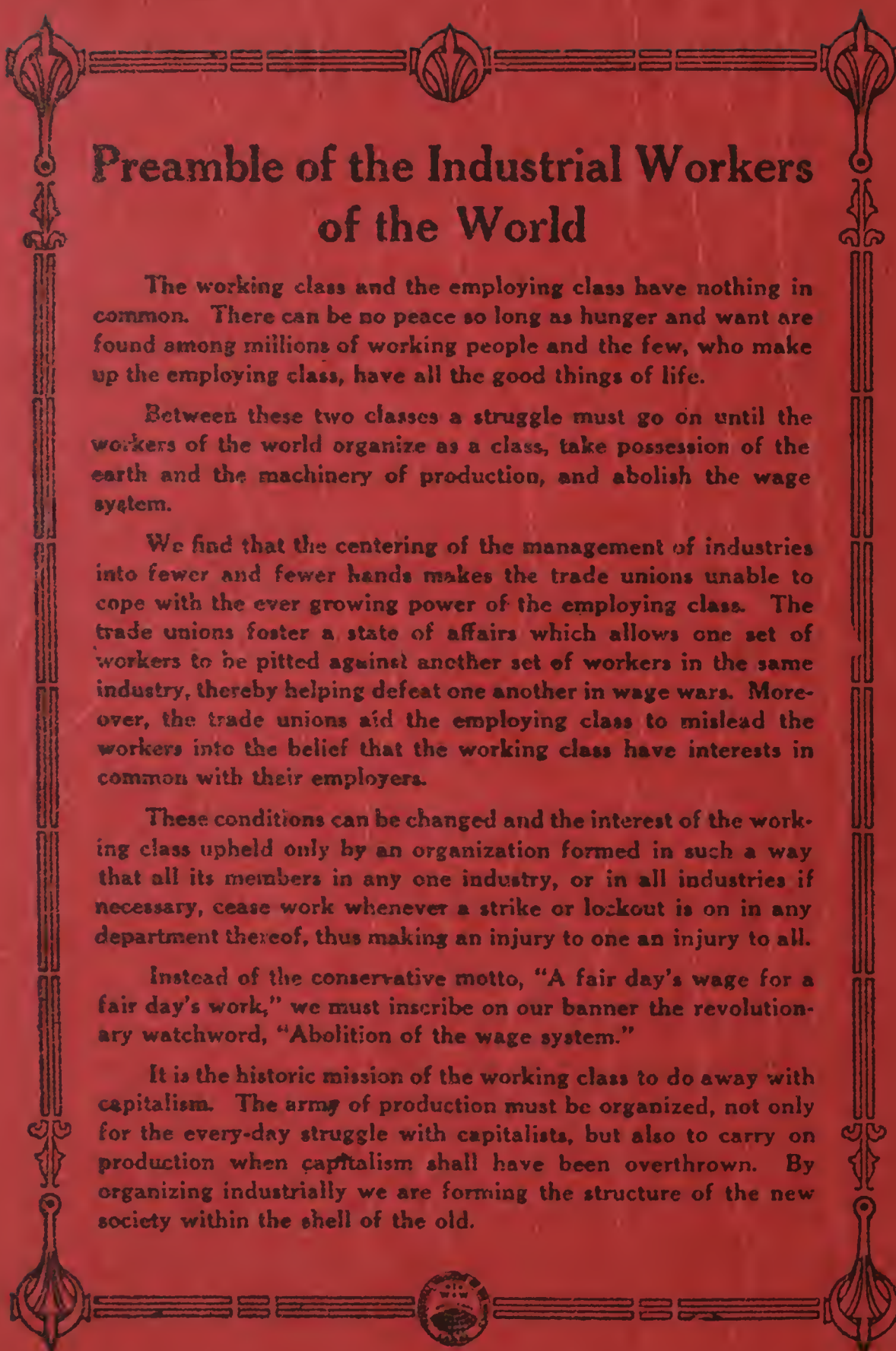


TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

# SONGS

10 CENTS





## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# I. W. W. SONGS

SONGS OF THE WORKERS

TWENTY-SIXTH EDITION

May, 1936

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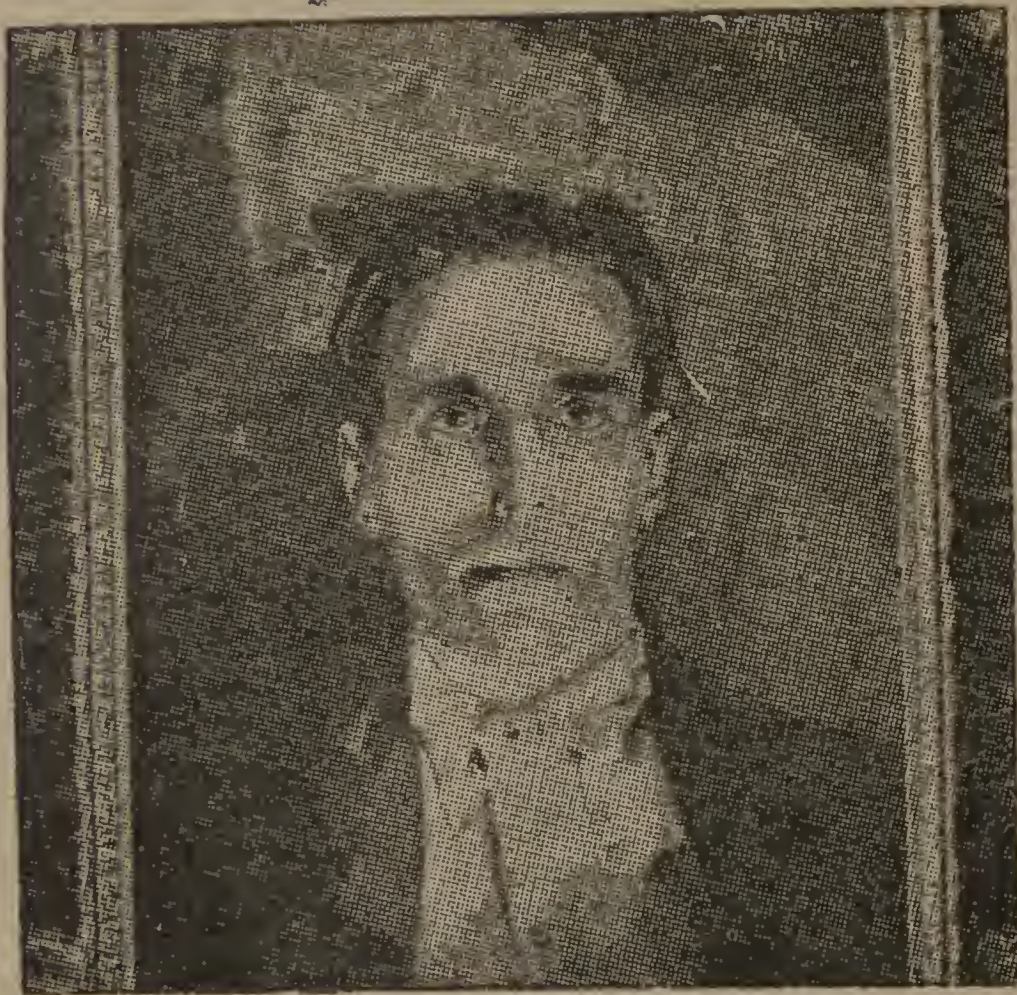
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It was Napoleon who  
said that if he could  
write a country's songs  
he would not care who  
wrote its laws.



## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.



# SOLIDARITY FOREVER !

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers'  
blood shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the  
sun.

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**For the Union makes us strong.**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles  
of railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and  
ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.



They have taken untold millions that they never toiled  
to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel  
can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn  
That the Union makes us strong.  
In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-  
fold.  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes  
of the old,  
For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

## **ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US**

By Ralph Chaplin  
(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### **CHORUS:**

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

——wIw——

## ONWARD, ONE BIG UNION!

By Ralph Cheney

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.  
Forward unto battle  
We, the workers go.

### (REFRAIN)

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!

Gates of jails can never  
Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.  
War and wrong shall perish  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

——wIw——



# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye.  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

**WE COME**  
(Air: "Toreador Song")

Workers, the World!  
The Masters call in vain.  
Though ground down pitiless,  
We rise again;  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths,  
We shout our message to man—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come."

Workers, be brave;  
Through nights of toil and pain,  
Oppression and slavery,  
Priest, gun and chain,  
Law and the bribings of a cruel, despotic class,  
We march and sing our refrain—  
Singing hopes of a million slaves:  
"Workers, unite  
Unite."

Workers, be strong;  
They offer bribes in vain,  
Promise and trick us,  
Keep us enchained;  
But to humanity's call we answering come,  
Chanting our far flung refrain—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answer to us,  
Workers, unite,  
"We Come."

Workers, the World!  
Though Masters call in vain,  
Grind us down pitiless,  
We'll rise again.  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths  
We fling our challenge for right—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come!"

——wIw——

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer---  
And dump the bosses off your back.



# CHRISTIANS AT WAR

By John F. Kendrick.

Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of  
God.

Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you  
please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K.'s the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums  
must eat.

Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,  
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of  
grace.

Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools;  
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Ain't that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends—if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD. AWAKEN !

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!

Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.

Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.

Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all."



Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

——wIw——

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final  
battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin

(AIR: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red.  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all.  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

——wIw——



# THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

By Eugene Pottier

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil;  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

——wIw——

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN (Tune: "Abide With Me")

By J. E. Sinclair

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly on, the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!



## WESLEY EVEREST

**Murdered by the Lumber Trust  
Centralia, Wash., Nov. 11, 1919**

## NOVEMBER

Red November, black November,  
Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,  
Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.

Labor's hope and wrath and sorrow—  
Red the promise, black the threat;  
Who are we not to remember?  
Who are we to dare forget!

Black and red the colors blended,  
Black and red the pledge we made;  
Red, until the fight is ended,  
Black, until the debt is paid.

R. C.



# HARK ! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING !

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March of the Men of Harlech")

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
    Death to tyrants' might!  
Though we wield not spear nor sabre,  
We the sturdy sons of Labor,  
Helping every man his neighbor,  
    Shirk not from the fight!  
See our homes before us;  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

## CHORUS:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame, privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
    Of the rich man's spite;  
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
    After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning,  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!

# SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."  
He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

——wIw——

### SIAMESE OUT-OF-WORK SONG

(Air: America)

Ova tannas Siam,  
Geeva tannas Siam,  
Ova tannas!  
Holezin mypan zencote.  
Bossad meby deth rote—  
Allah tadid wazvote—  
Ova tannas!

Ova tannas Siam,  
Geeva tannas Siam,  
Ova tannas!

Nome ore por kchopsin pize,  
Ivud knotor gan nize—  
Disoop pline aintzon ize;  
Vatta tammes!



## HARVESTERS !

(Tune: "Maryland")

You harvest workers of this land,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Its bulwark evermore to stand,  
Organize, oh, organize.

For with the flag of right unfurled,  
In spite of darts against you hurled,  
You still must feed this hungry world:  
Organize, oh, organize.

If you would come into your own,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Or be forever overthrown,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Yes, everywhere, throughout this land  
Together in one union stand;  
And be a firm united band,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Firmly to stand against each wrong,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Your only hope is union strong,  
Organize, oh, organize.

To break the bands of slavery  
That bind you now from sea to sea,  
And from oppression set you free,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Your calling was the first on earth,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
And now's the time to prove its worth,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Then come you workers, good and true  
With good of all the world in view,  
The die is cast, it's up to you:  
Organize, oh, organize.

# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way  
to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.  
You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the  
bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered  
son-of-a-gun;  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.  
  
But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts  
(One of the Centralia Victims)

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with  
us still;

We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad  
farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land  
to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will  
sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland  
shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

——WIW——

# IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.

He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,

And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

## CHORUS

It's a long way down to the soupline,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way down to the soupline

And the soup is thin I know.

Good bye, good old pork chops,

Farewell, beefsteak rare;

It's a long, long way down to the soupline,

But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.

They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

## CHORUS

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed

By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed.

They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and strong,

But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

## CHORUS

## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.



## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

——wIw——

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

# THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: The Marseillaise)

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

## CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

——wIw——

# WORKINGMEN, UNITE !

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?  
And serve your enemy?

——wIw——



# HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

## CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——WIW——

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are  
Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted—nit—  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
**There** is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class.  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.



# THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

By T-Bone Slim

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers.  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can;  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram;  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me.  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue;"  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that fore-  
man right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."



Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

——wIw——

## THAT TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

By George Lambert

(Tune: "That Tumble-Down Shack In Athlone")

I have worked like a jack,  
For that tumble-down shack,  
That you see standing up on the hill;  
I have worked like a hoss,  
For the very same boss,  
That you see every day at the mill.  
When I walk down the track  
To the tumble-down shack,  
I have visions of prosperity,  
Of rebuilding that shack,  
When the boss pays me back,  
All the money he swindled from me.

When you're all organized,  
You will then be surprised,  
At the changes we'll have at the mill.  
All the strikes will be won  
When we go out as one,  
Our demands will be granted at will,  
Then you'll walk down the track,  
And tear down that old shack,  
That is standing 'way up on the hill.  
With the money paid back,  
We can build a new shack,  
From the money we made at the mill.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

By Walquist

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")  
I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

## CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the World, unite.  
Oh! workingmen, come organize,  
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belong to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

## CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

## STAND UP! YE WORKERS

By Ethel Comer

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.  
Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.  
From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.  
Unite, and fight for freedom,  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.  
Put on the workers' armor,  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:  
Unite in ONE BIG UNION—  
You've got a world to gain.



## PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel  
band—

Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the  
land,

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

### CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!

Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—

We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win our hardest  
fight,

For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness  
into light,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss  
with fears;

Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—

We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest  
cheers

For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us, "working plugs," inferior by  
birth,

But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their  
smiles of mirth—

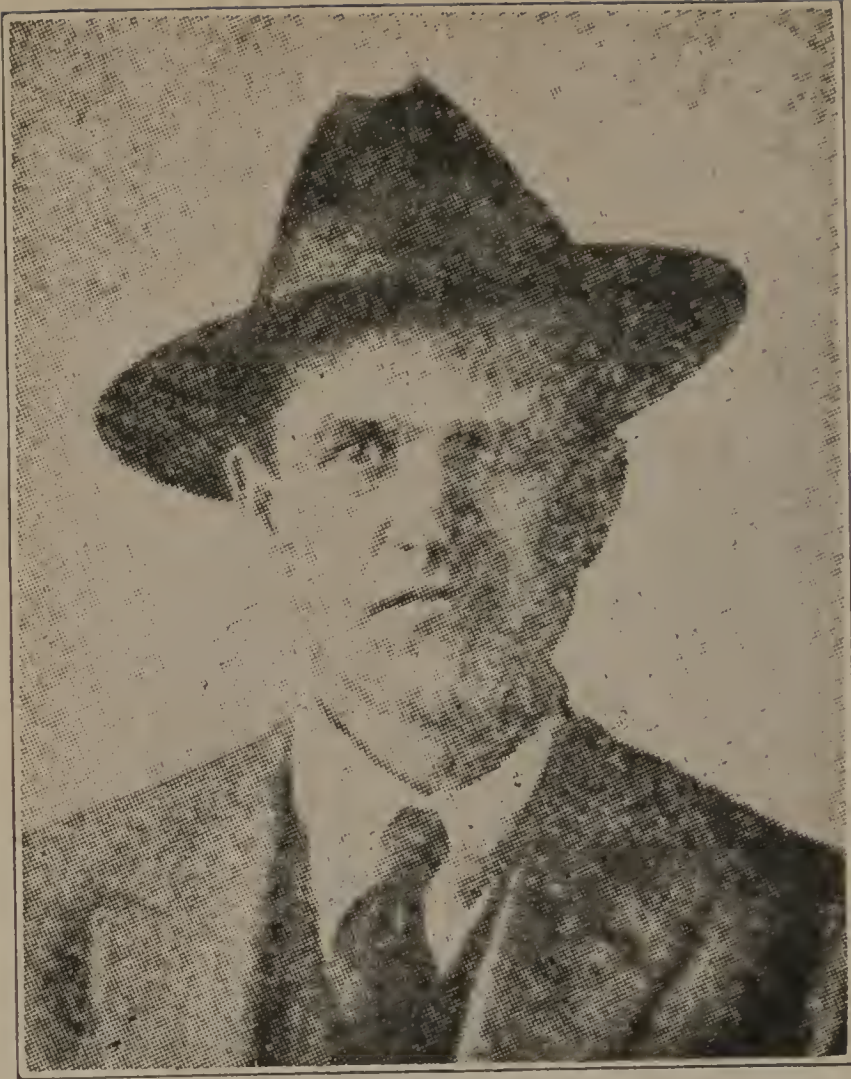
We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from  
the earth—

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,

And what we'll have for government, when finally  
we're through,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!



## TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

—Phillips Russell



# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers For the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfil  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.



What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

——wIw——

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Connell

(Air: "Lillibulero")

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?  
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?  
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,  
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,  
Think of the rags ye wear.  
Think of the insults endur'd from your birth;  
Toiling in snow and rain,  
Rearing up heaps of grain,  
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,  
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;  
You've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters.  
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,  
Using not brain or hand,  
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?  
What right have they to take  
Things that you toil to make?  
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?

# CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

## CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur—  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P.  
line."

—wIw—

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

By W. O. Blee.

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.



I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent,  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother any more —  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day, —  
Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!

——wIw——

# ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

## CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, then it's kick right in and  
join.

Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged' I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."

# THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."



Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

——wIw——

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-bone Slim

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

# FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

## CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

——wIw——

# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

—wIw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in popular sheet form from the I. W. W. 2422 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois.



# STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

## CHORUS

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for  
slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the  
waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my  
snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him  
down and out;  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you some-  
thing nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some  
exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half  
a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with  
Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any  
means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson

(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

——wIw——

## **"MIGHT IS RIGHT"**

By Covington Hall

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;



And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole’s young life was beaten out  
In Spokane’s dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg’ring down death’s way—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell ’round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser’s prey—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might ’is Right,  
’Tis Freedom’s only way—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS:

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.  
Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters:  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.  
Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.  
Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.  
Over the hills the sun is rising,  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . . "—From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916).

---

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went;——  
This be the token we bear of him,——  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe——  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,——  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right  
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the masters' armored might!—  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimson only with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,——  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,——  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,——  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!



# THE RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

——wIw——

## THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

By Dublin Dan.

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the  
Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his  
hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy  
howls,  
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.  
A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad  
yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly  
Cards",  
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was  
hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their  
bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their  
hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call,  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting  
in the can.

They were ushered to the court room, bright and early  
Tuesday morn,  
Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of  
scorn,  
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy", so they wrote him  
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with  
hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all," this court won't  
tolerate  
You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his  
puny fists,  
'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing  
right here.  
You state your name, from whence you came, and what  
you're doing here.  
You don't belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.  
Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns  
you?

The one ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at  
the "law,"  
He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as  
"Straw,"  
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no  
scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their  
tails,  
"His honor" rapped for order, and the next man called  
was "rails,"  
I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these  
yards,  
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,  
'Cause we've all got red cards.



We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all  
your law,  
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind  
"Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet  
six,  
"One Twenty", that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"  
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion  
Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was  
hurt,  
When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker  
was "Dirt".

He said, "Your honor, Listen, we have taken this here  
stand,

Because we all are organized in 'One Big Union Grand'.

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to  
that,"

When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three  
ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful  
mix,

For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and 'slim' belongs to  
sticks.

Now 'Blackie', he belongs to 'rails' and 'Whitey' says  
he's 'straw',

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the  
whole bunch loose,

Then 'dirt' and 'sticks' walked arm in arm, with 'flirts'  
and 'skirts' and 'rails',

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying  
from their tails.

# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

——wlw——

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.



# I. W. W. Publications

Authorized by the General Executive Board

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## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



CARL WICKUM

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TWENTY-SIXTH EDITION

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It was Napoleon who  
said that if he could  
write a country's songs  
he would not care who  
wrote its laws.





## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.



# SOLIDARITY FOREVER !

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers'  
blood shall run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the  
sun.

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**For the Union makes us strong.**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?

For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles  
of railroad laid.

Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and  
ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,

While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled  
to earn.

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel  
can turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-  
fold.

We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes  
of the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

## **ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US**

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "Hold the Fort")

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know THEIR end is near.

### **CHORUS:**

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us;  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the Parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to your feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder;  
Let the truth be known;  
With a voice of angry thunder,  
Rise and claim your own!



Down with Greed and Exploitation;  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's Emancipation;  
Labor shall be all.

——wIw——

## ONWARD, ONE BIG UNION!

By Ralph Cheney

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!  
Freedom, our one master,  
Leads against the foe.  
Forward unto battle  
We, the workers go.

### (REFRAIN)

Onward, One Big Union,  
Joy and justice led,  
With the Free Society  
Shining out ahead!

Gates of jails can never  
Gainst our will prevail.  
We've the world's one power;  
And we cannot fail.  
War and wrong shall perish  
Poverty shall cease.  
Hatred, wrath, and slavery  
Yield to joy and peace.

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

——wIw——

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye.  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.



## WE COME

(Air: "Toreador Song")

Workers, the World!  
The Masters call in vain.  
Though ground down pitiless,  
We rise again;  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths,  
We shout our message to man—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come."

Workers, be brave;  
Through nights of toil and pain,  
Oppression and slavery,  
Priest, gun and chain,  
Law and the bribings of a cruel, despotic class,  
We march and sing our refrain—  
Singing hopes of a million slaves:  
"Workers, unite  
Unite."

Workers, be strong;  
They offer bribes in vain,  
Promise and trick us,  
Keep us enchained;  
But to humanity's call we answering come,  
Chanting our far flung refrain—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answer to us,  
Workers, unite,  
"We Come."

Workers, the World!  
Though Masters call in vain,  
Grind us down pitiless,  
We'll rise again.  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths  
We fling our challenge for right—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come!"

——wIw——

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

## CHRISTIANS AT WAR

By John F. Kendrick.

Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of  
God.

Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you  
please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K's the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums  
must eat.

Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,  
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of  
grace.

Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools;  
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."



# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Ain't that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends—if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD. AWAKEN !

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—

Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

——wIw——

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final  
battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.



# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin

(AIR: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red.  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

——wIw——

# THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

By Eugene Pottier

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors:  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."



Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

——wIw——

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide With Me")

By J. E. Sinclair

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly on, the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!



## WESLEY EVEREST

Murdered by the Lumber Trust  
Centralia, Wash., Nov. 11, 1919

## NOVEMBER

Red November, black November.  
Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,  
Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.

Labor's hope and wrath and sorrow—  
Red the promise, black the threat;  
Who are we not to remember?  
Who are we to dare forget!

Black and red the colors blended,  
Black and red the pledge we made;  
Red, until the fight is ended,  
Black, until the debt is paid.

R. C.

# HARK ! THE BATTLE CRY IS RINGING !

By H. S. Salt

(Air: "March of the Men of Harlech")

Hark! the battle-cry is ringing!  
Hope within our bosoms springing,  
Bids us journey forward, singing—  
    Death to tyrants' might!  
Though we wield not spear nor sabre,  
We the sturdy sons of Labor,  
Helping every man his neighbor,  
    Shirk not from the fight!  
See our homes before us;  
Wives and babes implore us;  
So firm we stand in heart and hand,  
And swell the dauntless chorus:

## CHORUS:

Men of Labor, young or hoary,  
Would ye win a name in story?  
Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
Justice, Freedom, Right!

Long in wrath and desperation,  
Long in hunger, shame, privation,  
Have we borne the degradation  
    Of the rich man's spite;  
Now, disdaining useless sorrow,  
Hope from brighter thoughts we'll borrow;  
Often shines the fairest morrow  
    After stormiest night.  
Tyrant hearts, take warning,  
Nobler days are dawning;  
Heroic deeds, sublimer creeds,  
Shall herald Freedom's morning!



# SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

——wIw——

### SIAMESE OUT-OF-WORK SONG

(Air: America)

Ova tannas Siam,  
Geeva tannas Siam,  
Ova tannas!  
Holezin mypan zencote,  
Bossad meby deth rote—  
Allah tadid wazvote—  
Ova tannas!

Ova tannas Siam,  
Geeva tannas Siam,  
Ova tannas!

Nome ore por kchopsin pize,  
Ivud knotor gan nize—  
Disoop pline aintzon ize;  
Vatta tammes!

## HARVESTERS !

(Tune: "Maryland")

You harvest workers of this land,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Its bulwark evermore to stand,  
Organize, oh, organize.

For with the flag of right unfurled,  
In spite of darts against you hurled,  
You still must feed this hungry world:  
Organize, oh, organize.

If you would come into your own,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Or be forever overthrown,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Yes, everywhere, throughout this land  
Together in one union stand;  
And be a firm united band,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Firmly to stand against each wrong,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
Your only hope is union strong,  
Organize, oh, organize.

To break the bands of slavery  
That bind you now from sea to sea,  
And from oppression set you free,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Your calling was the first on earth,  
Organize, oh, organize.  
And now's the time to prove its worth,  
Organize, oh, organize.

Then come you workers, good and true  
With good of all the world in view,  
The die is cast, it's up to you:  
Organize, oh, organize.



# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.

We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way  
to town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the  
bum;

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered  
son-of-a-gun;

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts  
(One of the Centralia Victims)

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with  
us still;

We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad  
farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land  
to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will  
sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland  
shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

—wIw—



# IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.

He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,

And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

## CHORUS

It's a long way down to the soupline,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way down to the soupline

And the soup is thin I know.

Good bye, good old pork chops,

Farewell, beefsteak rare;

It's a long, long way down to the soupline,

But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call

To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.

They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day

And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

## CHORUS

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed

By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed.

They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and strong,

But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

## CHORUS

## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

——wIw——

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.



# THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: The Marseillaise)

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

## CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded

To mete and vend the light and air,

To mete and vend the light and air,

(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty, can man resign thee,

Once having felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!

—wIw—

# WORKINGMEN, UNITE !

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain,  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?  
And serve your enemy?

——wIw——

# HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

## CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

—wIw—

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.



# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

**Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.**

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are  
Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted—nit—  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class.  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

By T-Bone Slim

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers,  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.



## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me.  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

# MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue;"  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

## CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that fore-  
man right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

——wIw——

## THAT TUMBLE DOWN SHACK

By George Lambert

(Tune: "That Tumble-Down Shack In Athlone")

I have worked like a jack,  
For that tumble-down shack,  
That you see standing up on the hill;  
I have worked like a hoss,  
For the very same boss,  
That you see every day at the mill.  
When I walk down the track  
To the tumble-down shack,  
I have visions of prosperity,  
Of rebuilding that shack,  
When the boss pays me back,  
All the money he swindled from me.

When you're all organized,  
You will then be surprised,  
At the changes we'll have at the mill.  
All the strikes will be won  
When we go out as one,  
Our demands will be granted at will,  
Then you'll walk down the track,  
And tear down that old shack,  
That is standing 'way up on the hill.  
With the money paid back,  
We can build a new shack,  
From the money we made at the mill.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

By Walquist

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

## CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the World, unite.  
Oh! workingmen, come organize,  
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belong to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

## CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

## STAND UP! YE WORKERS

By Ethel Comer

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.  
Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.  
From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.  
Unite, and fight for freedom,  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.  
Put on the workers' armor,  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:  
Unite in ONE BIG UNION—  
You've got a world to gain.

## PAINT 'ER RED

By Ralph H. Chaplin

(Tune: "Marching Through Georgia")

Come with us, you workingmen, and join the rebel  
band—

Come, you discontented ones, and give a helping hand,  
We march against the parasite to drive him from the  
land,

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

### CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah! we're going to paint 'er red!

Hurrah! hurrah! the way is clear ahead—

We're gaining shop democracy and liberty and bread  
With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION.

In factory and field and mine we gather in our might,  
We're on the job and know the way to win our hardest  
fight,

For the beacon that shall guide us out of darkness  
into light,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

Come on, you fellows, get in line; we'll fill the boss  
with fears;

Red's the color of our flag, it's stained with blood and  
tears—

We'll flout it in his ugly mug and ring our loudest  
cheers

For ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

"Slaves" they call us, "working plugs," inferior by  
birth,

But when we hit their pocketbooks we'll spoil their  
smiles of mirth—

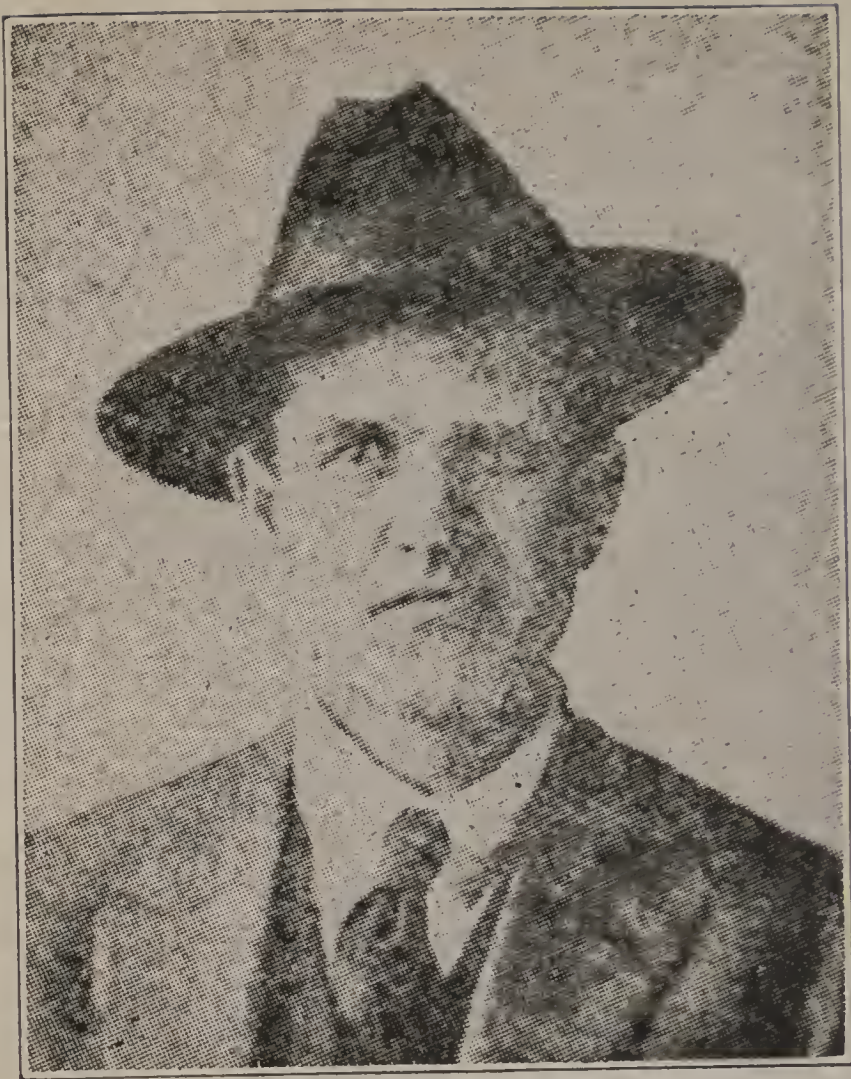
We'll stop their dirty dividends and drive them from  
the earth—

With ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!

We hate their rotten system more than any mortals do,  
Our aim is not to patch it up, but build it all anew,  
And what we'll have for government, when finally  
we're through,

Is ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION!





## TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

—Phillips Russell

# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers For the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfil  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.



What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

——wIw——

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Connell

(Air: "Lillibulero")

Stand up, ye toilers, why crouch ye like cravens?  
Why clutch an existence of insult and want?  
Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,  
Or hoodwink'd forever by twaddle and cant?

Think of the wrongs ye bear,  
Think of the rags ye wear.  
Think of the insults endur'd from your birth;  
Toiling in snow and rain,  
Rearing up heaps of grain,  
All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,  
In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far;  
You've brave hearts to teach you to laugh at disasters.  
Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,  
Using not brain or hand,  
Thankful like dogs when they throw you a bone?  
What right have they to take  
Things that you toil to make?  
Know ye not, workers, that all is your own?



# CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

## CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur—  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P.  
line."

—wIw—

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

By W. O. Blee.

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent,  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

### C H O R U S

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother any more —  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

### C H O R U S

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day, —  
Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!

——wIw——



# ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

## CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, then it's kick right in and  
join.

Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged' I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."

# THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
'"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

——wIw——

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-bone Slim

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.



# FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

## CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

——wIw——

# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

——wIw——

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form from the I. W. W. 2422 N. Hal-  
sted St., Chicago, Illinois.

# STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

## CHORUS

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for  
slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the  
waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my  
snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him  
down and out;  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you some-  
thing nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some  
exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half  
a ton.



Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with  
Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any  
means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson

(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

——wIw——

## **"MIGHT IS RIGHT"**

By Covington Hall

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;

And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole’s young life was beaten out  
In Spokane’s dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg’ring down death’s way—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell ’round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser’s prey—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
’Tis Freedom’s only way—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”



## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS:

**A thousand years, then speed the victory!**  
**Nothing can stop us nor dismay.**  
**After the winter comes the springtime;**  
**After the darkness comes the day.**

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters:  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising,  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.

## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . . "—From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916).

---

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went;——  
This be the token we bear of him,——  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe——  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,——  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right  
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the masters' armored might!—  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimson only with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,——  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,——  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,——  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

# THE RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
“Enough! enough! God give us peace again.”  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've “won,”  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.



So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

——wIw——

## THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

By Dublin Dan.

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the  
Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his  
hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy  
howls,  
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.  
A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad  
yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly  
Cards",  
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was  
hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their  
bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their  
hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call,  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting  
in the can.

They were ushered to the court room, bright and early  
Tuesday morn,  
Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of  
scorn,  
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy", so they wrote him  
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with  
hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all," this court won't  
tolerate  
You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his  
puny fists,  
'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing  
right here.  
You state your name, from whence you came, and what  
you're doing here.  
You don't belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.  
Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns  
you?

The one ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at  
the "law,"  
He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as  
"Straw,"  
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no  
scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their  
tails,  
"His honor" rapped for order, and the next man called  
was "rails,"  
I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these  
yards,  
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,  
'Cause we've all got red cards.



We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all  
your law,  
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind  
"Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet  
six,  
"One Twenty", that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"  
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion  
Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was  
hurt,

When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker  
was "Dirt".

He said, "Your honor, Listen, we have taken this here  
stand,

Because we all are organized in 'One Big Union Grand'.

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to  
that,"

When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three  
ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful  
mix,

For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and 'slim' belongs to  
sticks.

Now 'Blackie', he belongs to 'rails' and 'Whitey' says  
he's 'straw',

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the  
whole bunch loose,

Then 'dirt' and 'sticks' walked arm in arm, with 'flirts'  
and 'skirts' and 'rails',

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying  
from their tails.



# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

———wlw———

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

# **I. W. W. Publications**

**Authorized by the General Executive Board**

The press is the life of any modern movement. The I. W. W. press is fearless. It fights the boss class without compromise. It is the workers' best educational and agitational instrument. Make the I. W. W. press more powerful and you will have stronger organization, and more of the good things of life which can be secured only by industrial organization. These are our publications:

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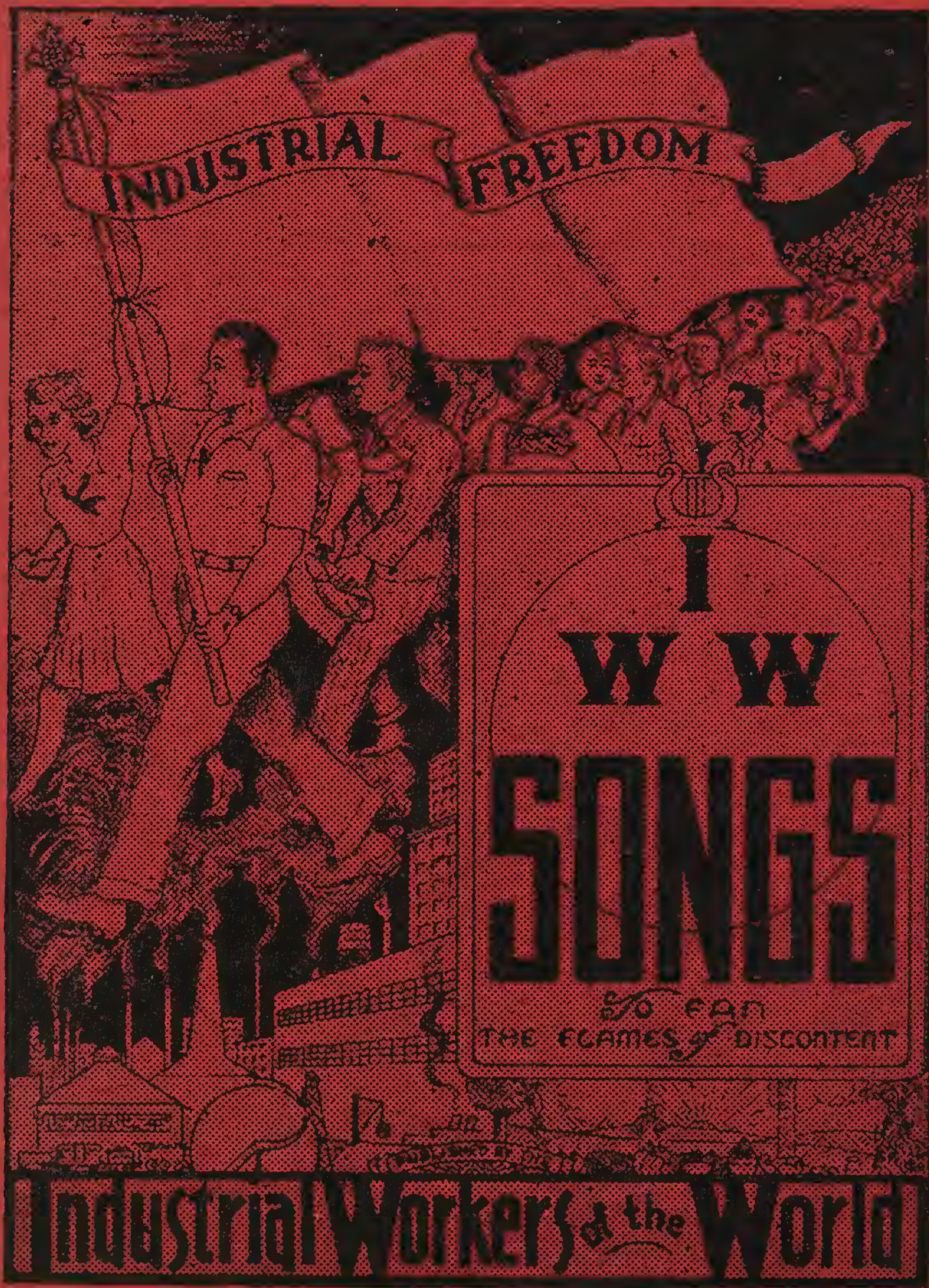
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## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# SONGS OF THE WORKERS

ISSUED JULY, 1945

IN COMMEMORATION OF 40th ANNIVERSARY  
OF THE I.W.W.

**Twenty-eighth Edition**

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KATIE PHAR, the "Songbird of the Wobblies," was born in 1899 and came to her end in 1943. Katie became an ardent I.W.W. at the time of the Spokane Free Speech Fight in 1910, and from then to the moment of her death, her songs, her high courage were a distinct asset to the forces which battle for working class emancipation. Of her and girls like her, the following was written:

O, Silvery voices, sweet with life and youth  
Brushing our grey lives with your rainbow wings—  
Lives that were stern and bitter with old wrong,  
And cleansing them with beauty and with truth;  
Reviving memory of vanished springs—  
Making us whole with miracles of song!

Ralph Chaplin.



# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

## CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

—wIw—

*The Rebel Girl was composed by Joe Hill while awaiting execution by the State of Utah. It was dedicated to Katie Phar, and was sung for the first time at Hill's funeral services.*



## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the eve of his execution)

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan—  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."

My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.

Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.



## JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November 19, 1915

By Ralph Chaplin

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?  
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.  
Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there was none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.  
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.  
White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!  
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.  
High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue"  
Into the night unending; why was it you?



# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land—  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

——wIw——

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS

You will eat, bye and bye.  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

# SOLIDARITY FOREVER !

By Ralph Chaplin

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers'  
blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the  
sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble  
strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

**Solidarity forever!**  
**Solidarity forever!**  
**Solidarity forever!**  
**For the Union makes us strong.**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us  
with his might?  
Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles  
of railroad laid.  
Now we stand, outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders  
we have made;  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and  
ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.  
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.



# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

By John Brill

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer---  
And dump the bosses off your back

——wIw——

Workers, the World!  
Though Masters call in vain,  
Grind us down pitiless,  
We'll rise again.  
And to the call of millions crying from the depths  
We fling our challenge for right—  
And from the hearts of all the land  
Comes loud and clear  
The answering call,  
"We Come!"

## CHRISTIANS AT WAR

By John F. Kendrick.

Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of  
God.

Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you  
please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K's the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums  
must eat.

Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,  
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of  
grace.

Trust in mock salvation, serve as pirates' tools;  
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Ain't that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends—if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD. AWAKEN !

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

By G. G. Allen

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

——wIw——

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final  
battle for the emancipation of the world's workers.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

By Ralph Chaplin

(AIR: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels,  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?  
They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?  
When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.



# THE RED FLAG

By James Connell

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all.  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

——wIw——

# THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

By Eugene Pottier

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors:  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil;  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

——wIw——

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide With Me")

By J. E. Sinclair

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly on, the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!





## WESLEY EVEREST

Murdered by the Lumber Trust  
Centralia, Wash., Nov. 11, 1919

## NOVEMBER

Red November, black November.  
    Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,  
    Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.

Labor's hope and wrath and sorrow—  
    Red the promise, black the threat;  
Who are we not to remember?  
    Who are we to dare forget!

Black and red the colors blended,  
    Black and red the pledge we made;  
Red, until the fight is ended,  
    Black, until the debt is paid.

R. C.

# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

By Loren Roberts  
(One of the Centralia Victims)

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with  
us still;

We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
—Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad  
farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land  
to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will  
sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland  
shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for  
there's a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

# SCISSOR BILL

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

## CHORUS

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.



Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

### CHORUS

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon

——wIw——

### THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

(Tune: "Juanita")

Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth,  
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.  
In the heart of woman, dwells a wish to heal all pain,  
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

### CHORUS

Woman, oh, woman, leave your fetters in the past;  
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.

Mother, wife and maiden, in your hands great power  
lies;

Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice.  
Far across the hilltop breaks the light of coming day,  
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away.

## WE MADE GOOD WOBS OUT THERE

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

By Vera Moller

Though we be shut out from the world,  
Here worn and battle scarred,  
Our names shall live where men walk free  
On many a small red card.

So let us take fresh hope my friend,  
We cannot feel despair,  
Whate'er may be our lot in here,  
We made good Wobs out there.

When we were out we did our bit  
To hasten Freedom's dawn,  
They can't take back the seed we spread,  
The truths we passed along.

'Tis joy to know we struck a blow  
To break the master's sway,  
And those we lined up take the work  
And carry on today.

Though we be shut out from the world  
And days are long and hard,  
They can't erase the names we wrote  
In many a small red card.

So let us take fresh hope my friend  
Above our prison fare,  
Whate'er may be our lot in here,  
We made good Wobs out there.

# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

By Pat Brennan

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back  
to stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your  
hay.

We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky  
go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way  
to town;

It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with  
Farmer John.

Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come  
down;

For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the  
bum;

You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered  
son-of-a-gun;

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave  
and shout,

And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor  
frames,

And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes  
insane.

It is driving us to action—we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.



## NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

By John E. Nordquist

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled,  
They've filled his manly heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near  
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

### CHORUS:

On high the blood red banners wave!  
The flag for which his life he gave;  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers shed no tear,  
For Joe Hill died without fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen, low:  
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs;  
While rebel workers press the fight  
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.

# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

——WIW——

# IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his  
kind.

He lost his job and tramped the streets when work  
was hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his  
dough,

And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where  
he'd go:

## CHORUS

It's a long way down to the soupline,

It's a long way to go.

It's a long way down to the soupline

And the soup is thin I know.

Good bye, good old pork chops,

Farewell, beefsteak rare;

It's a long, long way down to the soupline,

But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call

To force the hours of labor down and thus make  
jobs for all.

They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day

And organized a General Strike so men don't have  
to say:

## CHORUS

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were  
once destroyed

By big machines that filled the world with hungry  
unemployed.

They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy,  
free and strong,

But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little  
song:

## CHORUS



## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's a wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcome and honored on land and on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear,  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

——wIw——

A shorter workday for all employed workers would  
put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody  
worked there would be no poverty.

# THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: The Marseillaise)

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

## CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O, Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

—WIW—



# WORKINGMEN, UNITE !

By E. S. Nelson

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous—has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool?  
And serve your enemy?

—wIw—

# HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

## CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

—wIw—

The workers can never be free until they blow the  
whistle for the parasites to go to work.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

By Joe Hill

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

**Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.**

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In the sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.



Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE PRISON SONG

By William Whalen

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are  
Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted—nit—  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we ~~expect~~ when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class.  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

By T-Bone Slim

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away—  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers.  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

By T-Bone Slim

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras—cal—i—ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union  
card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?



## MR. BLOCK

By Joe Hill

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue;"  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that fore-  
man right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state;  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

——wIw——

## THE WHITE SLAVE

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold;  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

## WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

By Walquist

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mis'ry and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

### CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the World, unite.  
Oh! workingmen, come organize,  
Oh! when, oh! when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belong to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

### CHORUS

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!  
And crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.



## STAND UP! YE WORKERS

By Ethel Comer

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.  
Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.  
From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.  
Unite, and fight for freedom,  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.  
Put on the workers' armor,  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:  
Unite in ONE BIG UNION—  
You've got a world to gain.

## A DREAM

By Richard Brazier

(Tune: "The Holy City")

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their  
cry.

It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with  
joy;

It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with  
joy.

### CHORUS

One Union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite,  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed  
upon this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song;  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song:

### CHORUS

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling  
band—  
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule  
this land.  
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn  
your bread.  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' songs  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' song.

# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

By E. Nesbit

(Tune: "Three Cheers For the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

**For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.**

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfil  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.



What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

——wlw——

*FAREWELL, FRANK!*

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

By Gerald J. Lively

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.

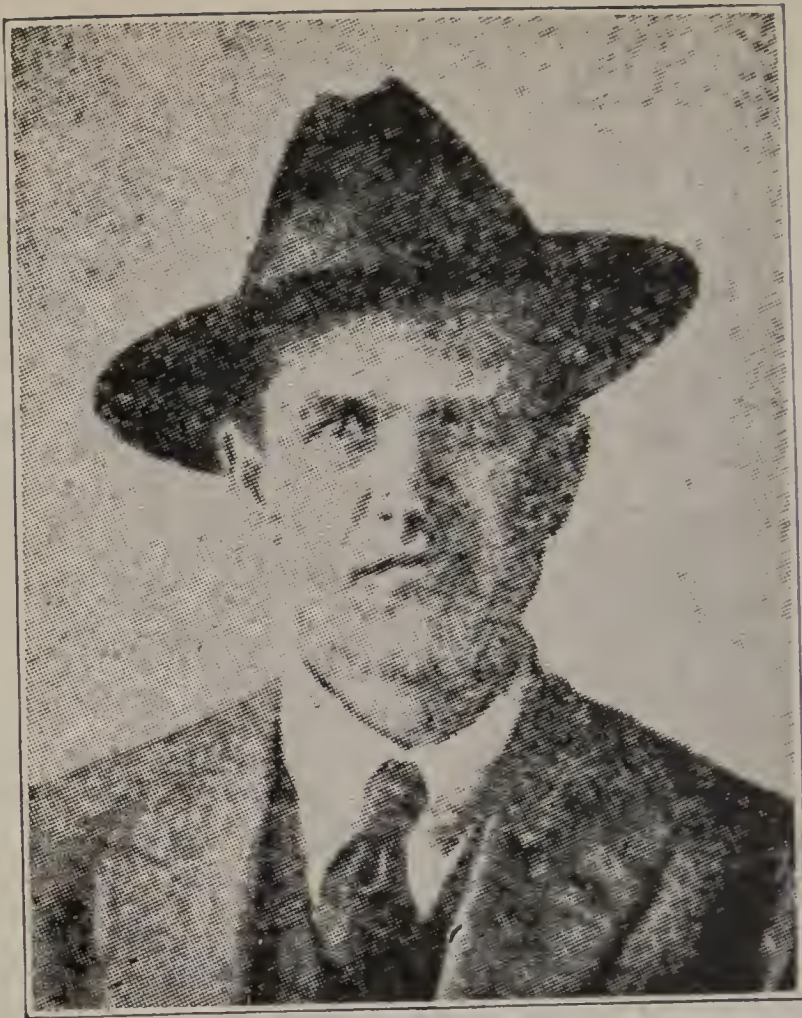
Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars,

You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



## TO FRANK H. LITTLE

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

—Phillips Russell.

# CASEY JONES—THE UNION SCAB

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of  
plumb.

## CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this  
strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a  
hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out  
track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the  
S. P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter; "our musicians went  
on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.



The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angels Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur—  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P.  
line."

—wIw—

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

By W. O. Blee.

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent,  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother any more —  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

### CHORUS

Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day, —  
Ta—ra—raBOOM—dee—ay!

—wIw—

## ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

By Joe Foley

(Tune: "Are You From Dixie?")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

### CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you are a worker, then it's kick right in and  
join.

Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged' I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."



# THE TRAMP

By Joe Hill

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping,  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

——wIw——

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

By T-bone Slim

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

# FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like  
men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will  
again.

## CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man for  
a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself, Old  
Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the men to win this bread and butter war.

—wIw—



## THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

By John Healy

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the  
morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal—maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

### CHORUS:

*The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.*

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them  
ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive—  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

# STUNG RIGHT

By Joe Hill

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet,  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

## CHORUS

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for  
slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the  
waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my  
snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him  
down and out;  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you some-  
thing nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some  
exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half  
a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with  
Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any  
means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

By Laura Payne Emerson

(Air: Wabash Cannonball)

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They are bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.



Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

——wIw——

## **"MIGHT IS RIGHT"**

By Covington Hall

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;

And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole’s young life was beaten out  
In Spokane’s dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg’ring down death’s way—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell ’round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser’s prey—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
’Tis Freedom’s only way—  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

## UP FROM YOUR KNEES

By RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Song of a Thousand Years")

Up from your knees, ye cringing serfmen!  
What have ye gained by whines and tears?  
Rise! they can never break our spirits  
Though they should try a thousand years.

### CHORUS:

A thousand years, then speed the victory!  
Nothing can stop us nor dismay.  
After the winter comes the springtime;  
After the darkness comes the day.

Break ye your chains; strike off your fetters:  
Beat them to swords—the foe appears—  
Slaves of the world, arise and crush him;  
Crush him or serve a thousand years.

Join in the fight—the Final Battle.  
Welcome the fray with ringing cheers.  
These are the times all freemen dreamed of—  
Fought to attain a thousand years.

Be ye prepared; be not unworthy,—  
Greater the task when triumph nears.  
Master the earth, O Men of Labor,—  
Long have ye learned—a thousand years.

Over the hills the sun is rising,  
Out of the gloom the light appears.  
See! at your feet the world is waiting,—  
Bought with your blood a thousand years.



## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

By CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . . "—From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916).

---

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went;——  
This be the token we bear of him,——  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe——  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,——  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow;

They came, that none should trample Labor's right  
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the masters' armored might!—  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimson only with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,——  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,——  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,——  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

# THE RED FEAST

By Ralph Chaplin

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag—the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead—  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions—what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thraldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

——wIw——

## THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

By Dublin Dan.

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the  
Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his  
hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy  
howls,  
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.  
A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad  
yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly  
Cards",  
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was  
hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their  
bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their  
hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call,  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting  
in the can.



They were ushered to the court room, bright and early  
Tuesday morn,  
Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of  
scorn,  
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy", so they wrote him  
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with  
hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all," this court won't  
tolerate  
You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his  
puny fists,  
'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing  
right here.  
You state your name, from whence you came, and what  
you're doing here.  
You don't belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.  
Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns  
you?

The one ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at  
the "law,"  
He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as  
"Straw,"  
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no  
scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their  
tails,  
"His honor" rapped for order, and the next man called  
was "rails,"  
I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these  
yards,  
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,  
'Cause we've all got red cards.

We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all  
your law,  
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind  
"Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet  
six,  
"One Twenty", that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"  
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion  
Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was  
hurt,  
When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker  
was "Dirt".

He said, "Your honor, Listen, we have taken this here  
stand,

Because we all are organized in 'One Big Union Grand'.

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to  
that,"

When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three  
ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful  
mix,

For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and 'slim' belongs to  
sticks.

Now 'Blackie', he belongs to 'rails' and 'Whitey' says  
he's 'straw',

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the  
whole bunch loose,

Then 'dirt' and 'sticks' walked arm in arm, with 'flirts'  
and 'skirts' and 'rails',

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying  
from their tails.

## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem—By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike of a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share;  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

—wlw—

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.



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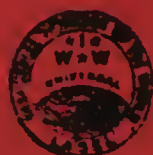
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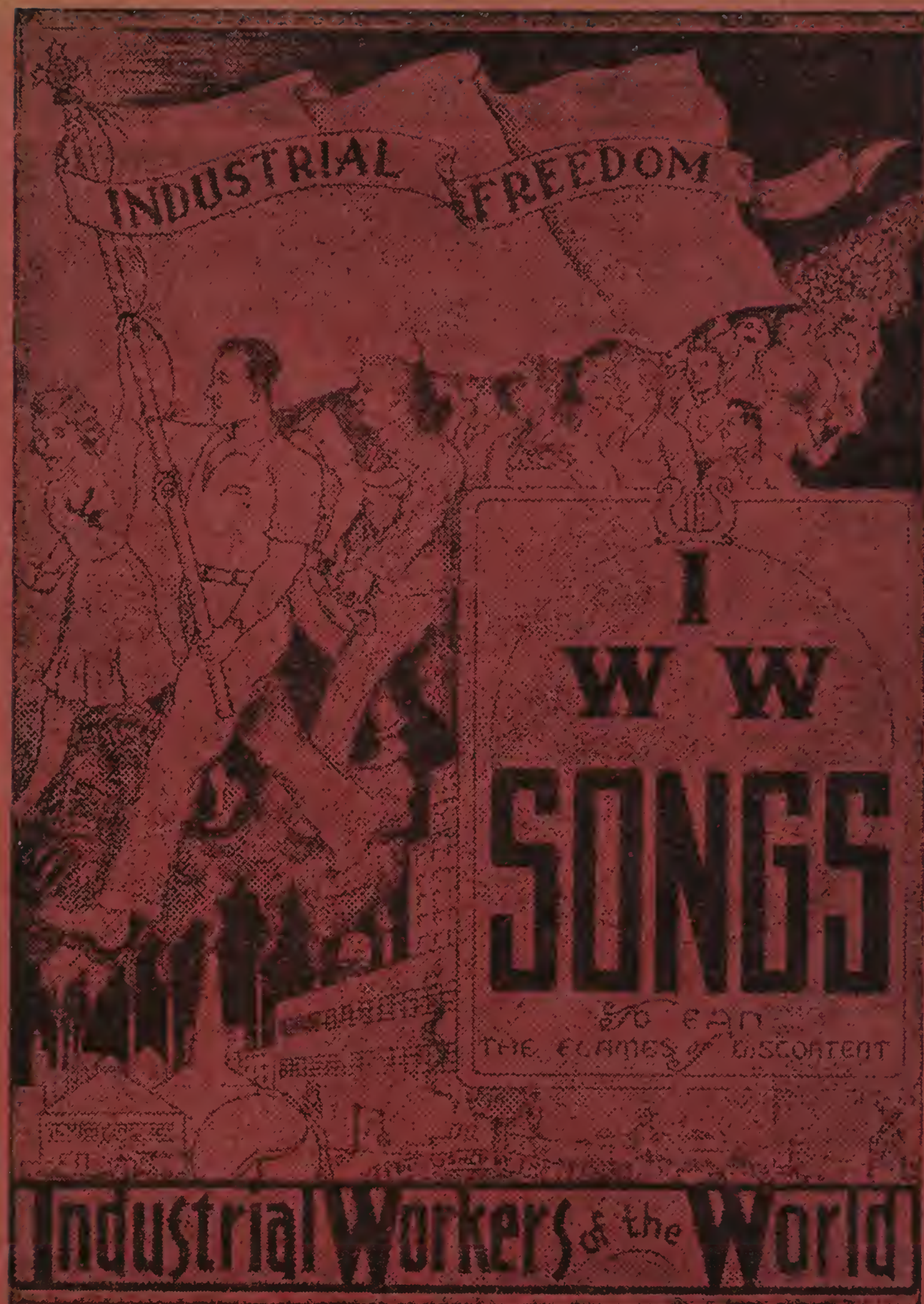
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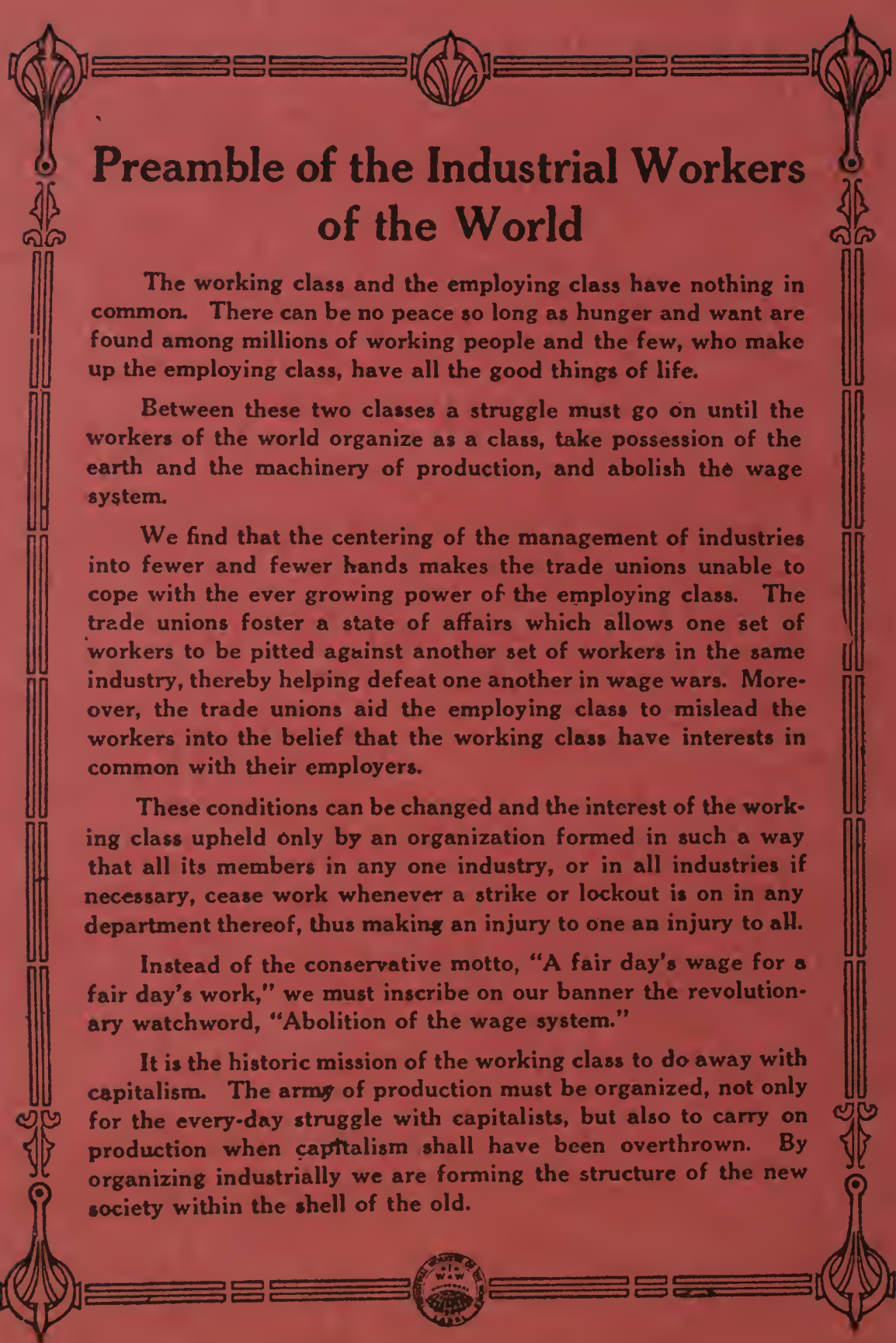


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## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.


Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



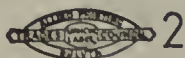
# SONGS OF THE WORKERS

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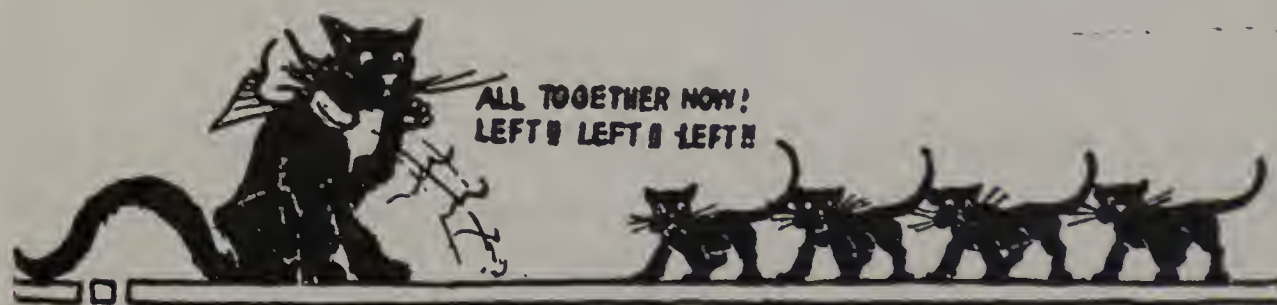


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## **Joe Hill**

**Murdered by Authorities of the  
State of Utah, November 19, 1915**



## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

*(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the  
eve of his execution.)*

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.



## JOE HILL

*Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November 19, 1915*

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?  
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears.  
Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there was none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.  
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the -very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.  
White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!  
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.  
High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue"  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

—wIw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in popular sheet form from the I. W. W., 2422 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Illinois.

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of "the blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

—wIw—



# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye.  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

# SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall  
run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**Solidarity forever!**

**For the Union makes us strong**

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his  
might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they  
trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of rail-  
road laid.

Now we stand outcasts and starving, 'mid the wonders we have  
made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone  
by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when  
we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,  
For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

## **DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK**

BY JOHN BRILL

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?

Are there lots of things you lack?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?

Are you living in a shack?

Would you have your troubles scattered?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob — why don't you buck like thunder?

And dump the bosses off your back?

All the agonies you suffer,

You can end with one good whack —

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —

And dump the bosses off your back.



## CHRISTIANS AT WAR

BY JOHN F. KENDRICK

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Chost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K.'s the bill.  
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,  
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, service as pirates' tools;  
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrants' might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run —  
Aint that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends — if you don't die —  
You'll sing this song for ages.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding —  
"All for one and one for all."



Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

BY G. G. ALLEN

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song —  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free —  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

—wIw—

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS:

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

## THE RED FLAG

BY JAMES CONNELL

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

### CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

—wIw—



## THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

BY EUGENE POTTIER

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

### REFRAIN:

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgement hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened!  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide With Me")

BY J. E. SINCLAIR

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly, on the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring, —  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!



**Wesley Everest**  
**Murdered by the Lumber Trust**  
**Centralia, Wash., Nov. 11, 1919**

**NOVEMBER**

Red November, black November.  
Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,  
Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.

Labor's hope and wrath and sorrow —  
Red the promise, black the threat;  
Who are we not to remember?  
Who are we to dare forget!

Black and red the colors blended.  
Black and red the pledge we made;  
Red, until the fight is ended,  
Black, until the debt is paid.

R. C.



# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

BY LOREN ROBERTS

One of the Centralia Victims

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with us still;  
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day —  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS:

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem —  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will sing  
once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland shore —  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

——wIw——

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for there's  
a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.

## SCISSOR BILL

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

#### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody,  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

—wIw—

### THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

(Tune: "Juanita")

Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth,  
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.  
In the heart of woman, dwells a wish to heal all pain,  
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

#### CHORUS:

Woman, oh woman, leave your fetters in the past;  
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.

Mother, wife and maiden, in your hands great power lies:  
Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice  
Far across the hill top breaks the light of coming day,  
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away.



# WE MADE GOOD WOBS OUT THERE

BY VERA MOLLER

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Though we be shut out from the world,  
Here worn and battle scarred,  
Our names shall live where men walk free  
On many a small red card.

So let us take fresh hope my friend,  
We cannot feel despair,  
Whate'er may be our lot in here,  
We made good Wobs out there.

When we were out we did our bit  
To hasten Freedom's dawn,  
They can't take back the seed we spread,  
The truths we passed along.

'Tis joy to know we struck a blow  
To break the master's sway,  
And those we lined up take the work  
And carry on today.

Though we be shut out from the world  
And days are long and hard,  
They can't erase the names we wrote  
In many a small red card.

So let us take fresh hope my friend  
Above our prison fare,  
What e'er may be our lot in here,  
We made good Wobs out there.

# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

BY PAT BRENNAN

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your morn-  
ing shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-  
abouts?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winters stake this summer, and we want no  
scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a gun;  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,  
And the long-drawn days of **hunger** try to drive us boes insane.  
It is driving us to action — we **are** organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

## NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

BY JOHN E. NORDQUIST

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled,  
They've filled his manly heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near  
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

### CHORUS:

On high the blood red banners wave!  
The flag for which his life he gave;  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers shed no tear,  
For Joe Hill died without fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen, low:  
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs:  
While rebel workers press the fight  
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.



# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choise,  
It's for the girls and for boys.  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red —  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was  
hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

### CHORUS:

It's a long way down to the soupline,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way down to the soupline  
And the soup is thin I know.  
Good bye, good old pork chops,  
Farewell, beefsteak rare;  
It's a long way down to the soupline,  
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

### CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once  
destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world with hungry  
unemployed.  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and  
strong,  
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

### CHORUS:

## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on this back,  
Ore else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train —  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off — he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will —  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck! — to your boy tonight.



## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O' Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

—wIw—

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: "The Marseillaise")

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary —  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band —  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
To mete and vend the light and air,  
(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O' Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

—wIw—

## WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

BY E. S. NELSON

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

### CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall."  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalistic tool?  
And serve your enemy?

—wIw—



## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming —  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——wIw——

The workers can never be free until they blow the whistle for  
the parasites to go to work.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

**Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.**

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE PRISON SONG

BY WILLIAM WHALEN

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted — nit —  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class.  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.



## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

BY T-BONE SLIM

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers.  
They taught me how to be a man —  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause — To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me.  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key —  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea —  
They disturb my slumber deep and murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## MR. BLOCK

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with  
his truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union — the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that  
foreman right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."



Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefell."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below."

—wIw—

## THE WHITE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold,  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk  
to wear, ~~mon~~  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:

Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptations calling everywhere.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

BY WALQUIST

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mys'ry  
and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

## CHORUS:

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the world, unite.

Oh! Workingmen, come organize,  
Oh, When! Oh when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belongs to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

## CHORUS:

Unite, my Fellow Man, unite!  
And rush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

## STAND UP! YE WORKERS

BY ETHEL COMER

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;

Stand up in all your might.

Unite beneath our banner,

For liberty and right.

From victory unto victory

This army sure will go,

To win the world for labor

And vanquish every foe.

Stand Up! Stand up! Ye workers;

Stand up in every land.

Unite, and fight for freedom,

In ONE BIG UNION grand.

Put on the workers' armor

Which is the card of Red,

Then all the greedy tyrants

Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,

The strife will not be long.

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song.

All ye that slave for wages,

Stand up and break your chain:

Unite in ONE BIG UNION —

You've got a world to gain.



## A DREAM

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Holy City")

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry.  
It was a triumphant anthem — an anthem filled with joy;  
It was a triumphant anthem — an anthem filled with joy.

### CHORUS:

One Union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite,  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed  
upon this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song;  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song:

### CHORUS:

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band —  
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule  
this land.  
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn  
your bread.  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' songs  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' song.

# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

BY E. NESBIT

(Tune: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress —  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you —  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

**For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages —  
Our hope is the hope of the world.**

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfil  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

—wIw—

### **FAREWELL, FRANK!**

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

BY GERALD J. LIVELY

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave you birth  
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars.

You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.





## To Frank H. Little

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

—*Phillips Russell.*

# CASEY JONES — THE UNION SCAB

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

## CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win  
this strike?"  
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out  
track,  
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the  
S. P. freight."  
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went  
on strike;  
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying.

"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur —  
That's what you get for scabbing on the  
S. P. line."

—wIw—

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

BY W. O. BLEE

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.



I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount,  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent.  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-de-ay!  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't brother any more —  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day, —  
Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!

——wIw——

## ARE YOU A WOBBLY?

BY JOE FOLEY

(Tune: "Are You from Dixie")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want — well, that's liberty,  
You're frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

### CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you —  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in  
and join.  
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it — when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union — One Union Grand —  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers  
I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged'  
I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."

# THE TRAMP

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry —

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."



Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

——wIw——

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
— Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it —  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only —  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny —  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will again.

### CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils," — that's what the papers say —  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked  
out as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike — but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Men who work should be well paid — "A man's a man  
for a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself,  
Old Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the man to win this bread and butter war.

—wIw—

# THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

BY JOHN HEALY

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal — maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive —  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.



## STUNG RIGHT

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

### CHORUS:

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down  
and out;

They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."

On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

BY LAURA PAYNE EMERSON

(Air: "Wabash Cannonball")

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They were bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might —  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

——wIw——

## **"MIGHT IS RIGHT"**

BY COVINGTON HALL

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away —  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;



And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead — yea!  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole’s young life was beaten out  
In Spokane’s dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg’ring down death’s way —  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell ’round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser’s prey —  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it e’er will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
’Tis Freedom’s only way —  
“ ’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

## WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

### CHORUS:

Where the Frazer river flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours  
and better pay, boys!  
And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river  
Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser  
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.  
river flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's  
fetching,

And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.

But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil  
spared them,

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser river flows.

## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(“ . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing ‘Hold the Fort’ . . .” — From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff’s posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916.)

---

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went; —  
This be the token we bear of him, —  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe —  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light, —  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow.

They came, that none should trample Labor’s right  
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the masters’ armored might! —  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimson only with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil’s host, —  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng, —  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast, —  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker’s song!



## THE RED FEAST

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag — the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead —  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim Starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions — what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

—wIw—

## THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

BY DUBLIN DAN

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,  
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly Cards,"  
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call.  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting  
in the can.

They were ushered to the court room, bright and early  
Tuesday morn,  
Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of scorn,  
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy," so they wrote him  
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't  
tolerate  
You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his  
puny fists,  
'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists.  
"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing  
right here.  
You state your name, from whence you came, and what  
you're doing here.  
You don't belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.  
Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns you?

The one ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at  
the "law,"  
He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as "Straw,"  
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,  
"His honor" rapped for order, and the next man called  
was "rails,"  
I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these  
yards,  
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,  
'Cause we've all got red cards.



We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all  
your law,  
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind "Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,  
"One Twenty," that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"  
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,  
When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker  
was "Dirt."

He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,  
Because we are all organized in 'One Big Union Grand'.

"An injury to one, we say, is an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"  
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three  
ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,  
For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and "Slim" belongs to  
sticks.

Now "Blackie," he belongs to 'rails' and "Whitey" says  
he's 'straw',

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the  
whole bunch loose,

Then "dirt" and "sticks" walked arm in arm, with "flirts"  
and "skirts" and "rails,"

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying  
from their tails.

## WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Poem — By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years —  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

——wIw——

## THE "BLANKET STIFF"

He built the road,  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he  
    packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road

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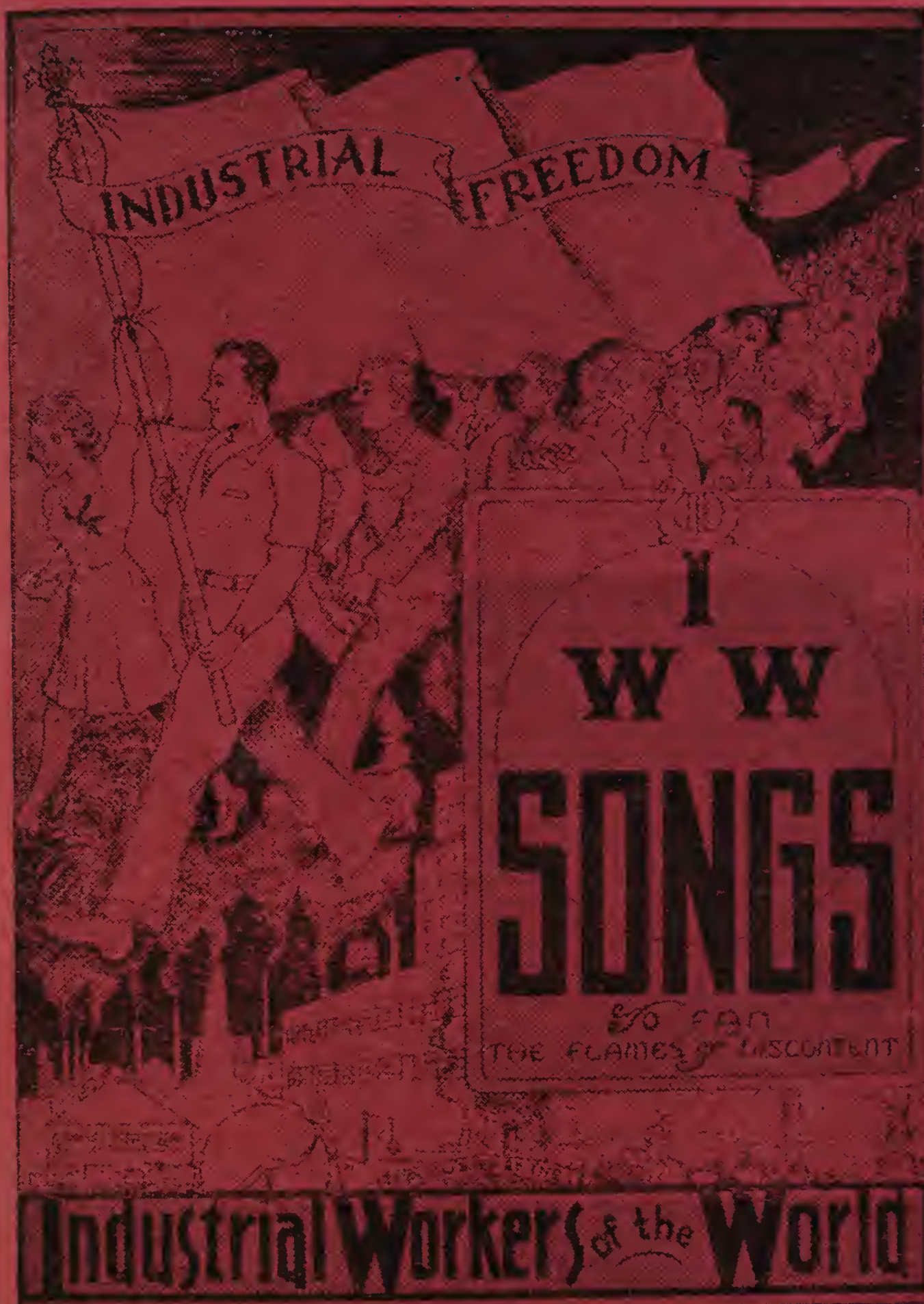
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to fan  
THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

Industrial Workers of the World

25 Cents



Printed in U. S. A.





## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.


Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





# SONGS OF THE WORKERS

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

Issued May, 1962

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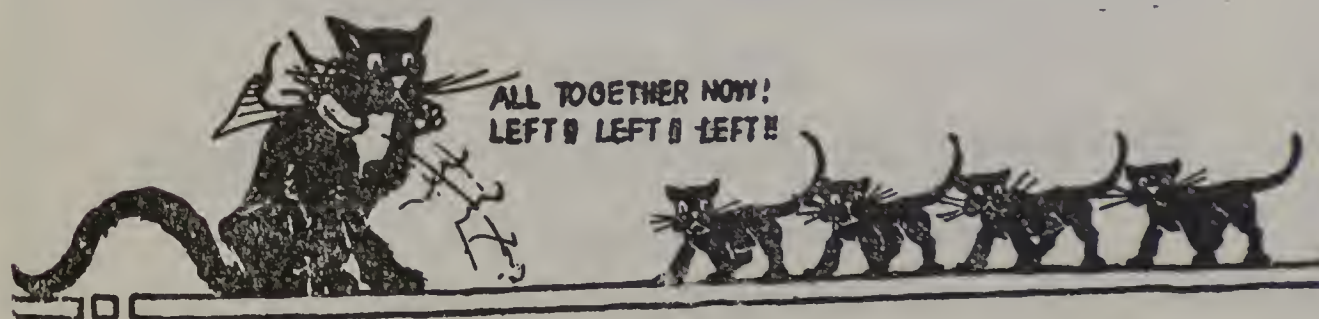


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**JOE HILL**

**Murdered by Authorities of the State  
of Utah, November 19, 1915**



## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the  
eve of his execution).

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.

## JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November 19, 1915

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?  
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears;  
Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there was none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.  
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.  
White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!  
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.  
High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue"  
Into the night unending; why was it you?



## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom in beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

—wlw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form from the I.W.W., 2422 N. Halsted  
St., Chicago, Illinois.

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of the blood of the lamb  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS::

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye.  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.



# SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall  
run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?

But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

Solidarity forever!

For the Union makes us strong

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his  
might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they  
trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of rail-  
road laid.

Now we stand outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have  
made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone  
by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,

While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when  
we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,

For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

## **DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK**

BY JOHN BRILL

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you clothes all patched and tattered?

Are you living in a shack?

Would you have your troubles scattered?

Then dump the bosses of your back.

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?

And dump the bosses off your back.

All the agonies you suffer,

You can end with one good whack—

Stiffen up, you or'nry duffer—

And dump the bosses off your back.

# CHRISTIANS AT WAR

BY JOHN F. KENDRICK

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K.'s the bill.  
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehova's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,  
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrant's tools:  
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."



# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrant's might.  
Join the army of the toiler,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
Teh gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes, ,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run—  
Aint that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends — if you don't die—  
You'll sing this song for ages.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all".

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

## **ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION**

BY G. G. ALLEN

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—

Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### **CHORUS:**

**Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.**

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

—wIw—

You cannot be free while your **C L A S S** is enslaved.  
Join the **I. W. W.** and find **YOUR** place in the final **battle**  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.



# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS::

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

# THE RED FLAG

BY JAMES CONNELL

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chaints its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

—wIw—

# THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

BY EUGENE POTTIER

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves! no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN:

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgement hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."



Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened;  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide with Me")

BY J. E. SINCLAIR

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly, on the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!



## WESLEY EVEREST

Murdered by the Lumber Trust  
Centralia, Wash., Nov. 11, 1919

### NOVEMBER

Red November, black November.  
Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,  
Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.  
Labor's hope and wrath and sorrow—  
Red the promise, black the threat;  
Who are we not to remember?  
Who are we to dare forget!  
Black and red the colors blended.  
Black and red the pledge we made;  
Red, until the fight is ended,  
Black, until the debt is paid.

R. C.



# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

BY LOREN ROBERTS

One of the Centralia Victims

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with us still;  
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS:

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land to roam,  
Where the Old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—

Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will sing  
once more,

In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

—w!w—

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for there's  
a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



# SCISSOR BILL

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

Yoy may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

## CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, he's a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs, and Dutchmen and the gal durn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

## CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh sure. He'l get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody,  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

—w|w—

## THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

(Tune: "Juanita")

Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth,  
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.  
In the heart of woman, dwells a wish to heal all pain,  
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

### CHORUS:

Woman, oh woman, leave your fetters in the past;  
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.

Mother, wife and maiden, in your hands great power lies:  
Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice  
Far across the hill top breaks the light of coming day,  
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away.

# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSANDS YEARS

Poem — By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

—wlw—

The working class will never be free until it can blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work. The IWW, through organization, can make this possible.



# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

BY PAT BRENNAN

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shouts;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winters stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun;

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.

## NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

BY JOHN E. NORDQUIST

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled, ,  
They've filled his manly heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near  
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

### CHORUS:

On high the blood red banners wave! !   !  
The flag for which his life he gave;  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers shed no tear,  
For Joe Hill died without fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen, low:  
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs;  
While rebel workers press the fight  
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.

# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE

## NOW AWAKING

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

### CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.



## IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: "Tipperary")

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was  
hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybory sing, no matter where he'd go:

### CHORUS:

It's a long way down to the soupline,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way down to the soupline  
And the soup is thin I know.  
Good bye, good old pork chops,  
Farewell, beefsteak rare;  
It's a long way down to the soupline,  
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

### CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once  
destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world with hungry  
unemployed.  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free  
and strong,  
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

### CHORUS:

## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on this back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train—  
Thaa's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag his excuse won't do.  
""Thirty days", says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chily wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh judge," he said  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off — he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will—  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck!—to your boy tonight.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land, on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O' Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

—wIw—

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.



## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: "The Merseillaise")

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!  
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Behold their tears and hear their cries!  
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,  
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—  
Affright and desolate the land,  
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile, insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded  
To meet and vend the light and air,  
To meet and vend the light and air,  
(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O' Liberty, can man resign thee,  
Once having felt thy generous flame?  
Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept bewailing,  
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
But Freedom is our sword and shield;  
And all their arts are unavailing!

—wIw—

# WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

BY E. S. NELSON

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall,"  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalistic tool?  
And serve your enemy?

—wIw—

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming—  
Union men be strong  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is high.

See our numbers still increasig;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——wIw——

The workers can never be free until they blow the whistle  
for the parasites to go to work.



# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.

Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE PRISON SONG

BY WILLIAM WHALEN

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted — nit —  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class.  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

BY T-BONE SLIM

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers.  
They taught me how to be a man—  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause—To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.



## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manned'r man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I left the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key—  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea—  
They disturb my slumber deep and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## MR. BLOCK

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight")  
Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
    You take the cake,  
    You make the ache.  
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
    truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman  
    right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialist Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.

——wlw——

## THE WHITE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold,  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to  
wear,

You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep;  
Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptation calling everywhere.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

BY WALQUIST

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mys'ry  
and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

## CHORUS:

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the world, unite.  
Oh, Workingmen, come organize,  
Oh, When! Oh when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belongs to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

## CHORUS:

Unite, My Fellow Man, unite!  
And rush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the World, unite.

# STAND UP! YE WORKERS

BY ETHEL COMER

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;

Stand up in all your might.

Unite beenath our banner,

For liberty and right.

From victory unto victory

This army sure will go,

To win the world lor labor

And vanquish every foe.

Stand up Stand up! Ye workers;

Stand up in every land.

Unite, and fight for freedom.

In ONE BIG UNION grand.

Put on the workers' armor

Which is the card of Red,

Then all the greedy tyrants

Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,

The strife will not be long.

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song

All ye that slave for wages,

Stand up and break your chain:

Unite in ONE BIG UNION—

You've got a world to gain.

## A DREAM

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Holy City")

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry.  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy;  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy.

### CHORUS:

One Union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite,  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed  
upon this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song;  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song:

### CHORUS:

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—  
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule  
this land.  
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn  
your bread.  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' song,  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' song.



# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

BY E. NESBIT

(Tune: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfill  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.

What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

—wIw—

## FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

BY GERALD J. LIVELY

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave birth  
Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
You've burst the prison bars.

You gave your life in this our strife,  
Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



## To Frank H. Little

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

—Phillips Russell.



# CASEY JONES — THE UNION SCAB

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

## CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win  
this strike?"

But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,  
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P.  
freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on  
strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you ike."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The Angels got together and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur —  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

——wlw——

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

BY W. O. BLEE

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount,  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent.  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-de-ay!  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother any more.  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day,—  
Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!

—wIw—



## ARE YOU A WOBBLY?

BY JOE FOLEY

(Tune: "Are You from Dixie")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want—well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

### CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you—  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in  
and join.  
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it—when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union—One Union Grand—  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

"Yaas", said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them "alleged" I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."

# THE TRAMP

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS::

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.  
Nothing doinng here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Til the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance , I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry—

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?"  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

—wIw—

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.



## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will again.

### CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked  
out as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man  
for a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself,  
Old Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the man to win this bread and butter war.

—wIw—

# THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

BY JOHN HEALY

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal—maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS:

That faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey woud look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then there's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive—  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

# STUNG RIGHT

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

## CHORUS:

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the word for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."  
But in the morning, five oclock, they woke me from my snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down and  
out;

They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."

On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.



Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

——wIw——

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

BY LAURA PAYNE EMERSON

(Air: "Wabash Cannonball")

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They were bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.

Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might—  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

—wIw—

## **"MIGHT IS RIGHT"**

BY COVINGTON HALL

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away—  
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished,  
In the selfsame crimson flood;

And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole’s young life was beaten out  
In Spokane’s dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg’ring down death’s way—  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell ’round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser’s prey—  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”

Might was, it is, it ever will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
’Tis Freedom’s only way—  
“’Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today.”



## WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

### CHORUS:

Where the Fraser river flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours  
and better pay, boys!  
And we're going to win the day, boys, where the river  
Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser  
river flows.  
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow workers knows,  
  
Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's  
fetching.  
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.  
But whey their mothers reared them, and why the devil  
spared them,  
  
Are questions w can't answer, where the Fraser river flows.

## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . ."— From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916).

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Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went; —  
This be the token we bear of him, —  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe —  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light, —  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow.

They came, that none should trample Labor's right  
To sneak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the masters' armored might! —  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host, —  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng, —  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast, —  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

## THE RED FEAST

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field,  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag — the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead —  
The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions — what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil.  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.



So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thraldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, word-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy must resist.

—wlw—

## THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

BY DUBLIN DAN

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair.  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,  
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly Cards,"  
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call.  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting in  
the can.

They were ushered to the court room, bright and early  
Tuesday morn,  
Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of scorn,  
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy," so they wrote him  
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't  
tolerate

You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his puny  
fists.

'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing  
right here.

You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're  
doing here.

You dont' belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.

Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns you?

The One Ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at  
the "law,"

He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as "Straw,"  
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,  
"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called  
was "rails,"

I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these  
yards,

And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,  
'Cause we've all got red cards.

We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all  
your law,

That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind "Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,  
"One Twenty," that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"  
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,  
When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker  
was "Dirt."

He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,  
Because we are all organized in "One Big Union Grand."

"An injury to one, we say, is an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"  
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,  
For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and "Slim" belongs to  
sticks.

Now "Blackie," he belongs to 'rails' and "Whitey" says  
he's 'straw',

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."  
Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and he turned the  
whole bunch loose.

Then "dirt" and "sticks" walked arm in arm, with "flirts" and  
"skirts" and "rails,"

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying from  
their tails.



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The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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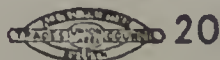
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**JOE HILL**  
**Murdered by Authorities of the State**  
**of Utah, November 19, 1915**



## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

(Written in his cell, November 18, 1915, on the  
eve of his execution).

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
"Moss does not cling to rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—JOE HILL.

## JOE HILL

Murdered by the Authorities of the State of Utah,  
November 19, 1915

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

High head and back unbending—fearless and true,  
Into the night unending; why was it you?  
Heart that was quick with song, torn with their lead;  
Life that was young and strong, shattered and dead.

Singer of manly songs, laughter and tears;  
Singer of Labor's wrongs, joys, hopes and fears;  
Though you were one of us, what could we do?  
Joe, there was none of us needed like you.

We gave, however small, what life could give;  
We would have given all that you might live.  
Your death you held as naught, slander and shame;  
We from the very thought shrank as from flame.

Each of us held his breath, tense with despair,,  
You, who were close to death, seemed not to care.  
White-handed loathsome power, knowing no pause,  
Sinking in labor's flower murderous claws;

Boastful with leering eyes, blood-dripping jaws . . .  
Accurst be the cowardice hidden in laws!  
Utah has drained your blood; white hands are wet;  
We of the "surging flood" NEVER FORGET!

Our songster! have your laws now had their fill?  
Know ye, his songs and cause ye cannot kill.  
High head and back unbending—"rebel true blue"  
Into the night unending; why was it you?

## THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Copyrighted, 1916

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamond and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

### CHORUS:

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom in beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

—wIw—

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained  
in popular sheet form from the I.W.W., 2422 N. Halsted  
St., Chicago, Illinois.



# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "There Is Power In the Blood")

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

## CHORUS:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly?  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had "nuff" of the blood of the lamb  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise,  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band,  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Sweet Bye and Bye")

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

## CHORUS::

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife—  
Try to get something good in this life—  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight:  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

## LAST CHORUS:

You will eat, bye and bye.  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

# SOLIDARITY FOREVER!

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall  
run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength  
of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

## CHORUS:

Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his  
might?

Is there anything left for us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they  
trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of rail-  
road laid.

Now we stand outcasts and starving, 'mid the wonders we have  
made;

But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones, is ours and ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone  
by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.



They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when  
we learn

That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth the new world from the ashes of the old,  
For the Union makes us strong.

—wIw—

## **DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK**

BY JOHN BRILL

(Tune: "Take It to the Lord in Prayer")

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
  
Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob—why don't you buck like thunder?  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer,  
You can end with one good whack—  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer—  
And dump the bosses off your back.

# CHRISTIANS AT WAR

BY JOHN F. KENDRICK

(Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers")

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers, rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ O. K.'s the bill.  
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasant's cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehova's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet,  
Trampling human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrant's tools:  
History will say of you: "That pack of G . . . d . . . fools."

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Colleen Bawn")

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus:

## CHORUS:

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrants might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse!  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet,  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run —  
Aint that a funny notion?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends — if you don't die —  
You'll sing this song for ages.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

Words and Music by Joe Hill

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## CHORUS:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation,  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding—  
"All for one and one for all".

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

—wIw—

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

BY G. G. ALLEN

(Air: "Marching Through Georgia")

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another  
song—

Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the  
throng

Of the revolution that will sweep the world along,  
To One Big Industrial Union.

### CHORUS:

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free—  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty,  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

—wIw—

You cannot be free while your C L A S S is enslaved.  
Join the I. W. W. and find YOUR place in the final battle  
for the emancipation of the world's workers.

# THE COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

(Air: "Nellie Grey")

In the gloom of mighty cities  
Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

## CHORUS::

But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.



# THE RED FLAG

BY JAMES CONNELL

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

The workers' flag is deepest red;  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its every fold.

## CHORUS:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chaints its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells its surging song.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on self and place.  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.

—wlw—

# THE INTERNATIONALE

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

BY EUGENE POTTIER

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

## REFRAIN:

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgement hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened;  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

## THE WORKERS FUNERAL HYMN

(Tune: "Abide with Me")

BY J. E. SINCLAIR

Heart that was brave in Freedom's holy train,  
Striving to break the master's cruel chain;  
Here by your grave, we pledge ourselves anew  
Never to rest until your dreams come true!

Sleep, Worker, sleep, strong hearts the watch will keep,  
Till through the darkness Earth's new dawn shall creep.  
Flowers we lay in silence where you dream,  
Soft as the snow that feeds the mountain stream.

Under the red carnation and the rose,  
Sleep sweetly, on the sleep no waking knows;  
Soldier of toil, a tribute here we bring,—  
Love's last farewell in broken song we sing!





## Wesley Everest

Murdered by the Lumber Trust

Centralia, Wash., November 11, 1919

# THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

BY LOREN ROBERTS

One of the Centralia Victims

(Tune: "Silvery Colorado")

There's a little western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with us still;  
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day—  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

## CHORUS:

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land to roam,  
Where the Old Chehalis river flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem—

Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.  
When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will sing  
once more,

In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland shore—  
Where the old Chehalis river flows its way.

—wIw—

For every dollar the parasite has and didn't work for there's  
a slave who worked for a dollar he didn't get.



# SCISSOR BILL

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Steamboat Bill")

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found on the desert, he is upon the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

## CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn  
Swede."

He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

## CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh! sure. He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.



Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead,  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

### CHORUS:

Scissor Bill, the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody,  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

—wIw—

## THE WOMAN'S FIGHT

(Tune: "Juanita")

Soft may she slumber on the breast of mother earth,  
One who worked nobly for the world's rebirth.  
In the heart of woman, dwells a wish to heal all pain,  
Let her learn to help man to cast off each chain.

### CHORUS:

Woman, oh woman, leave your fetters in the past;  
Rise and claim your birthright and be free at last.

Mother, wife and maiden, in your hands great power lies:  
Give it all to freedom, strength and sacrifice  
Far across the hill top breaks the light of coming day,  
Still the fight is waiting, then be up and away.

# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSANDS YEARS

Poem — By An Unknown Proletarian

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth  
Good God! We have paid it in.

We have fed you all for a thousand years—  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth  
Good God! We have bought it fair.

—wIw—

The working class will never be free until it can blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work. The IWW, through organization, can make this possible.

# THE HARVEST WAR SONG

BY PAT BRENNAN

(Tune: "Tipperary")

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more, we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shouts;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-about's?

## CHORUS:

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winters stake this summer, and we want no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun;

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.  
It is driving us to action—we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay.



## NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune: "The Red Flag")

BY JOHN E. NORDQUIST

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled,  
They've filled his manly heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near  
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

### CHORUS:

On high the blood red banners wave!  
The flag for which his life he gave;  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now, fellow workers shed no tear,  
For Joe Hill died without fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen, low:  
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs:  
While rebel workers press the fight  
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.

# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree")

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking,  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

## CHORUS:

It's a union for true Liberty  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for the girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red—  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

# IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Air: Tipperary)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was  
hard to find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

## CHORUS:

It's a long way down to the soupline,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way down to the soupline  
And the soup is thin I know.  
Good bye, good old pork chops,  
Farewell, beefsteak rare;  
It's a long way down to the soupline,  
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say:

## CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once  
destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world with hungry  
unemployed.  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and  
strong,  
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song:

## CHORUS:



## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune: "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?")

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on this back,  
Ore else he is bumming a ride.

### CHORUS:

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train —  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off—he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows for his country he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will —  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck! — to your boy tonight.

## MAY DAY SONG

Words by Ralph Chaplin

O, Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land, on sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We, of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O' Labor Day, O, First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong—  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring—  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

—wIw—

A shorter workday for all employed workers would put thousands of unemployed to work. If everybody worked there would be no poverty.

## THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune: "The Marseillaise")

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band—

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

### CHORUS:

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded

To mete and vend the light and air,

To mete and vend the light and air.

(Like beasts of burden would they load us,)

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O' Liberty, can man resign thee,

Once having felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Or whips, thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has wept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!

—wIw—



# WORKINGMEN, UNITE!

BY E. S. NELSON

(Tune: "Red Wing")

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor—  
Will be for evermore—  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

## CHORUS:

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall,"  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalistic tool?  
And serve your enemy?

——wIw——

## HOLD THE FORT

(English Transport Workers' Strike Song)

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

### CHORUS:

Hold the fort for we are coming —  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

——wIw——

The working class will never be free until it can blow the whistle for the parasites to go to work. The IWW, through organization, can make this possible.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "My Old Kentucky Home")

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave.  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed,  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

## CHORUS:

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In sweatshops, 'mong the looms and the spools.



Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It's coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

—wIw—

## THE PRISON SONG

BY WILLIAM WHALEN

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted — nit —  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

### CHORUS:

Are you busy, Fellow Workers,  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave,  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the 85 per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class.  
We will then get what we're worth,  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

## THE MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Air: "The Girl I Left Behind Me.")

BY T-BONE SLIM

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers.  
They taught me how to be a man —  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause — To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## "THE POPULAR WOBBLY"

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me")

I'm as mild manner'd man as can be  
And I've never done them harm that I can see,  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty  
But I can't see why they always pick on me,  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram:  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me.  
And he held his gun where everyone could see,  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card—  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree,  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key —  
It seems to be the rage so they keep me in a cage  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me.  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea —  
They disturb my slumber deep and murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?



## MR. BLOCK

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "It Looks To Me Like a Big Time Tonight")

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

### CHORUS:

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.

Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with  
his truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union — the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that  
foreman right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock,  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell,  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefell."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below.

—wIw—

## THE WHITE SLAVE

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland")

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made, for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

### CHORUS:

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold,  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to  
wear,  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.  
Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep;  
Girls in this way, fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptation calling everywhere.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE

BY WALQUIST

(Tune: "Love Me and the World Is Mine")

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live?  
Shall the workers face starvation, mys'ry  
and privation,  
In a land so rich and fair?

## CHORUS:

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
Take back your freedom and your right  
You have nothing to lose now,  
Workers of the world, unite.

Oh! Workingmen, come organize,  
Oh, When! Oh when will you get wise?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking,  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belongs to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers,  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

## CHORUS:

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite!  
and crush the greedy tyrant's might.  
The earth belongs to Labor,  
Workers of the world, unite.



# STAND UP! YE WORKERS

BY ETHEL COMER

(Air: "Stand Up for Jesus")

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;

Stand up in all your might.

Unite beneath our banner,

For liberty and right.

From victory unto victory

This army sure will go,

To win the world for labor

And vanquish every foe.

Stand Up! Stand up! Ye workers;

Stand up in every land.

Unite, and fight for freedom,

In ONE BIG UNION grand.

Put on the workers' armor

Which is the card of Red,

Then all the greedy tyrants

Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,

The strife will not be long.

This day the noise of battle,

The next the victor's song.

All ye that slave for wages,

Stand up and break your chain:

Unite in ONE BIG UNION —

You've got a world to gain.

# A DREAM

BY RICHARD BRAZIER

(Tune: "The Holy City")

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry.  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy;  
It was a triumphant anthem—an anthem filled with joy.

## CHORUS:

One Union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite,  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed  
upon this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song;  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang  
the song:

## CHORUS:

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band—  
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule  
this land.  
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn  
your bread.  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' song,  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined  
the workers' song.

# THE HOPE OF THE AGES

BY E. NESBIT

(Tune: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue")

If you dam up the river of progress—  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you—  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

## CHORUS:

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages—  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfill  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.



What matter if failure on failure  
    Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
    The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom;" new soldiers  
    Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
    Our hope is the hope of the world.

—wIw—

## FAREWELL, FRANK!

(Air: "Barcarolle" from the "Tales of Hoffman")

BY GERALD J. LIVELY

You've fought your fight, a long good night  
    Is all that we can say.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done  
    Brave fighter for the Day.

Kind Mother Earth who gave birth  
    Receives you to her breast.

For us the Fight, for you the night,  
    The night of well earned rest,

No more you'll feel the cling of steel,  
    You've burst the prison bars.

You gave your life in this our strife,  
    Brave conqueror of stars.

Sleep on, sleep on, your work is done,  
    Sleep on, sleep on, sleep on.



## To Frank H. Little

(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)

We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
**All I. W. W.**  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

—Phillips Russell.

# CASEY JONES — THE UNION SCAB

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Casey Jones")

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

## CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win  
this strike?"  
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out  
track.  
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine,  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the  
S. P. freight."  
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went  
on strike;  
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.



The Angels got together and they said it wasn't fair,  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur —  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S. P. line."

—wIw—

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

BY W. O. BLEE

(Air: Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount,  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent.  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-de-ay!  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother any more.  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

CHORUS:

Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day,—  
Ta-ra-raBOOM-dee-ay!

—wIw—

# ARE YOU A WOBBLY?

BY JOE FOLEY

(Tune: "Are You from Dixie")

Hello, there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry, too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want — well, that's liberty,  
You're frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say:

## CHORUS:

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you —  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line:  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in  
and join.  
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it — when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union — One Union Grand —  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

——wIw——

"Yaas," said the farmer reflectively, "all the I. W. W. fellers I've met seemed to be pretty decent lads, but them 'alleged' I. W. W.'s must be holy frights."



# THE TRAMP

BY JOE HILL

(Tune: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching")

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

## CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
'Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor,  
'Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry —

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died,  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried:

—wIw—

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

BY T-BONE SLIM

(Air: "Just Before the Battle, Mother")

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
—Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it—  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only—  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny—  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBER JACKS

(Tune: "Portland County Jail")

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;  
For fifty years they've "packed" a bed, but never will again.

### CHORUS:

"Such a lot of devils,"—that's what the papers say—  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some  
increase in pay.

They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked  
out as one;

They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike—but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

Men who work should be well paid—"A man's a man  
for a' that."

Many a man has a home to keep same as yourself,  
Old Fat.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, children, too, galore  
Stand behind the man to win this bread and butter war.

—wIw—



# THE DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

BY JOHN HEALY

(Air: "Old Oaken Bucket")

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning,  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal — maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

## CHORUS:

The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented  
It never gets hungry; it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing,  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive —  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.

# STUNG RIGHT

BY JOE HILL

(Air: "Sunlight, Sunlight")

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

## CHORUS:

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the  
captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down  
and out;

They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are  
a case."

On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice,  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means,  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's  
Pork and Beans.

—wIw—

## THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

BY LAURA PAYNE EMERSON

(Air: "Wabash Cannonball")

I stood by a city prison,  
In the twilight's deepening gloom,  
Where men and women languished  
In a loathsome, living tomb.  
They were singing! And their voices  
Seemed to weave a wreath of light,  
As the words came clear with meaning:  
"Workers of the World, unite!"

As it was with Galileo,  
And all thinkers of the past,  
So with these Industrial Workers,  
Tyrant shackles hold them fast.  
In the bastiles of the nations,  
They were bludgeoned, mugged and starved,  
While upon their aching bodies  
Prints of whips and clubs are carved.



Yet with spirits still unbroken  
And with hope for future years  
They are calling to their fellows:  
"Come arise! and dry your tears.  
Wake, ye toilers, get in action,  
Break your bonds, exert your might —  
You can make this hell a heaven,  
Workers of the World, unite!"

Hail! ye brave Industrial Workers,  
Vanguard of the coming day,  
When labor's hosts shall cease to cringe  
And shall dash their chains away.  
How the masters dread you, hate you,  
Their uncompromising foe;  
For they see in you a menace,  
Threatening soon their overthrow.

——wIw——

## **"MIGHT IS RIGHT"**

BY COVINGTON HALL

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Might was right when Christ was hanged  
Beside the Jordan's foam;  
Might was right when Gracchus bled,  
Upon the stones of Rome;  
And Might was Right when Danton fell,  
When Emmet passed away —  
"'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Spartacus  
Went down in seas of blood,  
And when the Commune perished  
In the selfsame crimson flood;

And Might was Right at Cripple Creek,  
At Tampa, Homestead—yea!  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was Right when Parsons died,  
When Ferrer followed him,  
When Cole's young life was beaten out  
In Spokane's dungeon grim;  
And Might was Right when Pettibone  
Went stagg'ring down death's way—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when Morgan builds  
A hell 'round every hearth;  
Might is Right when Kirby starves  
His peons off the earth;  
And Might was Right when Dietz became  
Wolf Weyerhauser's prey—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might is Right when children die  
By thousands in the mills,  
When jeweled hands reach down and take  
The gold their blood distills;  
And Might is Right when maidens give  
Their love-dreams up for pay  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

Might was, it is, it ever will be,  
The One and Only Right;  
And so, O hosts of Toil awake!  
O workingmen, unite!  
Unite! Unite! For Might is Right,  
'Tis Freedom's only way—  
" 'Tis the logic of the Ancient World,  
And the Gospel of today."

## WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune: "Where the River Shannon Flows")

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

### CHORUS:

Where the Frazer river flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours  
and better pay, boys!

And we're going to win the day, boys; where the river  
Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And we will show no white feather, where the Fraser  
river flows.

So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And they're not our benefactors, each fellow worker knows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's  
fetching,

And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.

But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil  
spared them,

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser river flows.



## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

BY CHARLES ASHLEIGH

(" . . . and then the Fellow Worker died, singing 'Hold the Fort' . . ." — From the report of a witness in the trial involving 74 members of the I. W. W. arising from the massacre of free speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken sheriff's posse at Everett, Wash., November 5, 1916.)

---

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went; —  
This be the token we bear of him, —  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe —  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light, —  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow.

---

They came, that none should trample Labor's right  
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the masters' armored might! —  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host, —  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng, —  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast, —  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!

## THE RED FEAST

BY RALPH CHAPLIN

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field,  
    Serve unto death the men you served in life  
    So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag — the lie that still allures;  
    Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
    Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
    You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
    It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed  
    That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead —  
    The condor Thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar.  
    "Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
    Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
    Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
    And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
    Of scattered legions — what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distil.  
    Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathsome toil,  
    In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
    They give you lies to choke your dying breath.

So will they smite your blind eyes until you see,  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.

Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist;  
That Labor's bondage, world-wide, is the same,  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

——wIw——

## THE PORTLAND REVOLUTION

BY DUBLIN DAN

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,  
And not a thing is moving only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying "Wobbly Cards,"  
It made no difference to those boys, which industry was hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call.  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man,  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting  
in the can.



They were ushered to the court room, bright and early  
Tuesday morn,

Then slowly entered "Justice" on his face a look of scorn,  
Some "Cat" who had the rigging, suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up "baldy," so they wrote him  
out a card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't  
tolerate

You "Wobblies" coming in here, and he clinched his puny  
fists.

'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists.

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing  
right here.

You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're  
doing here.

You dont' belong I. L. A. or M. T. W.

Now what I'd like to find out is, how this strike concerns you?

The One Ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at  
the "law,"

He said, "I am a harvest hand," or better known as "Straw,"  
I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here, to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs.

The One Ten Cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,  
"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called  
was "rails,"

I belong to old "Five Twenty," I'm a Switchman in these  
yards,

And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight,  
'Cause we've all got red cards.

We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all  
your law,

That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind "Straw."

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,  
"One Twenty," that's where I belong, the "Wobblies"  
call us sticks.

All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of "Legion Rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,  
When a Three Ten "cat" informed him, that his moniker  
was "Dirt."

He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,  
Because we are all organized in 'One Big Union Grand'.

"An injury to one, we say, is an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall,  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"  
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the three  
ten cat.

He said, let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,  
For "Shorty" plainly says he's dirt, and "Slim" belongs to  
sticks.

Now "Blackie," he belongs to 'rails' and "Whitey" says  
he's 'straw',

And all of you seem to have no respect for "law."

Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess, and turned the  
whole bunch loose,

Then "dirt" and "sticks" walked arm in arm, with "flirts"  
and "skirts" and "rails,"

While the One Ten Cats brought up the rear, fur flying  
from their tails.

# READ THE FOLLOWING AND LEARN ABOUT THE I.W.W.

## The IWW, Its First Fifty Years

|                                      |        |
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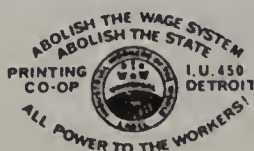
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This is the 33rd Edition of this series of songbooks, started in 1909 and preceded by a card of four songs in 1908. Unless otherwise indicated, numbers by titles give the year or the edition in which the song first appeared in the IWW songbook regardless of when it was written, as "13th Edition, 1917".

# SOLIDARITY FOREVER

(Tune : John Brown's Body)

Written by Ralph Chaplin January 1915  
(9th Edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus :

Solidarity forever !  
Solidarity forever !  
Solidarity forever !  
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?  
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.  
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have made;  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by stone.  
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn  
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.  
For the Union makes us strong.

# THE INTERNATIONALE

Written by Eugene Pottier  
(Translated by Charles H. Kerr)

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Arise, ye wretched of the earth,  
For justice thunders condemnation,  
A better world's in birth.  
No more tradition's chains shall bind us,  
Arise, ye slaves; no more in thrall!  
The earth shall rise on new foundations,  
We have been naught, we shall be all.

Chorus :

'Tis the final conflict,  
Let each stand in his place,  
The Industrial Union  
Shall be the human race.

We want no condescending saviors,  
To rule us from a judgment hall;  
We workers ask not for their favors;  
Let us consult for all.  
To make the thief disgorge his booty,  
To free the spirit from its cell,  
We must ourselves decide our duty,  
We must decide and do it well.

The First International or International Workingmen's Association was founded in London in 1864 and the Second Socialist and Labor International in Paris in 1889. This originally French song has ever since expressed their hopes in all the languages of mankind.



The law oppresses us and tricks us,  
Wage slav'ry drains the workers' blood;  
The rich are free from obligations,  
The laws the poor delude.  
Too long we've languished in subjection,  
Equality has other laws;  
"No rights," says she, "without their duties,  
No claims on equals without cause."

Behold them seated in their glory,  
The kings of mine and rail and soil!  
What have you read in all their story,  
But how they plundered toil?  
Fruits of the workers' toil are buried  
In the strong coffers of a few;  
In working for their restitution  
The men will only ask their due.

Toilers from shops and fields united,  
The union we of all who work;  
The earth belongs to us, the workers,  
No room here for the shirk.  
How many on our flesh have fattened;  
But if the noisome birds of prey  
Shall vanish from the sky some morning,  
The blessed sunlight still will stay.

# THE WORKERS' MARSEILLAISE

(Tune : The Marseillaise)

Adapted from French revolutionary battle song of 1792

Ye sons of toil, awake to glory!

Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise;  
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary —

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band —

Affright and desolate the land,

While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus :

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!

March on, march on, all hearts resolved

On Victory or Death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,

The vile, insatiate despots dare,

Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,

To mete and vend the light and air.

To mete and vend the light and air.

Like beasts of burden would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore,

But man is man, and who is more?

Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

O' Liberty, can man resign thee,

Once having felt thy generous flame?

Can dungeon's bolts and bars confine thee?

Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Or whips thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world has kept bewailing,

That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;

But Freedom is our sword and shield;

And all their arts are unavailing!

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

(Tune : There Is Power in the Blood)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

Chorus :

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.



# HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM!

(Tune : Revive Us Again)

Hobo parody of the last century,  
adapted by Spokane IWW winter  
of 1908 for use on song card of  
that year preceding songbooks

Chorus :

Hallelujah, I'm a bum!  
Hallelujah, bum again!  
Hallelujah, give us a handout  
To revive us again.

O, why don't you work  
Like other men do?  
How in hell can I work  
When there's no work to do?

O, why don't you save  
All the money you earn?  
If I did not eat  
I'd have money to burn.

O, I like my boss —  
He's a good friend of mine;  
That's why I am starving  
Out in the breadline.

I can't buy a job  
For I ain't got the dough,  
So I ride in a box-car  
For I'm a hobo.

Whenever I get  
All the money I earn  
The boss will be broke  
And to work he must turn.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

Words and Music by Joe Hill  
(9th Edition, 1916)

Workers of the world, awaken!

Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

Chorus:

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation,  
In One Union grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The end the means is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.

If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide:  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding —  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

\* \* \*

## ONE BIG INDUSTRIAL UNION

(Tune : Marching Through Georgia)

Written by G. G. Allen  
(10th Edition, 1917)

Bring the good old red book, boys, we'll sing another song —  
Sing it to the wage slave who has not yet joined the throng  
Of the revolution that will sweep the world along  
To One Big Industrial Union.

Chorus :

Hurray! Hurray! The truth will make you free —  
Hurray! Hurray! When will you workers see?  
The only way you'll gain your economic liberty  
Is One Big Industrial Union.

You migratory workers of the common labor clan,  
We sing to you to join and be a fighting Union Man;  
You must emancipate yourself, you proletarian,  
With One Big Industrial Union.

You cannot be free while your CLASS is enslaved. Join the  
IWW and find YOUR place in the final battle for emancipation  
of the world's workers.



## CHRISTIANS AT WAR

(Tune : Onward, Christian soldiers!)

Written by John F. Kendrick  
(9th Edition, 1916)

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain;  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill.  
Steal the farmers' savings, take their grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers, too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blight all that you meet;  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools:  
History will say of you: "That pack of G..d... fools."

# SHOULD I EVER BE A SOLDIER

(Tune : Colleen Bawn)

Written by Joe Hill

(1913 Edition)

We're spending billions every year  
For guns and ammunition,  
"Our Army" and "Our Navy" dear  
To keep in good condition;  
While millions live in misery  
And millions die before us,  
Don't sing "My Country, 'tis of thee,"  
But sing this little chorus :

Chorus :

Should I ever be a soldier,  
'Neath the Red Flag I would fight;  
Should the gun I ever shoulder,  
It's to crush the tyrants' might.  
Join the army of the toilers,  
Men and women fall in line,  
Wage slaves of the world, arouse !  
Do your duty for the cause,  
For Land and Liberty.

And many a maiden, pure and fair,  
Her love and pride must offer  
On Mammon's altar in despair,  
To fill the master's coffer.  
The gold that pays the mighty fleet  
From tender youth he squeezes,  
While brawny men must walk the street  
And face the wintry breezes.

Why do they mount their gatling gun  
A thousand miles from ocean,  
Where hostile fleet could never run —  
Ain't that a funny notion ?  
If you don't know the reason why  
Just strike for better wages,  
And then, my friends — if you don't die —  
You'll sing this song for ages.

# HOPE OF THE AGES

(Tune : Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue)

Written by E. Nesbit

(1911 Edition)

If you dam up the river of progress —  
At your peril and cost let it be;  
That river must seawards despite you —  
'Twill break down your dams and be free;  
And we heed not the pitiful barriers  
That you in its way have down cast;  
For your efforts but add to the torrent,  
Whose flood must o'erwhelm you at last.

Chorus :

For our banner is raised and unfurled;  
At your head our defiance is hurled;  
Our cry is the cry of the ages —  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces  
That strengthen the flood they oppose;  
For the harder oppression the fiercer  
The current will be when it flows.  
We shall win, and the tyrants' battalions  
Will scatter like chaff in the fight,  
From which the true Soldiers of Freedom  
Shall gather new courage and might.

Whether leading the van of the fighters,  
In bitterest stress of the strife;  
Or patiently bearing the burden  
Of changelessly commonplace life,  
One hope we have ever before us,  
One aim to attain and fulfill,  
One watchword we cherish to mark us,  
One kindred and brotherhood still.



What matter if failure on failure  
Crowd closely upon us and press?  
When a hundred have bravely been beaten  
The hundred and first wins success.  
Our watchword is "Freedom"; new soldiers  
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled,  
Our cry is the cry of the ages,  
Our hope is the hope of the world.

\* \* \*

## DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

(Tune : Take It to the Lord in Prayer)

Written by John Brill  
(9th Edition, 1916)

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer  
You can end with one good whack —  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —  
And dump the bosses off your back.

If one man has a dollar he didn't work for, some other  
man worked for a dollar he didn't get. — Haywood.

# COMMONWEALTH OF TOIL

(Tune : Nellie Gray)

Written by Ralph Chaplin  
(14th Edition, April 1918)

In the gloom of mighty cities  
    'Mid the roar of whirling wheels,  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
    And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels  
    And to coin our very life blood into gold.

Chorus :

But we have a glowing dream  
    Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
    When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
    In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
    Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
    Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
    Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead?

They have laid our lives out for us  
    To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
    Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
    With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?

When our cause is all triumphant  
    And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
    We shall live with Love and Laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
    And we'll not regret the price we have to pay.

## MAY DAY SONG

(Tune: Lohengrin Wedding March)

Written by Ralph Chaplin  
(15th Edition, 1919)

O' Labor Day, O' First of May,  
Welcomed and honored on land and sea.  
Winter so drear must disappear  
Fair days are coming for you and for me.  
We of the old world, building the New,  
Ours is the will and the power to do;  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring —  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

Banner so red, high overhead,  
Hated and feared by the powers that be!  
In every land firmly we stand;  
Men of all nations who labor are we.  
Under one banner, standing as one,  
Claiming the earth and our place in the sun.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring —  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

O' Labor Day, O' First of May,  
Warm with the gleam of the bright days to be!  
Join in the throng, fearless and strong —  
One mighty Union of world industry.  
Shoulder to shoulder, each in his place,  
Ours is the hope of the whole human race.  
Then let us sing, hail to the Spring —  
Hail to the Day we can strike to be free!

A shorter workday for all employed workers  
would put thousands now unemployed to work.  
If everyone worked there would be no poverty.



## SONS OF TOIL AND DANGER

This parody was made by young folks at Work Peoples College summer school in the early '30s by a slight adaptation of the theme song from the then-current movie "The Vagabond King". (first entry in songbook)

Come all ye rebels in every town,  
You lousy slaves of no degree,  
You slaves of no degree.  
We'll spare no effort to take our own  
And free ourselves from slavery —  
Ourselves from slavery.

You and I can more than live and toil and die;  
We can fight for liberty.

Sons of toil and danger  
Will you serve a stranger  
And bow down to slavery?  
Sons of toil and sorrow  
Will you cheer tomorrow  
For the end of slavery?

Onward, onward, fight against the foe!  
Forward, forward the crimson banners go.  
Sons of toil around us, break the chains that bound us,  
And to hell with slavery!

\* \* \*

## SCISSORBILL'S SONG

(Tune: America)

(from undated early Seattle edition)

Ova tannas Siam  
Geeva tannas Siam  
Ova tannas.  
Sucha tammas Siam  
Ino kan giffa dam  
Osucha nas Siam  
Osucha nas!

## GENERAL STRIKE SONG

(Tune from Ippolitov-Ivanov Caucasian Sketches,  
Melody in Industrial Worker May 1970)

Written by Louis Burcar for Industrial Worker May 4, 1934  
(first entry in songbook)

Over the land, over the sea  
Comes the call to join the fight — the strike to be free;  
Now everywhere ringing on the air  
Rebel voices mingle in wrathful harmony:

Lay down your tools, leave your machine,  
Come up from the mines, out of the fields so green;  
Tie up the ships, close down the shops —  
Let the parasites get wise as they get lean....

Deep down in mines, shut in shops of steel,  
Let them do the speed-up till their brains begin to reel;  
But no gears could work, starvation would lurk —  
Without us nothing moves — not a single wheel!  
Without us nothing moves — not a single wheel!

Then take up your tools, work your machine,  
Run your ships and factories, till the fields so green;  
But close the gates up tight — lock out the parasite —  
For he can never know what work and freedom mean.

No more to slave, no more to toil  
For well-fed politicians or masters drunk with might;  
Strike now as one, fight for our right  
To all that we produce from factory or soil.

So let us strike — strike to be free;  
Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage slavery;  
Join in the song, strike with the strong —  
All power to the Union — the world for the free!  
All power to the Union — the world for the free!

# THE TRAMP

(Tune : Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

Chorus :

Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue.

'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry —

Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around."



Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died;  
When he reached the pearly gate,  
Santa Peter, mean old skate,  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried :

\* \* \*

## I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB

(Tune : Just Before the Battle, Mother)

Written by T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta)  
(21st Edition, 1925)

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it —  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only —  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother",  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## SCISSOR BILL

(Tune : Steamboat Bill)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

First Chorus :

Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says : "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn Swede."  
He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

Second Chorus :

Scissor Bill the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says : "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody —  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.  
And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets up to Heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

Third Chorus :

Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh sure! He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.

\* \* \*

## BANNER OF LABOR

(Tune : The Star-Spangled Banner)

(1909 Edition)

O say can you hear, coming near and more near,  
The call now resounding "Come all ye that labor"?  
The Industrial Band throughout all the land  
Bids toilers remember each toiler his neighbor.  
Come workers unite! 'Tis humanity's fight;  
We call, you come forth in your manhood and fight.

Chorus :

And the Banner of Labor will surely soon wave  
O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil  
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes,  
While Poverty gaunt, desolation and want  
Have dwelt in the hovels of earth's toiling masses.  
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,  
Industrial union the wage slave now cheers.



## HARVEST HAND

(Tune : Beulah Land)

Written by M. Squirk  
(Solidarity, May 26, 1931)

The harvest time is here again,  
John Farmer don't need any men.  
The work that once was in our line  
Is now all done by the combine.

Chorus :

Oh harvest hand from every land,  
For union might we'll take our stand.  
We'll show them we will not eat dirt  
Or let them drive us off the earth —  
We'll organize and fight like men,  
And happiness shall come again.

## HARVEST LAND

Written by T-Bone and H  
(17th Edition, 1920)

The harvest drive is on again.  
John Farmer needs a lot of men  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

Chorus :

Oh Farmer John, Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is overdrawn.  
Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage.  
"Bull Durham" will not buy our brawn —  
You're out of luck, Poor Farmer John.

You advertise in Omaha :  
"Come leave the Valley of the Kaw".  
Nebraska calls : "Don't be misled;  
We'll furnish you a feather bed."

In North Dakota I'll be darned  
The "wise guy" sleeps in "hoosier's" barn;  
The "hoosier" breaks into his snore  
And yells: "It's quarter after four."

\* \* \*

## HARVEST WAR SONG

(Tune : Tipperary)

Written by Pat Brennan  
(9th Edition, 1916)

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to stay.  
For nigh on fifty years or more we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept in your hayfields, we have heard your morning shouts;  
We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-about's?

Chorus :

It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer John.  
Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we want  
no scabs around.

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-gun;  
We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,  
And call us tramps and hobo's, and pesky go-about's.

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.  
It is driving us to action — we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hobo's are coming back to stay.

# WE HAVE FED YOU ALL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS

Written by "An Unknown Proletarian", Music by Von Liebich  
(First listed printing Industrial Union Bulletin, April 18, 1908)

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years —  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share,  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,  
Good God! We have bought it fair!

Sheet music for this song with attractive color cover  
available from IWW, 2440 North Lincoln Avenue, Chi-  
cago, Illinois 60614.



# WORKERS OF THE WORLD ARE NOW AWAKING

(Tune : The Shade of the Old Apple Tree)

Written by Richard Brazier  
(1909 Edition)

The workers of the world are now awaking;  
The earth is shaking with their mighty tread.  
The master class in fear now is quaking;  
The sword of Damocles hangs o'er their head.  
The toilers in one union are uniting,  
To overthrow their cruel master's reign.  
In One Big Union now they all are fighting,  
The product of their labor to retain.

Chorus :

It's a union for true Liberty,  
It's a union for you and for me;  
It's the workers' own choice,  
It's for girls and for boys,  
Who want freedom from wage slavery;  
And we march with a Red Flag ahead,  
'Cause the blood of all nations is red —  
Come and join in the fray,  
Come and join us today,  
We are fighting for Freedom and Bread.

The master class in fear have kept us shaking,  
For long in bondage they have held us fast;  
But the fight the Industrial Workers are now making  
Will make our chains a relic of the past.  
Industrial Unionism now is calling,  
The toilers of the world they hear its cry,  
In line with the Industrial Workers falling,  
By their principles to stand or fall and die.

## IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN TO THE SOUPLINE

(Tune : Tipperary)

(1915 NYC adaptation of Hill Frisco Fair parody)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to find.  
The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go :

Chorus :

It's a long way down to the soupline,  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way down to the soupline,  
And the soup is thin I know.  
Good bye, good old pork chops,  
Farewell, beefsteak rare;  
It's a long way down to the soupline,  
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say :

(Chorus)

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed.  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free and strong,  
But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song :

(Chorus)

## MY WANDERING BOY

(Tune : Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight ?)

(One of four songs on 1908 song card)

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride ?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
He's on the head end of an overland train —  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
To strike many blows to the County he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will —  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight ?  
His money is "out of sight".  
Wherever he "blows", up against it he goes.  
Here's luck ! — to your boy tonight.



# THE REBEL GIRL

Words and Music written by Joe Hill in jail February 1915  
(Copyrighted 1916)

There are women of many descriptions  
In this queer world, as everyone knows,  
Some are living in beautiful mansions,  
And are wearing the finest of clothes.  
There are blue-blooded queens and princesses,  
Who have charms made of diamonds and pearl;  
But the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

Chorus :

That's the Rebel Girl, that's the Rebel Girl!  
To the working class she's a precious pearl.  
She brings courage, pride and joy  
To the fighting Rebel Boy;  
We've had girls before, but we need some more  
In the Industrial Workers of the World,  
For it's great to fight for freedom  
With a Rebel Girl.

Yes, her hands may be hardened from labor,  
And her dress may not be very fine;  
But a heart in her bosom is beating  
That is true to her class and her kind.  
And the grafters in terror are trembling  
When her spite and defiance she'll hurl;  
For the only and thoroughbred lady  
Is the Rebel Girl.

Words and music of "The Rebel Girl" may be obtained in  
popular sheet form from the IWW at 2440 North Lincoln  
Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

# MYSTERIES OF A HOBO'S LIFE

(Tune : The Girl I Left Behind Me)

Written by T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta)  
(17th Edition, 1920)

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers.  
They taught me how to be a man —  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause — To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

# WORKINGMEN, UNITE !

(Tune : Red Wing)

Written by E. S. Nelson  
(1909 Edition)

Chorus :

Shall we still be slaves and work for wages ?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor —  
Will be forevermore —  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of "gall";  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on!

Workingmen, unite !  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalistic tool,  
And serve your enemy?



## HOLD THE FORT

Chorus :

Hold the fort for we are coming —  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh.

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer.

"Hold the Fort" was first a gospel song by Bliss written in 1870 and based on an incident in the Civil War in which Union meant Northern. It was first made into a labor song by the Knights of Labor, and cast in the form above by British Transport Workers about 1890. It first entered the Songbook 8th Edition, 1914.

# WE WILL SING ONE SONG

(Tune : My Old Kentucky Home)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed.  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

Chorus :

Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear.

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted 'round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track.

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In sweatshops 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It is coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave.

## JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

Written in his cell November 18, 1915,  
on the eve of his execution

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

— Joe Hill.



## MR. BLOCK

(Tune : It Looks to Me Like a Big Time Tonight)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block he thinks he may  
Be President some day.

Chorus :

Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.  
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union — the great A.F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."  
Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy."

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock:  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job."

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state :  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell :  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so ?  
You'll meet them down below."

\* \* \*

## THE WHITE SLAVE

(Tune : Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear :

Chorus :

Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold,  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear;  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep :

Girls in this way fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages,  
Who is to blame ? You know his name,  
It's the boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptation calling everywhere.

# NOVEMBER NINETEENTH

(Tune : The Red Flag)

Written by John E. Nordquist  
(1916 Edition)

They've shot Joe Hill, his life has fled,  
They've filled his manly heart with lead;  
But his brave spirit hovers near  
And bids each fellow worker cheer.

Chorus :

On high the blood-red banners wave !  
The flag for which his life he gave;  
The master class shall rue the day  
They took Joe Hillstrom's life away.

Now fellow workers shed no tear,  
For Joe Hill died without a fear;  
He told the bosses' gunmen low :  
"I'm ready; fire! Let her go!"

No more Joe Hill shall pen the songs  
That pictured all the workers' wrongs;  
His mighty pen shall rust away,  
But all his songs are here to stay.

Now Salt Lake City's Mormon throngs  
Must list to Joe Hill's rebel songs;  
While rebel workers press the fight  
And show the One Big Union's might.

March on, march on, you mighty host,  
And organize from coast to coast;  
And Joe Hill's spirit soon shall see  
Triumphant Labor's victory.





**JOE HILL**

**Murdered by Authorities of the State  
of Utah, November 19, 1915**

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE !

(Tune : Love Me and the World Is Mine)

Written by Walquist  
(1911 Edition)

I wander up and down the street,  
Till I have blisters on my feet.  
My belly's empty, I've no bed,  
No place to rest my weary head.  
There are millions like me wandering,  
Who are deeply pondering,  
Oh, what must we do to live ?  
Shall the workers face starvation,  
Mis'ry and privation  
In a land so rich and fair ?

First Chorus :

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite !  
Take back your freedom and your right.  
You have nothing to lose now.  
Workers of the world, unite !

Oh workingmen, come organize !  
Oh when oh when will you get wise ?  
Are you still going to be a fool,  
And let the rich man o'er you rule ?  
It is time that you were waking,  
See the dawn is breaking.  
Come now, wake up from your dream.  
All this wealth belongs to toilers,  
And not to the spoilers.  
Wage slaves throw your chains away.

Second Chorus :

Unite, my Fellow Men, unite !  
And crush the greedy tyrants' might.  
The earth belongs to Labor.  
Workers of the world, unite !

# STAND UP! YE WORKERS

(Tune : Stand Up for Jesus)

Written by Ethel Comer  
(23rd Edition, 1927)

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.  
Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.  
From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.  
Unite, and fight for freedom  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.  
Put on the workers' armor  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:  
Unite in ONE BIG UNION —  
You've got a world to gain.

A good union man spreads good unionism and good sense: get readers for the *Industrial Worker*.



## A DREAM

(Tune: The Holy City)

Written by Richard Brazier  
(1909 Edition)

One day as I lay dreaming, this vision came to me:  
I saw an army streaming, singing of liberty;  
I marked these toilers passing by, I listened to their cry.  
It was a triumphant anthem — an anthem filled with joy.  
It was a triumphant anthem — an anthem filled with joy.

Chorus:

One Union, industrial union;  
Workers of the world unite  
To make us free from slavery  
And gain each man his right.

I saw the ruling classes watching this grand array  
Of marching, toiling masses passing on their way;  
With pallid cheeks and trembling limbs they gazed upon this throng,  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the song:  
And ever as they marched along the workers sang the song:

(Chorus)

Methought I heard the workers call to that ruling band —  
Come into our ranks, ye shirkers, for we now rule this land.  
Work or starve, the workers said, for you must earn your bread.  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the workers' song.  
Then into their ranks came the masters and joined the workers' song.

The army of production must be organized, not only for  
the everyday struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on  
production when capitalism shall have been overthrown.

# ALL HELL CAN'T STOP US

(Tune : Hold the Fort)

Written by Ralph Chaplin in Leavenworth  
(15th Edition)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know their end is near.

Chorus :

Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us,  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the parasite!

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to their feet!  
They of crime and persecution —  
They must work to eat!

Tear the mask of lies asunder,  
Let the truth be known,  
With a voice like angry thunder  
Rise and claim your own!

Down with greed and exploitation!  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's emancipation!  
Labor shall be all.

By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# BOOM WENT THE BOOM

(Tune : Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay)

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast,  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down :  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

First Chorus :

Ta-ra-ra BOOM-de-ay!  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise;  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount,  
Which to the savings bank I took,  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent.  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

Second Chorus :

Ta-ra-ra BOOM-de-ay!  
It made a noise that way.  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.



I must have been a wick,  
This soupline makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother anymore.  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

Third Chorus :

Ta-ra-ra BCOM-de-ay!  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay  
Went flying every way.  
All that I've got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day —  
Ta-ra-ra BOOM-de-ay!

This song, first printed in the Industrial Worker April 18, 1933, is credited to W. O. Blee, probably a pseudonym for Chaplin, entered Songbook 25th Edition.

## BLANKET STIFF

(1910 Edition)

He built the road.  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.



## **To Frank H. Little**

**(Lynched at Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917)**

We'll remember you Frank Little! . . .  
In the dead of night they came and pounced on you,  
Dragged you out as if you were an animal  
Without daring to let you put your clothes on  
Or bind up your broken leg.  
They spared you no indignity;  
They withheld from you no shame;  
Afterwards, no doubt, they washed their hands  
With the air of men who have done their bit  
In the cause of freedom.



We'll remember you, Frank Little!  
The papers said: "So far as known,  
He made no outcry."  
No, not you! Half Indian, half white man,  
All I. W. W.  
You'd have died a thousand deaths  
Before you'd have cried aloud  
Or whimpered once to let them  
Enjoy your pain.

— Phillips Russell

\* \* \*

## OVERALLS AND SNUFF

(Tune : Wearing of the Green)

(8th Edition, 1914)

One day as I was walking along the railroad track  
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back.  
He was an old-time hop-picker, I'd seen his face before,  
And I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.  
By the button that he wore, by the button that he wore,  
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.

He took the blankets off his back and sat down on the rail,  
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in jail.  
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,  
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike.  
Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,  
They are putting men in prison just for going out on strike.

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them in the pen;  
If they catch a Wobbly in their burg, they vag him there and then.  
There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore :  
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.  
We can always get some more, we can always get some more,  
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.



# THEY ARE ALL FIGHTERS

(Tune : San Antonio)

Written by Richard Brazier  
(1909 Edition)

There is a bunch of honest workingmen,  
They're known throughout the land.  
They've seen the horrors of the bull pen  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation,  
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As the Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

Chorus :

They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master they'll bring disaster;  
And if you join them, they'll let you know  
Just the reason the boss must go.

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights.  
They've proved themselves to be Labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights.  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded,  
For we still remain a union grand.  
Then hail to this fighting band!

"Yes," said the farmer on reflection, "all of the  
IWW fellers I've met seemed pretty decent lads;  
but them 'alleged' IWWs must be holy frights."

## ARE YOU A WOBBLY ?

(Tune : Are You from Dixie ?)

Written by Joe Foley  
(21st Edition, 1925)

Hello, there, worker, how do you do ?  
You're up against it; broke, hungry too.  
Don't be surprised, you're recognized,  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want — well, that's liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to tell it to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, there's a way, Bill,  
So listen to what I say :

Chorus :

Are you a Wobbly? Then listen, Buddy,  
For the One Big Union beckons to you —  
The Workers' Union, the Industrial Union;  
Tell every slave you see along the line :  
It makes no difference what your color,  
Creed or sex or kind,  
If you're a worker, then it's kick right in and join.  
Become a Wobbly and then we'll probably  
Free ourselves from slavery.

You like the idea, but then you say,  
"How can we do it — when is the day?"  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union — One Union Grand —  
All hands together we'll make our demand;  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms, Bill, and walk off the job.

# THE LUMBERJACK'S PRAYER

(Tune : Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow)

Written by T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta) about 1920

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake  
Give us this day a T-bone steak.  
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name,  
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, O Lord,  
And send us down some decent board,  
Brown gravy and some German fried  
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,  
I'm asking you for ham and eggs,  
And if Thou havest custard pies,  
I'd like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, Almighty Host,  
I quite forgot the quail on toast.  
Let your kindly heart be stirred  
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know Your holy wish,  
On Friday we must have a fish.  
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale;  
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me, Lord, remove these "dogs",  
These sausages of powdered logs;  
The bull beef hash and bearded snouts,  
Take them to Hell or thereabouts.



With alum bread and pressed beef butts  
Dear Lord, they've damn near ruined my guts;  
The whitewash milk and oleorine  
I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Oh, hear me, Lord, I'm praying still,  
But if You won't, our Union will  
Put porkchops on the bill of fare  
And starve no workers anywhere.

#### ANSWER TO THE PRAYER

I am happy to say this prayer has been  
Answered — by the "old man" himself.  
He tells me he has furnished plenty for all,  
And that if I'm not getting mine  
It's because I'm not organized.  
Sufficiently strong to force  
The master to loosen up.

He tells me He has no knowledge  
Of "dogs", pressed beef butts, etc.  
And that they are probably  
Products of the Devil.

He further informs me that  
The Capitalists are children of His'n,  
And that he absolutely refuses  
To participate in any children's squabbles.  
He believes in fighting it out along  
The lines of Industrial Unionism.

— Yours in faith,  
T-Bone Slim

# FIFTY THOUSAND LUMBERJACKS

(Tune : Portland County Jail)

(13th Edition, 1917)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;  
For fifty years they've packed a bed, but never will again.

Chorus :

"Such a lot of devils," — that's what the papers say —  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some increase in pay.  
They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out as one;  
They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the bum."

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike — but now they're fifty thousand strong.

Take a tip and start right in; plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds in each, with towels, sheets, and brooms.\*  
Shower baths for men who work keep them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room would help a little bit.

\* Conditions fought for in 1917 no longer acceptable.

The 1917 lumber strike changed the outcast, blanket-toting timberbeast into a highly respected lumber worker welcomed anywhere. No other strike in history has so transformed life styles. The demands that did this were won by job action after military repressions made it advisable for IWW to call the walkout off, seemingly defeated.

# DOLLAR ALARM CLOCK

(Tune : Old Oaken Bucket)

Written by John Healy  
(14th Edition, 1918)

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal — maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

Chorus :

The faithful alarm clock;  
The rattling alarm clock;  
The dollar alarm clock  
That rests on my shelf.

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented :  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented;  
It never gets hungry, it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive —  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.



## STUNG RIGHT

(Tune : Sunlight, Sunlight)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign, "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet.  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

Chorus :

Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.

The man he said, "The U. S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's shoes.

One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down and out;  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice;  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means :  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's Pork and Beans.

## THE PRISON SONG

(Tune : Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching)

Written by William Whalen  
(1916 Edition)

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted — nit —  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

Chorus :

Are you busy, Fellow Workers?  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and",  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave;  
There is no one but the working class to blame.

When the eighty-five per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth —  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.

This appeared under the title "Everett County Jail"  
in the 15th Edition of the IWW Songbook in 1919, and  
later as "California Prison Song".





Wesley Everest

Murdered by the Lumber Trust

Centralia, Wash., November 11, 1919



## THE TRAGEDY OF SUNSET LAND

(Tune : Silvery Colorado)

Written by Loren Roberts, One of the Centralia Victims  
(21st Edition, 1925)

There's a little Western city in the shadow of the hills  
Where sleeps a brave young rebel 'neath the dew;  
Now he's free from life's long struggle, his name is with us still;  
We know that he was fearless, tried and true.  
In a homely pine board coffin our warrior lies at rest.  
Those henchmen turned loose on him one day —  
These parting words were spoken: "Boys, I did my best!"  
Where the old Chehalis River flows its way.

Chorus :

Now the moonbeams in the dell linger there in sad farewell,  
In memory of that fateful autumn day;  
And some day we are coming home in the Sunset Land to roam,  
Where the old Chehalis River flows its way.

The monarchs of the forest were secure in their regime  
When they took brave Wesley Everest's life away.  
His name will be a memory in the workers' high esteem —  
Where the old Chehalis River flows its way.

When the sunlight floods the hilltops and the birds will sing once more,  
In that valley we will settle down to stay,  
There to organize the workers on that lonely woodland shore —  
Where the old Chehalis River flows its way.

For every dollar the parasite has that he didn't  
really work for, there's a slave around somewhere  
who worked for a dollar he didn't really get.

# WHERE THE FRASER RIVER FLOWS

(Tune : Where the River Shannon Flows)

Written by Joe Hill in Fraser River Strike Camp  
(1912 Edition)

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

Chorus :

Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and  
better pay, boys!  
And we're going to win the day, boys; where the River Fraser flows.

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, as each fellow worker knows.  
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather where the Fraser River flows.

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching,  
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.  
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil spared them  
Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.

This is one of several songs Joe Hill wrote in strike picket camps along the line of the Canadian Northern in British Columbia in spring of 1912. The strike shut down 400 miles of railroad construction and made IWW stop shipments from Duluth and Los Angeles. Folklore has it that during this strike a Chinese restaurant keeper coined the term Wobbly trying to ask men if they were IWW members.

## EVERETT, NOVEMBER FIFTH

Written by Charles Ashleigh  
(ISR, February 1917)

("...and then the Fellow Worker died, singing  
'Hold the Fort'....." — from the report of one of  
the witnesses in the trial involving 74 members  
of the IWW arising from the massacre of the free  
speech fighters on the ship Verona by a drunken  
sheriff's posse at Everett, November 5, 1916.)

Song on his lips, he came;  
Song on his lips, he went;  
This be the token we bear of him,  
Soldier of Discontent!

Out of the dark they came; out of the night  
Of poverty and injury and woe —  
With flaming hope, their vision thrilled to light,  
Song on their lips, and every heart aglow.

They came, that none should trample Labor's right  
To speak, and voice her centuries of pain.  
Bare hands against the master's armored might!  
A dream to match the tolls of sordid gain!

And then the decks went red; and the grey sea  
Was written crimsonly with ebbing life.  
The barricade spewed shots and mockery  
And curses, and the drunken lust of strife.

Yet, the mad chorus from that devil's host,  
Yea, all the tumult of that butcher throng,  
Compound of bullets, booze and coward boast,  
Could not out-shriek one dying worker's song!



## CASEY JONES — THE UNION SCAB

(Tune : Casey Jones)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1912 Edition)

The Workers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S. P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"  
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,  
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S. P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S. P. freight."  
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on strike;  
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S. P. line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur —  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

\* \* \*

## OUT IN THE BREADLINE

(Tune : Throw Out the Lifeline)

(1911 Edition)

Out in the breadline, the fool and the knave,  
Out in the breadline, the sucker and slave;  
Coffee and doughnuts now take all our cash;  
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

Chorus :

Out in the breadline, rain or sunshine,  
We're up against it today.  
Out in the breadline, watching the job signs,  
We're on the bum, boys, today.

The employment office now ships east and west;  
Jobs are quite scarce — they are none of the best;  
Grub, it is rocky — a discount we pay,  
We are dead broke and we'll have to eat hay.

We are the big bums, the hoboes, and vags,  
Oh, we look hungry, our clothes are in rags,  
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake  
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake.

# THE RED FLAG

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland or Tannenbaum)

Written by James Connell in 1889

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its very fold.

Chorus:

Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells the surging throng.

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.



# THE POPULAR WOBBLY

(Tune : They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me)

Written by T-Bone Slim (Valentine Huhta)  
(1920 Edition)

I'm as mild-mannered man as can be,  
And I've never done them harm that I can see;  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty,  
But I can't see why they always pick on me;  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see;  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree;  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key;  
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;  
They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

(Tune : In the Sweet Bye and Bye)

Written by Joe Hill

(1911 Edition)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

Main Chorus :

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum :

If you fight hard for children and wife —  
Try to get something good in this life —  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight;  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain :

Last Chorus :

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

We Welcome All Wage Workers —  
except a few whose job is to fight us

If there is no IWW hall or office in your vicinity and no job delegate, write to the IWW General Secretary, 2440 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60614, explaining about your job and your occupation. Where there is no IWW union bargaining for you, initiation fee and two months' dues costs \$5 and brings you the Industrial Worker free. (For non-members, the subscription price is \$2 per year or \$5 for three years.) Also write in to the IWW about any local organizing opportunities. To charter a branch, at least 20 members or applicants must sign the charter application.

IWW literature lists sent on request.

If you read Finnish, subscribe to the Industrialisti twice a week \$10 a year.



# SHEET MUSIC

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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS  
OF THE WORLD

2440 North Lincoln  
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FREEDOM

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SONGS

SO CAN  
THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

Industrial Workers of the World



## PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



# SONGS of the workers

TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

*34th Edition*

*Issued May 1, 1973*

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**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD**

752 West Webster Avenue

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\*

*This is the 34th Edition of this series of songbooks, started in 1909 and preceded by a card of four songs in 1908. Unless otherwise indicated, numbers by titles give the year or the edition in which the song first appeared in the IWW songbook, regardless of when it was written, as: "13th edition, 1917."*

\*

*We are aware that many of the songs speak of working men and fail to include women. This reflects the language of the period in which they were written, not any exclusionary policy of the IWW. In fact, the IWW has never discriminated against women, either in organizing them or in placing major responsibility on them.*



## Solidarity Forever

(Tune: *John Brown's Body*)

(by Ralph Chaplin, January 1915) (9th edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall  
run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of  
one?

But the Union makes us strong.

*Solidarity forever!*

*Solidarity forever!*

*Solidarity forever!*

*For the Union makes us strong.*

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his  
might?

Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they  
trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand outcast and starving, 'midst the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by  
stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we  
learn

That the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.  
For the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

## The International

(by Eugene Pottier; translated by Charles H. Kerr)  
(words and music on next two pages)

*[The First International or International Workingmen's Association was founded in London in 1864 and the Second Socialist and Labor International in Paris in 1889. This originally French song has ever since expressed their hopes in all the languages of mankind.]*

*[It is particularly noteworthy that this song was written not at a moment of revolutionary triumph and euphoria, but rather in June of 1871, when the Communards of Paris were being slaughtered by the hundreds. Furthermore, the stirring melody was composed not by a trained professional musician, but by a workingman of Paris, DeGeyter.]*

# The International

Adapted from  
CHAS. H. KERR'S translation.

Harmonized by  
RUDOLF LIEBICH

*Slightly slower than march time*

1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion A - rise ye wretched of the  
2. We want no con-descend-ing sav - iors To rule us from their judgment  
3. The law oppress-es us and tricks us, The wage slave system drains our  
4. Be - hold them seated in their glo - ry, The kings of mine and rail and  
5. We toil - ers from all fields u - nit - ed Join hand in hand with all who

earth For jus - tice thunders condem - na - tion A bet - ter world's in  
hall We work-ers ask not for their fav - ors Let us con - sult for  
blood; The rich are free from ob - li - ga - tions, The laws the poor de -  
soil! What have you read in all their sto - ry, But how they plun - dered  
work; The earth be - longs to us, the work-ers. No room here for the

birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye  
all To make the thief dis - gorge his boo - ty To free the  
lude. Too long we've languished in sub - ject - ion, E - qual - i -  
toil? Fruits of the work-ers' toil are bur - ied In strongholds  
shirk. How man y on our flesh have fat - tened! But if the

slaves no more in thrall The earth shall rise on new foun -  
spir - it from its cell We must our selves de cide our  
ty has oth - er laws; "No rights" says she, "with-out their  
of the i - dle few; In work - ing for their res - ti -  
nor - some birds of prey Shall van - ish from the sky some



da - tions We have been naught we shall be all.  
 du - ty We must de - cide and do it well.  
 du - ties, No claims on e - quals with - out cause."  
 tu - tion The men will on - ly claim their due.  
 morn - ing The bles - sed sun - light then will stay.

REFRAIN *March time*

'Tis the fin al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race 'Tis the

fin - al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race.

## There Is Power In A Union

*(Tune: There Is Power In The Blood)*  
*(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)*

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

*[Chorus] There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.*

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back? *[chorus]*

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man. *[chorus]*

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. *[chorus]*

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man. *[chorus]*

## Hallelujah, I'm A Bum!

*(Tune: Revive Us Again)*

*[Hobo parody of the last century, adapted by Spokane IWW winter of 1908 for use on song card of that year, preceding songbooks]*

O, why don't you work  
Like other men do?  
How in hell can I work  
When there's no work to do?

*[Chorus]    Hallelujah, I'm a bum!  
              Hallelujah, bum again!  
              Hallelujah, give us a handout  
              To revive us again.*

O, why don't you save  
All the money you earn?  
If I did not eat  
I'd have money to burn.    *[chorus]*

O, I like my boss —  
He's a good friend of mine;  
That's why I am starving  
Out in the breadline.    *[chorus]*

I can't buy a job  
For I ain't got the dough,  
So I ride in a box-car  
For I'm a hobo.    *[chorus]*

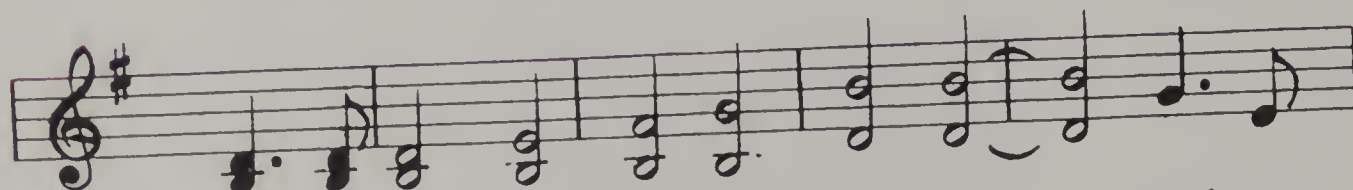
Whenever I get  
All the money I earn  
The boss will be broke  
And to work he must turn.    *[chorus]*



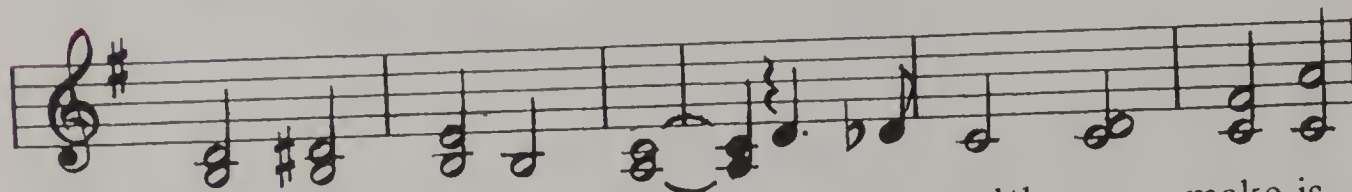
*Marching-Song dedicated to all class-conscious workers - everywhere*

# Workers of the World Awaken

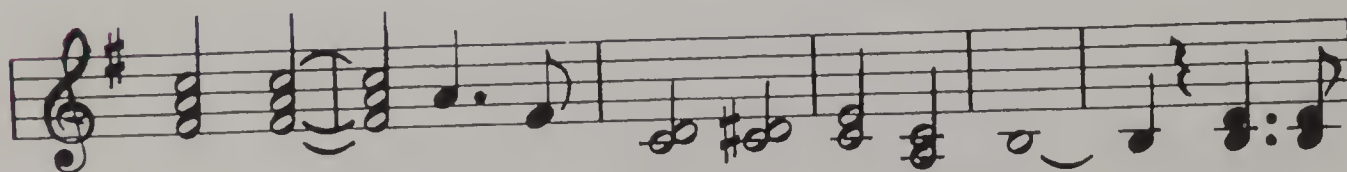
Words & Music by JOE HILL



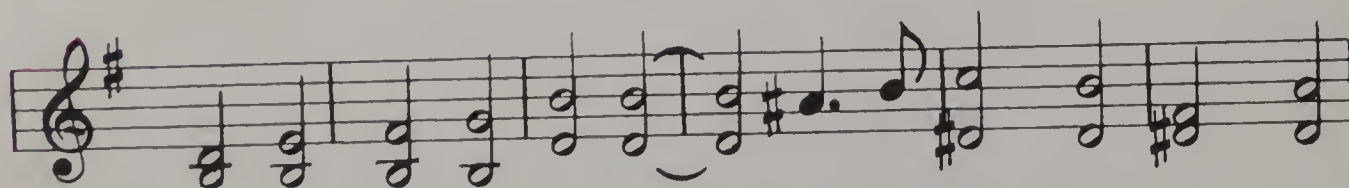
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en      Break your  
If the work-ers take a no - tion      They can  
Join the Un - ion Fel - low Work-ers      Men and  
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en      Rise in



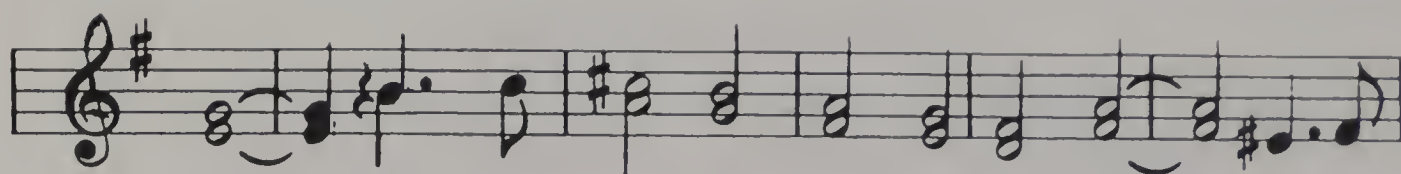
chains, de - mand your rights All the wealth you make is  
stop all speed-ing trains Ev - ery ship u - pon the  
wo - men side by side We will crush the greed-y  
all your splen-did might Take the wealth which you are



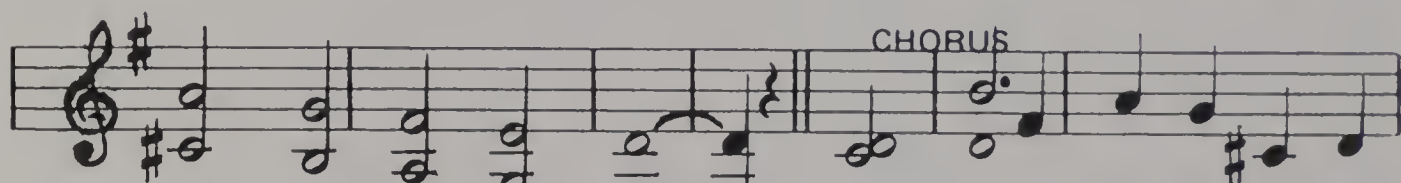
tak - en      By ex - ploit ing par - a - sites.      Shall ye  
o - cean      They can tie with might-y chains      Ev - ery  
shirk-ers      Like a sweep-ing surg-ing tide      For u -  
mak-ing      It be - longs to you by right      No one



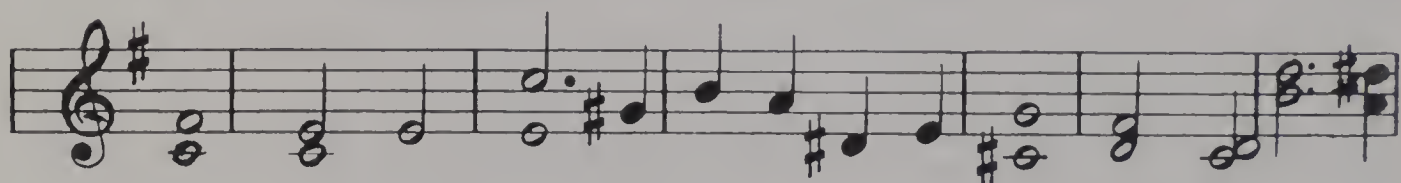
kneel in deep sub-mis - sion From your cra - dle to your  
wheel in the cre-a - tion Ev - ery mine and ev - ery  
nit - ed we are stand-ing But di - vid - ed we will  
will for bread be cry - ing We'll have Free-dom, Love and



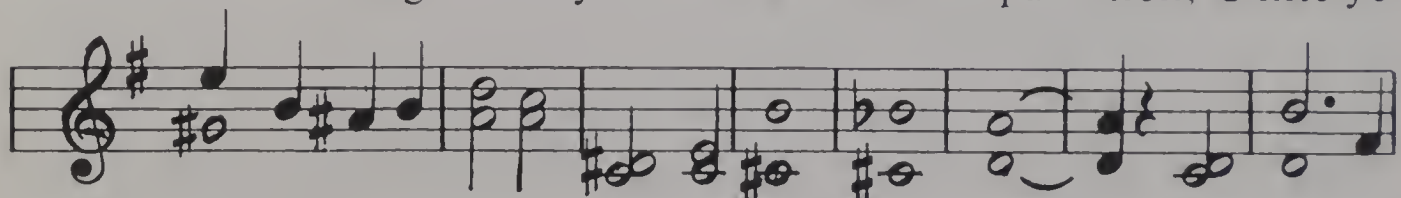
graves Is the height of your am-bi - tion To be  
mill Fleets and ar - mies of the na - tion Will at  
fall Let this be our un - der-stand-ing All for  
Health When the Grand Red Flag is fly - ing In the



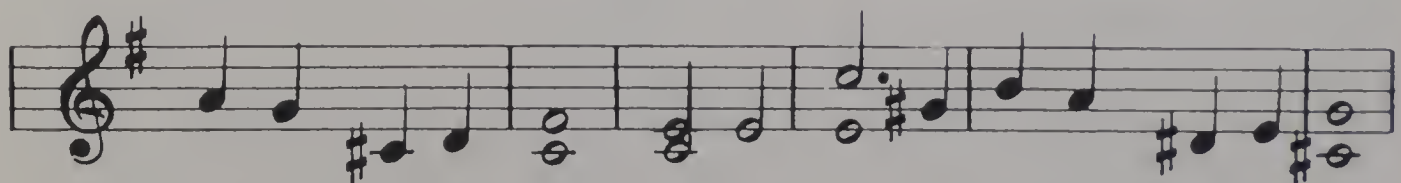
good and will - ing slaves. A-rise ye pris'-ners of star-  
their com-mand stand still.  
One and One for All.  
Work-ers Com - mon - wealth.



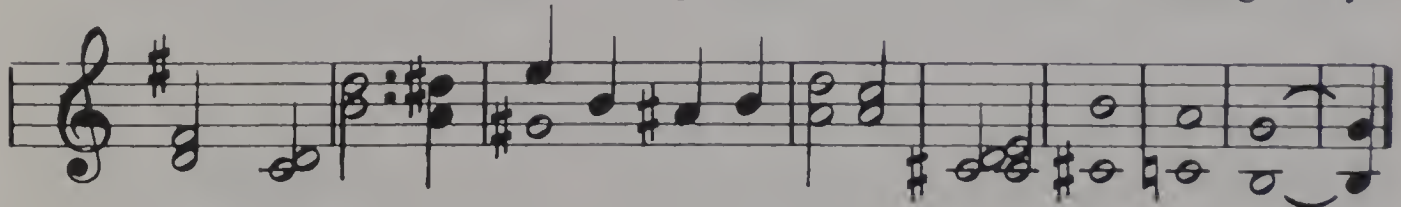
va - tion Fight for your own E-man-ci - pa - tion, U-nite ye



slaves of ev'-ry na-tion In One Un - ion Grand.--- Our lit - tle



ones for bread are cry - ing And mil-lions are from hun-ger dy-



ing, The end the means are jus-ti-fy-ing 'Tis the fin - al stand.-

## Christians At War

*(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers!)*  
*(by John F. Kendrick) (9th edition, 1913)*

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain:  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools:  
History will say of you: "That pack of G.. d... fools."



## Commonwealth Of Toil

(Tune: Nellie Gray. Also sounds good to That Aggravating  
Beauty Lula Walls)

(by Ralph Chaplin) (14th edition, April 1918)

In the gloom of mighty cities  
'Mid the roar of whirling wheels  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

[Chorus] But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead? [chorus]  
They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad? [ch.]  
When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with love and laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay. [chorus]

## The Red Feast

*(by Ralph Chaplin, 1914) (21st edition, 1925)*

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag — the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed,  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead;  
The condor thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar,  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions — what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distill  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathesome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.  
So they will smite your blind eyes till you see  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.  
Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist  
That Labor's bondage, worldwide, is the same  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

### The Boss

*(Tune: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow)*  
*(author unknown – perhaps John Neuhaus)*

Praise boss when morning work-bells chime.  
Praise him for bits of overtime.  
Praise him whose wars we love to fight.  
Praise him, fat leech and parasite.



## Dump The Bosses Off Your Back

*(Tune: Take It To The Lord In Prayer)*  
*(by John Brill) (9th edition, 1916)*

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer  
You can end with one good whack —  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —  
And dump the bosses off your back.

## Scissorbill's Song

*(Tune: America)*  
*(from undated early Seattle edition)*

Ova tannas Siam  
Geeva tannas Siam  
Ove tannas.  
Sucha tammas Siam  
Ino kan giffa dam  
Osucha nas Siam  
Osucha nas!

## Stung Right

(Tune: Sunlight, Sunlight)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign, "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet.  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

[Chorus] *Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.*

The man he said, "The U.S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's shoes.

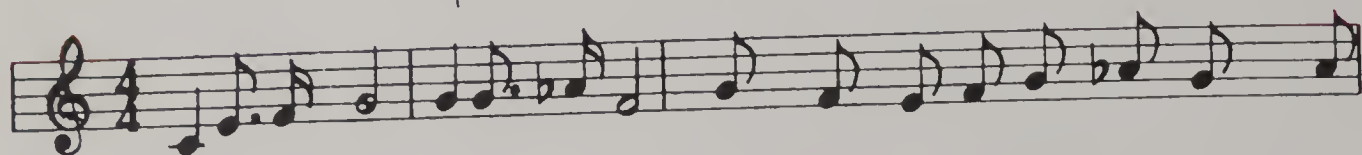
One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down and out.  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice;  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

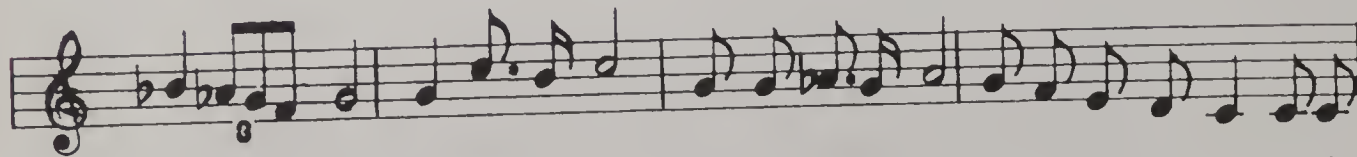
Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means:  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's Pork and  
Beans.

## General Strike Song

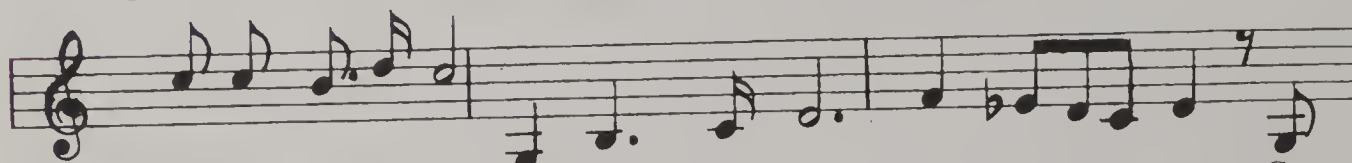
(Tune: Procession of the Sardar, by Ippolitov-Ivanov)  
(by Louis Burcar, for Industrial Worker, May 4, 1934)  
(33rd edition, 1970)



O-ver the land, o-ver the sea Comes the call to join the fight — the



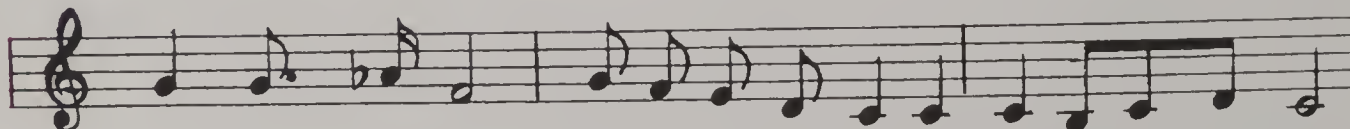
strike to be free; Now ev-ery-where ring-ing on the air Reb-el voi-ces min-gle in



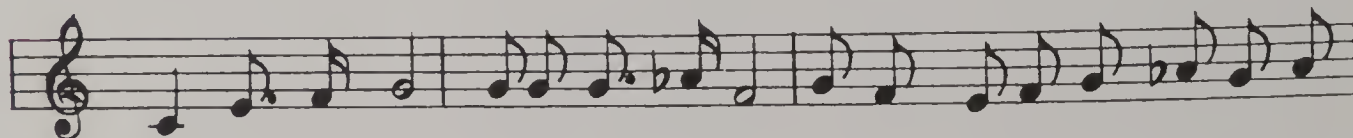
wrath-ful har-mo-ny: Lay down your tools, leave your ma-chine, Come



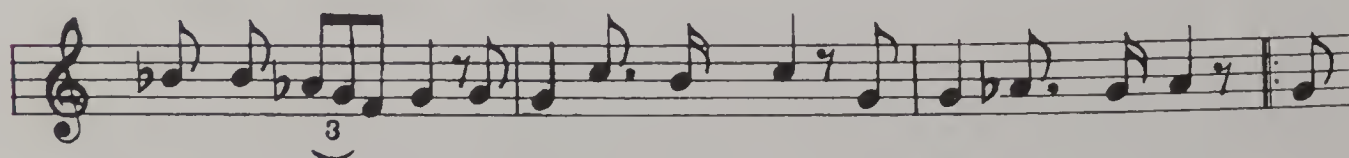
up from the mines, out of the fields so green; Tie up the ships,



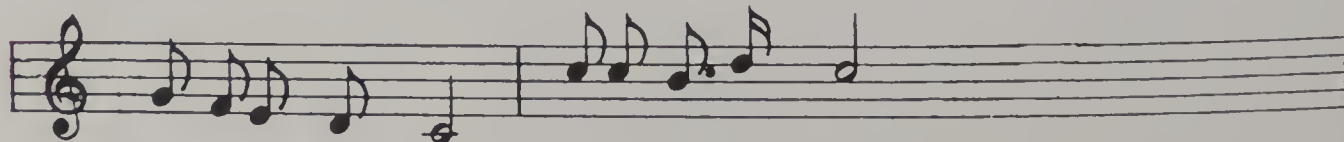
close down the shops — Let the par - a - sites get wise as they get lean.



Deep down in mines, shut in shops of steel, Let them do the speed-up till their



brains be-gin to reel; But no gears could work, star-va-tion would lurk — With-



out us noth-ing moves — not a sin-gle wheel!



*Second* Then take up your tools, work your machine,  
*verse:* Run your ships and factories, till the fields so green;  
But close the gates up tight — lock out the parasite —  
For he can never know what work and freedom mean.

No more to slave, no more to toil  
For well-fed politicians or masters drunk with might;  
Strike now as one, fight for our right  
To all that we produce from factory or soil.

So let us strike — strike to be free;  
Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage-slavery!  
Join in the song, strike with the strong —  
All power to the Union — the world for the free!  
All power to the Union — the world for the free!

### Banner Of Labor

*(Tune: The Star-Spangled Banner)*  
*(1909 edition)*

O say can you hear, coming near and more near,  
The call now resounding “Come all ye that labor”?  
The Industrial Band throughout all the land  
Bids toilers remember each toiler his neighbor.  
Come workers unite! ’Tis humanity’s fight;  
We call, you come forth in your manhood and fight.

*[Chorus]* And the Banner of Labor will surely soon wave  
O’er the land that is free from the master and slave.

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil  
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes,  
While Poverty gaunt, desolation and want  
Have dwelt in the hovels of earth’s toiling masses.  
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,  
Industrial union the wage slave now cheers. *[chorus]*

## The Tramp

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

[Chorus] *Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.*

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue. [chorus]  
'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry — [cho !]  
Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around." [ch.]

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died;  
When he reached the pearly gate  
Santa Peter, mean old skate  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried: *[ch.]*

### I'm Too Old To Be A Scab

*(Tune: Just Before The Battle, Mother)*

*(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta] ) (21st edition, 1925)*

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.

Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.

I must have the all that's in it —  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only —  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother,"  
I'm too old to be a scab.



## Scissor Bill

(Tune: Steamboat Bill)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

*Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.*

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol durn Swede."  
He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

*Scissor Bill the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody –  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.*

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.

And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets to heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

*Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh sure! He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.*

## WHAT IS A SCAB?

*attributed to Jack London*

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which to make a SCAB. A SCAB is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-logged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a SCAB comes down the street, men turn their backs and angels weep in Heaven, and the Devil shuts the gates of Hell to keep him out. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a SCAB. For betraying his master, he had the character to hang himself — a SCAB hasn't.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British Army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust, or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strikebreaker is a traitor to himself, a traitor to his God, a traitor to his country, a traitor to his family, and a traitor to his class.

There is nothing lower than a SCAB.

## Harvest Land

(Tune: Beulah Land)

(by T-Bone and H) (17th edition, 1920)

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

[Chorus] *Oh Farmer John – Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn.  
– Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage –  
“Bull Durham” will not buy our brawn –  
You’re out of luck – poor Farmer John.*

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come leave the Valley of the Kaw,”  
Nebraska calls “Don’t be mis-led.  
We’ll furnish you a feather bed!” [chorus]

Then South Dakota lets a roar,  
“We need ten thousand men – or more;  
Our grain is turning – prices drop!  
For God’s sake save our bumper crop.” [chorus]

In North Dakota – (I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosiers” barn  
– Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

[Chorus] *Oh Harvest Land – Sweet Burning Sand!  
– As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain –  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.*



## Harvest War Song

(Tune: Tipperary)

(by Pat Brennan) (9th edition, 1916)

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to  
stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-  
abouts?

[Chorus]

*It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer  
John.*

*Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.*

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-  
gun;

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about. [cho.]

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.  
It is driving us to action — we are organized today;  
Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay. [cho.]

## We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years

*(written by 'An Unknown Proletarian,' music by Von Liebich)  
(first listed printing, Industrial Union Bulletin, April 18, 1908)*

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years —  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share,  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,  
Good God! We have bought it fair!

## WHAT IS A BOSS?

When the body was first created, there was contention among the component parts as to who was going to be the boss.

The brain said: "Since I am the nerve center that controls everything and does all of the thinking, I should be the boss."

The feet said: "Since I carry all the friggin' weight, I should be the boss."

The hands said: "Since I must do all the manual labor and earn all the money to keep the rest of you going, I should be the boss."

The eyes said: "Since I must look out for all of you and let you know when danger lurks, I should be the boss."

And so it went with the heart, the lungs, and various other component parts of the body, till there was no one left but the anus. All the others laughed when he made his bid for bosshood, for who ever heard of an anus being boss of anything? This rebuff upset the anus so much that in a pique of anger he closed himself off completely and refused to function any further.

Soon the brain was feverish; the eyes crossed and ached; the feet were too weak to carry the load; the hands hung limply at the sides; and the heart, the lungs, and all the rest of the component parts struggled to keep going. They all capitulated to the anus, and he finally became the boss.

While they did all the work, the anus just basked and let out a lot of hot air, along with the other material that it is the anus's function to let out.

The moral of this little episode is that it takes no special talent to be a boss — so why have one if everyone knows how to work together in harmony? Think about it!

— X 325505



## It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline

(Tune: Tipperary)

(1915 NYC adaptation of Joe Hill's S.F. World's Fair parody)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to  
find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

*[Chorus] It's a long way down to the soupline,*

*It's a long way to go.*

*It's a long way down to the soupline,*

*And the soup is thin I know.*

*Good bye, good old pork chops,*

*Farewell, beefsteak rare;*

*It's a long way down to the soupline,*

*But my soup is there.*

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say: *[ch.]*

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once  
destroyed

By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed.  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free  
and strong,

But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song: *[ch.]*

## Mysteries Of A Hobo's Life

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)

(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta] ) (17th edition, 1920)

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers  
They taught me how to be a man —  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause — To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## My Wandering Boy

(Tune: Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?)

(One of four songs on 1908 song card)

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train —  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows to the County he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will —  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's wage slave still.



Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck! — to your boy tonight.

## The Song Of The Rail

*(by Ralph Chaplin) (21st edition, 1925)*

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,  
Stickin' around at a regular job.  
All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,  
We don't fit in on a laborin' job.  
Things here is much too precise and pernickity,  
Bo, I would just as soon be in a jail.  
Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.  
  
Us for the road and the old hobo way again,  
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,  
Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,  
Nary a worry of work to be done.  
Say, ain't you ready to beat it by crickity —  
Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,  
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.  
  
Judges will call you a shame to society,  
Brakemen'll bounce you off onto the ground.  
Trampin's no cinch but it's full of variety,  
Here we're just ploddin' around and around.  
Honest, I'm getting all feeble and rickety,  
Say, Bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick:  
Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, clickity, clickity, click.

## Workingmen, Unite!

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by E. S. Nelson) (1909 edition)

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor —  
Will be forevermore —  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

[Chorus] *Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.*

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of “gall”;  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we’ll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on! [chorus]

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We’ve got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy? [chorus]

## Hold The Fort

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

*[Chorus] Hold the fort for we are coming –  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.*

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh. *[chorus]*

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe. *[chorus]*

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer. *[chorus]*

*[Hold The Fort was first a gospel song by Bliss written in 1870 and based on an incident in the Civil War in which Union meant Northern. It was first made into a labor song by the Knights of Labor, and cast in the form above by British Transport Workers about 1890. It first entered the Songbook in the 8th edition, 1914.]*



## We Will Sing One Song

(Tune: My Old Kentucky Home)

(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed.  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

*[Ch.] Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.*

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear. *[chorus]*

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track. *[chorus]*

We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In sweatshops 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It is coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave. [chorus]

### Joe Hill's Last Will

*(Written in his cell November 18, 1915,  
on the eve of his execution)*

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan –  
“Moss does not cling to a rolling stone.”  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

— Joe Hill.

## Mr. Block

*(Tune: It Looks To Me Like A Big Time Tonight)*  
*(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)*

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block thinks he may  
Be President some day.

*[Chorus] Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.  
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.*

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law." *[chorus]*

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union — the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."  
Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy." *[chorus]*

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock:  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,



"I helped him to his job." [chorus]

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.

He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell:

I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."

Old Pete said, "Is that so?

You'll meet them down below." [chorus]

## Overalls And Snuff

(Tune: Wearing Of The Green)

(8th edition, 1914)

One day as I was walking along the railroad track  
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back.  
He was an old-time hop-picker, I'd seen his face before,  
And I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.

*By the button that he wore, by the button that he wore,  
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.*

He took the blankets off his back and sat down on the rail,  
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in jail.  
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,  
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike.

*Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,  
They are putting men in prison just for going out on strike.*

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them in  
the pen;

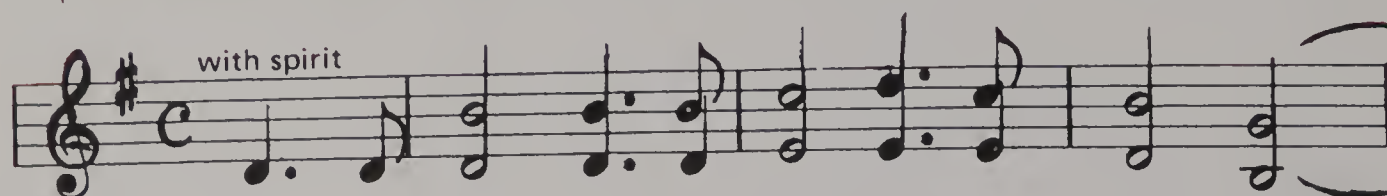
If they catch a Wobbly in their burg, they vag him there and  
then.

There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore:  
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.

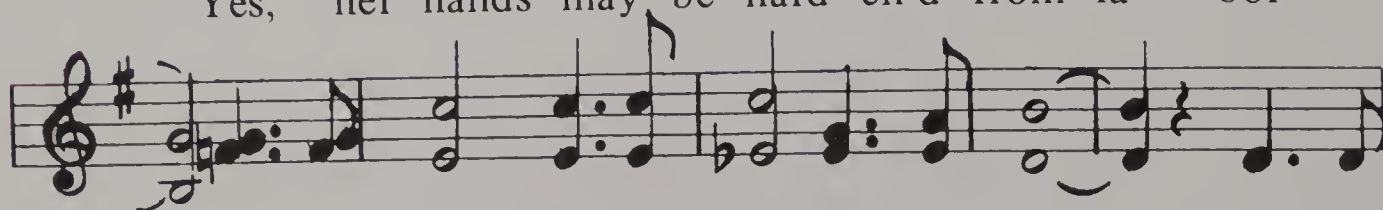
*We can always get some more, we can always get some more,  
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.*

# THE REBEL GIRL

*(words and music written by Joe Hill in jail, February 1915)*



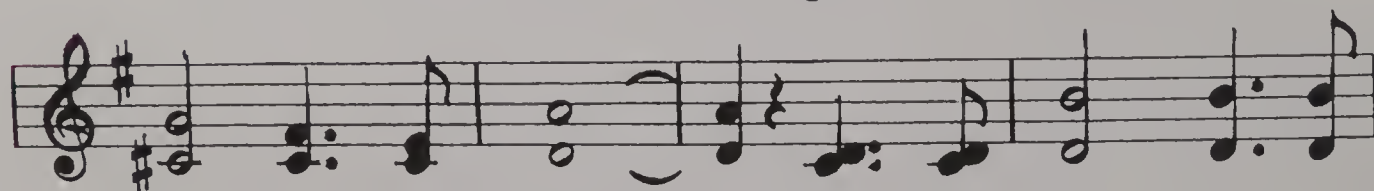
There are wo - men of man - y de - scrip - tions—  
Yes, her hands may be hard - en'd from la - bor —



— In this queer world as eve - ry - one knows— Some are  
— And her dress may not be ver - y fine — But a



liv - ing in beau - ti - ful man - sions— And are wear - ing the  
heart in her bos - om is beat - ing — That is true to her



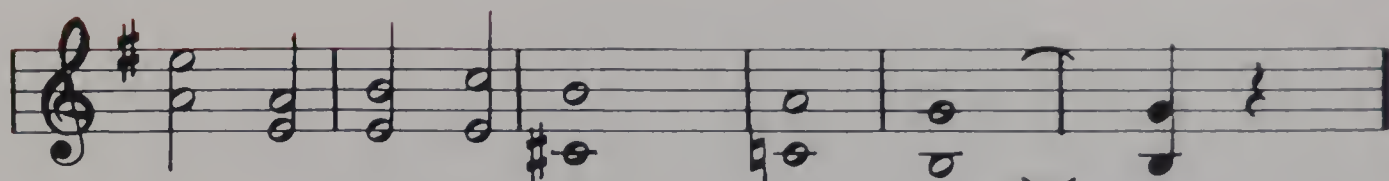
fin - est of clothes — — There are blue blood - ed  
class and her kind — — — And the graft - ers in



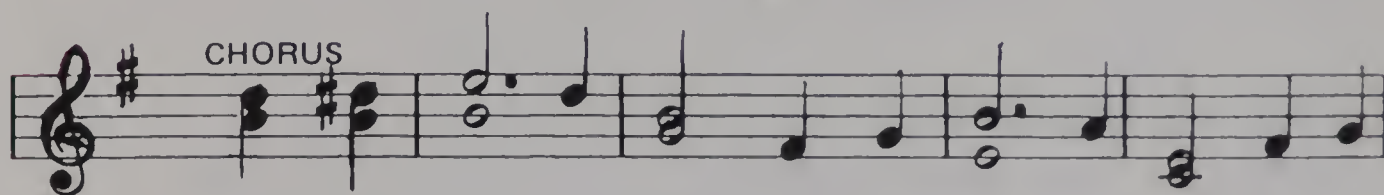
queens and prin - cess - es — — Who have charms made of  
ter - ror are tremb - ling — — When her spite and de -



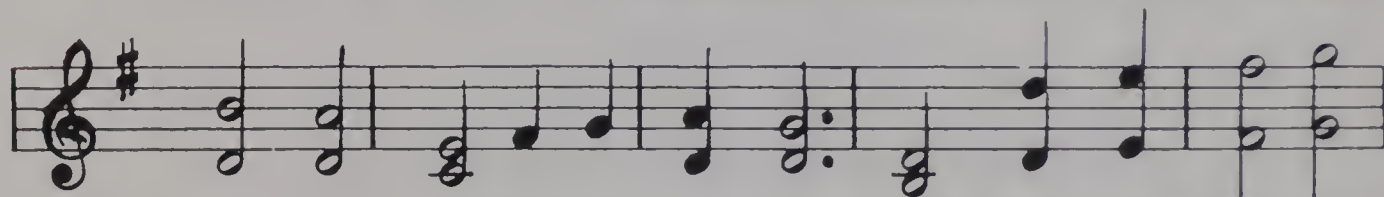
dia - monds and pearl — — But the on - ly and tho - rough - bred  
fi - ance she'll hurl — — For the on - ly and tho - rough - bred



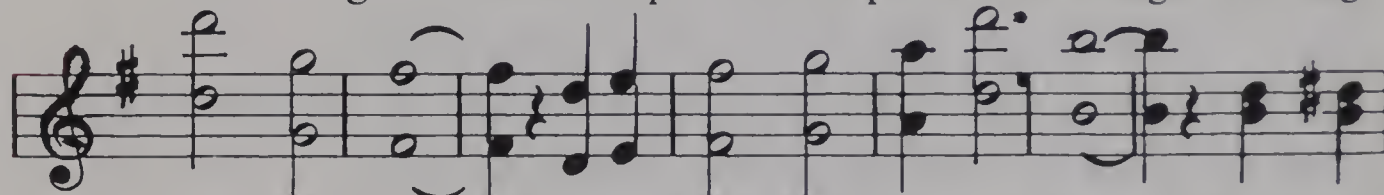
la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. - - - -  
la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. - - - -



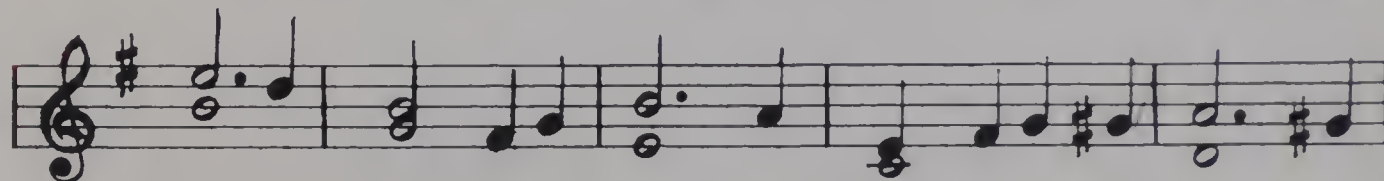
That's the Reb - el Girl, That's the Reb - el Girl, To the



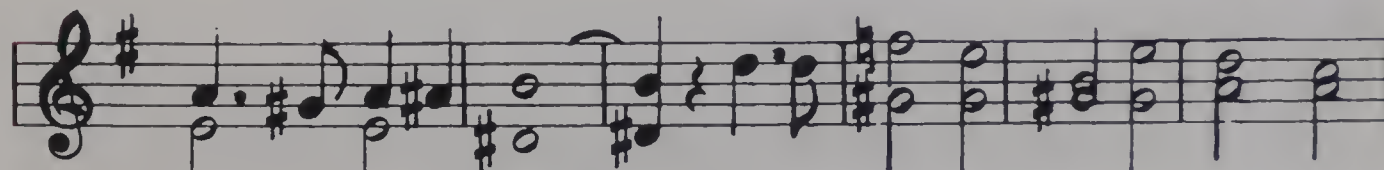
work - ing class she's a pre - cious pearl She brings cour - age



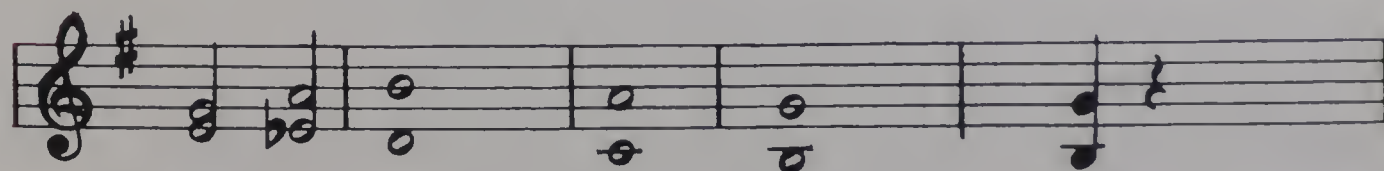
pride and joy---- To the fight - ing Reb - el Boy-- We've had



girls be - fore but we need some more in the In - dust - rial



Work - ers of the World---- For it's great to fight for free - dom



With a Reb - - el Girl.-----



## Larimer Street

(by U. Utah Phillips) (first appearance in songbook)

Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,  
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down;  
You knocked down my flop-house, you knocked down my  
bars,

And you black-topped it over to park all your cars.

[Chorus] *And where will I go? And where will I stay?  
When you've knocked down the skid road and  
hauled it away.*

*I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down, boys,  
They're running the bums out of town.*

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors,  
There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores;  
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbour light,  
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night. [chorus]

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,  
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet;  
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,  
But you built a new hall for the stock-market trade. [chorus]

These little store keepers, they don't stand a chance,  
With the big uptown bankers a-calling the dance,  
With their suit-and-tie restaurants that's all owned by Greeks,  
And the counterfeit hippies and their plastic boutiques. [ch.]

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war:  
It's one going on 'tween the rich and the poor.  
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,  
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass. [chorus]

## Stand Up! Ye Workers

*(Tune: Stand Up For Jesus)*

*(by Ethel Comer) (23rd edition, 1927)*

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.  
Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.  
From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.  
Unite, and fight for freedom  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.  
Put on the workers' armor  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:  
Unite in ONE BIG UNION —  
You've got a world to gain.

## The Four Hour Day

*(Tune: Old Black Joe)*

*(by Richard Brazier) (16th edition)*

Gone are the days, when the master class could say,

“We’ll work you long hours for little pay;

We’ll work you all day and half the night as well.”

But I hear the workers’ voices saying: “You will, like Hell.”

*[Chorus] We’re going, we’re going to take a four hour day.  
We surely will surprise the boss some First of May.*

Now workingmen, it’s up to you to say

If you want a general four hour day.

As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and hand.

All you have to do is join our Union Grand. *[chorus]*

Now workingmen, we are working far too long;

That’s why we’ve got this vast unemployed throng.

Give every worker a chance to work each day;

Let’s join together and to the boss all say: *[chorus]*

## Blanket Stiff

*(1910 edition)*

He built the road.

With others of his class he built the road.

Now o’er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,

Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger’s goad.

He walks and walks and walks and walks

And wonders why in Hell he built the road.



## All Hell Can't Stop Us

*(Tune: Hold The Fort)*

*(written by Ralph Chaplin in Leavenworth)*

*(15th edition)*

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know their end is near.

*[Chorus]*    *Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us,  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the parasite!*

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to their feet!  
They of crime and persecution —  
They must work to eat!    *[chorus]*

Tear the mask of lies asunder,  
Let the truth be known,  
With a voice like angry thunder  
Rise and claim your own!    *[chorus]*

Down with greed and exploitation!  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's emancipation!  
Labor shall be all.    *[chorus]*

## The Portland Revolution

(by Dublin Dan, circa 1922)      (25th edition, 1933)

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,  
And not a thing is moving, only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying Wobbly cards,  
It made no difference to these boys, which industry was hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call,  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting in the  
can.

They were ushered to the courtroom, bright and early Tuesday  
morn,

Then slowly entered "Justice," on his face a look of scorn.  
Some cat who had the rigging suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up 'Baldy,'" so they wrote him out a  
card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't tolerate  
You Wobblies coming in here," and he clenched his little fists,  
"'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists."

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing right here.  
You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're  
doing here.

You don't belong to the I.L.A. or M.T.W.

Now what I'd like to know is, how this strike concerns you?"

The One Ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at the "law,"  
He said, "I am a harvest hand, or better known as 'Straw.'

I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs."

The One Ten cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,  
"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called was  
"Rails."

"I belong to old Five Twenty, I'm a switchman in these yards,  
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight, 'cause we've all  
got red cards.

"We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all your law,  
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind 'Straw.'"

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,  
"One Twenty, that's where I belong, the Wobblies call us 'Sticks.'  
All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of Legion rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,  
When a Three Ten cat informed him that his moniker was "Dirt."  
He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,  
Because we all are organized in One Big Union grand.

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall.  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"  
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the Three Ten cat.

He said, "Let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,  
For 'Shorty' plainly says he's 'dirt,' and 'Slim' belongs to 'sticks.'  
Now 'Blackie,' he belongs to 'rails,' and 'Whitey' says he's 'straw,'  
And all of you seem to have no respect for 'law.'

"Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess," and turned the whole  
bunch loose.

Then 'dirt' and 'sticks' walked arm in arm, with 'flirts' and  
'skirts' and 'rails,'

While the One Ten cats brought up the rear, fur flying from  
their tails.



## Union Maid

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by Woody Guthrie; new third verse by Nancy Katz)  
(first appearance in songbook)

There once was a union maid  
Who never was afraid  
Of the goons and the ginks and the company finks  
And the deputy sheriff who made the raid.  
She'd go to the union hall  
When a meeting it was called,  
And when the company guards came 'round  
She always stood her ground.

[Chorus] *Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,  
I'm stickin' to the union, I'm stickin' to the union,  
Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,  
I'm stickin' to the union 'til the day I die.*

This union maid was wise  
To the tricks of the company spies,  
She'd never be fooled by the company stools,  
She'd always organize the guys.  
She'd always get her way  
When she struck for higher pay,  
She'd show her card to the National Guard,  
And this is what she'd say — [chorus]

A woman's struggle is hard  
Even with a union card,  
She's got to stand on her own two feet,  
And not be a servant of a male elite.  
It's time to take a stand,  
Keep working hand in hand,  
There is a job that's got to be done  
And a fight that's got to be won.

[chorus]

## The White Slave

(Tune: Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

[Chorus]    *Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold,  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear;  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.*

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:    [chorus]

Girls in this way fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages.  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's that boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptation calling everywhere.    [chorus]

## They Are All Fighters

(Tune: San Antonio)

(by Richard Brazier) (1909 edition)

There is a bunch of honest workingmen,  
They're known throughout the land.  
They've seen the horrors of the bull pen  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation,  
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As the Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

[Chorus]    *They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master they'll bring disaster;  
And if you join them, they'll let you know  
Just the reason the boss must go.*

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights.  
They've proved themselves to be Labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights.  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded,  
For we still remain a union grand.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!    [chorus]



## Are You A Wobbly?

(Tune: Are You From Dixie?)

(by Joe Foley) (21st edition, 1925)

Hello there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it, broke, hungry too.  
Don't be surprised I recognized:  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want, that's Liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to say to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, then there's a way, Bill;  
Come hear what I say:

*[Chorus] Are you a Wobbly? Then listen buddy  
For the One Big Union beckons to you –  
A workers' union, industrial union –  
Tell every slave you see along the line,  
It makes no difference what your color  
Creed, sex, or kind,  
Become a Wobbly, and then we'll prob'ly  
Get free from slavery.*

You like the idea, but then you say,  
“How can we do it – when is the day?”  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union, One Union Grand,  
And it's all hands together – make our demand.  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms and walk off the job. *[chorus]*

## The Lumberjack's Prayer

(Tune: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow)  
(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta], about 1920)

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake  
Give us this day a T-Bone steak.  
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name,  
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, O Lord,  
And send us down some decent board,  
Brown gravy and some German fried  
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,  
I'm asking you for ham and eggs,  
And if thou havest custard pies,  
I'd like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, Almighty Host,  
I quite forgot the quail on toast.  
Let your kindly heart be stirred  
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know Your holy wish,  
On Friday we must have a fish.  
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale;  
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me, Lord, remove these "dogs,"  
These sausages of powdered logs;  
The bull beef hash and bearded snouts,  
Take them to Hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and pressed beef butts  
Dear Lord, they've damn near ruined my guts;  
The whitewash milk and oleorine

I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Oh, hear me, Lord, I'm praying still,  
But if you won't, our Union will  
Put porkchops on the bill of fare  
And starve no workers anywhere.

### **Answer To The Prayer**

I am happy to say this prayer has been  
Answered — by the "old man" himself.  
He tells me he has furnished plenty for all,  
And that if I'm not getting mine  
It's because I'm not organized  
Sufficiently strong to force  
The master to loosen up.

He tells me He has no knowledge  
Of "dogs," pressed beef butts, etc.  
And that they are probably  
Products of the Devil.

He further informs me that  
The Capitalists are children of His'n,  
And that he absolutely refuses  
To participate in any children's squabbles.  
He believes in fighting it out along  
The lines of Industrial Unionism.

— Yours in faith,  
T-Bone Slim



## Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks

(Tune: Portland County Jail)

(13th edition, 1917)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;  
For fifty years they've packed a bed, but never will again.

[Chorus]

*"Such a lot of devils," — that's what the papers say —  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.*

*They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;*

*They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."*

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike — but now they're fifty thousand  
strong. [chorus]

Take a tip and start right in; plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds each, with towels, sheets, and brooms.\*  
Shower baths for men who work keep them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room would help a little bit. [ch.]

*\* Conditions fought for in 1917 no longer acceptable.*

*[The 1917 lumber strike changed the outcast, blanket-toting  
timberbeast into a highly respected lumber worker welcomed  
anywhere. No other strike in history has so transformed life  
styles. The demands that did this were won by job action af-  
ter military repressions made it advisable for the IWW to call  
the walkout off, seemingly defeated.]*

## Dollar Alarm Clock

(Tune: Old Oaken Bucket)

(by John Healy) (14th edition, 1918)

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal — maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

[Chorus]    *The faithful alarm clock;  
              The rattling alarm clock;  
              The dollar alarm clock  
              That rests on my shelf.*

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented:  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented;  
It never gets hungry, it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.    [ch.]

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive —  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.    [chorus]

## Stick 'Em Up

*(Tune: Stung Right)*

*(A song for Stickerette Day, April 29, 1917)*  
*(by "Shorty") (first appearance in songbook)*

Wherever we may stroll today our fellow slaves will know —  
We'll leave a trail of stickerettes no matter where we go;  
On every slave-pen in the land, on every fence and tree,  
The agitators will be stuck for every slave to see.

*[Chorus]*    *Stuck right, stuck right, S-T-U-C-K,*  
              *Stuck right, stuck right, all along the way;*  
              *All you slaves who read them, hurry and get wise —*  
              *Line up in the O.B.U. and ORGANIZE!*

Now all the bosses and their stools will think they're out of  
              luck

To see the spots of black and red where stickerettes are stuck;  
And after they have scratched them off and shook their fists  
              and swore

They'll turn around to find again about a dozen more.    *[ch.]*

Upon the back of every truck, on packages and cards,  
Upon the boats and in the mines and in the railroad yards,  
From Maine to California and even further yet,  
No matter where you look you'll see a little Stickerette! *[ch.]*

[IWW 'Silent Agitators' can preach the Industrial Union gospel  
twenty-four hours a day, and in places where you might never  
be able to open your mouth. Lay in a good supply from your  
Branch Secretary, or write Headquarters.]



## The Prison Song

(*Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching*)  
(*by William Whalen*) (1916 edition)

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted — nit —  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

[Chorus]    *Are you busy, Fellow Workers?*  
              *Are your shoulders to the wheel?*  
              *Get together for the cause*  
              *And some day you'll make the laws,*  
              *It's the only way to make the masters squeal.*

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave;  
There is no one but the working class to blame. [chorus]  
When the eighty-five per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth —  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass.    [chorus]

[*This appeared under the title Everett County Jail in the 15th edition of the IWW Songbook in 1919, and later as California Prison Song.*]

**To JOE HILL**

*Murdered by the Authorities of the  
State of Utah, November 19, 1915*

**To FRANK H. LITTLE**

*Lynched by the Copper Barons at  
Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917*

**To WESLEY EVEREST**

*Mutilated and hanged by the Lumber  
Trust at Centralia, Washington,  
November 11, 1919*

**To ALL**

unnamed and nameless Wobblies  
who have suffered and died in the  
cause of a world united in peace and  
free from the exploitation of labor

*We'll remember you.  
They couldn't still your voice,  
So they strangled it;  
They couldn't chill your heart,  
So they stopped it;  
They couldn't dam your life blood  
So they spilled it.*

*Red November, black November  
Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of labor's martyrs,  
Labor's heroes, labor's dead.*

*Labor's wrath and hope and sorrow  
Red the promise, black the threat.  
Who are we not to remember?  
Who are we to dare forget?*

*Black and red the colors blended;  
Black and red the pledge we made  
Red until the fight is ended  
Black until the debt is paid.*

— Ralph Chaplin  
November 1933

*Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie —  
Dust unto dust —  
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die  
As all men must;*

*Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell —  
Too strong to strive —  
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,  
Buried alive;*

*But rather mourn the apathetic throng —  
The cowed and the meek —  
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
And dare not speak!*

— Ralph Chaplin  
Cook County Jail, 1918



## Where The Fraser River Flows

(Tune: Where The River Shannon Flows)

(written by Joe Hill, *Fraser River Strike Camp*) (1912 edition)

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

[Chorus]

*Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and  
better pay, boys!*

*And we're going to win the day, boys; where the Fraser  
River flows.*

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, as each fellow worker knows.  
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather where the Fraser River  
flows. [chorus]

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching,  
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.  
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil spared  
them

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.

[chorus]

*[This is one of several songs Joe Hill wrote in strike picket camps along the line of the Canadian Northern in British Columbia in spring of 1912. The strike shut down 400 miles of railroad construction and made IWW stop shipments from Duluth and Los Angeles. Folklore has it that during this strike a Chinese restaurant keeper coined the term Wobbly trying to ask men if they were IWW members.]*

## Outa Work Blues

*(by Carlos Cortez) (first appearance in songbook)*

Well it's a long time on the street  
And the rockin' chair money's all gone,  
It's a long time on the street  
And the rockin' chair money's all gone.  
I'm down to rollin' my own  
And pickin' butts off the lawn.

Went to the employment office  
To see what I could find,  
I went to the employment office  
To see what I could find.  
Six hundred other people there  
Same thing on their mind.

Told the interviewer  
I'd do anything but shovel crap,  
I told the interviewer  
I'd do anything but shovel crap.  
He told me he was sorry,  
There was only one opening for that.

When I was drawing compensation  
They'd hang any job on my neck,  
Yes, when I was drawing compensation  
They'd hang any job on my neck.  
But now that old rockin' chair's busted  
They won't let me past the first desk.

President said on television  
That things was mighty fine,  
The president said on television  
That things was mighty fine.  
Man at the supermarket tells me  
No groceries sold on time.

## Casey Jones — The Union Scab

*(Tune: Casey Jones)*

*(by Joe Hill) (1912 edition)*

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"  
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,  
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."  
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on  
strike;  
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.



The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur —  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."

### Out In The Breadline

*(Tune: Throw Out The Lifeline)*  
*(1911 edition)*

Out in the breadline, the fool and the knave,  
Out in the breadline, the sucker and slave;  
Coffee and doughnuts now take all our cash;  
We're on the bum and we're glad to get hash.

*[Chorus] Out in the breadline, rain or sunshine,  
We're up against it today.  
Out in the breadline, watching the job signs,  
We're on the bum, boys, today.*

The employment office now ships east and west;  
Jobs are quite scarce — they are none of the best;  
Grub, it is rocky — a discount we pay,  
We are dead broke and we'll have to eat hay. *[chorus]*

We are the big bums, the hoboes, the vags,  
Oh, we look hungry, our clothes are in rags,  
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake  
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake. *[chorus]*

## The Red Flag

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland or Tannenbaum)  
(written by James Connell in 1889)

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its very fold.

[Chorus]    *Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.*

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells the surging throng.    [chorus]

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.    [chorus]

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.    [chorus]

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.    [chorus]

## The Popular Wobbly

(*Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me*)  
(*by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta] (1920 edition)*)

I'm as mild-mannered man as can be,  
And I've never done them harm that I can see;  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty,  
But I can't see why they always pick on me;  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see;  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree;  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key;  
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;  
They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?



**The Preacher And The Slave**  
(Tune: In The Sweet Bye And Bye)  
(by Joe Hill) (1911 edition)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

[Main Chorus]    *You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.*

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:    [ch.]

If you fight hard for children and wife —  
Try to get something good in this life —  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.    [chorus]

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight;  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

[Last Chorus]    *You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.*

\*

## WE WELCOME ALL WAGE WORKERS!

If you believe that labor's hope is One Big Union, and if you want to help build that union, you belong in the IWW. Workers who bargain through other organizations are, of course, also welcome to join.

If there is no IWW hall or office in your vicinity, and no job delegate where you work, write to the IWW General Secretary, 752 West Webster, Chicago, Illinois 60614 USA for information on joining and organizing. IWW initiation fees and dues are deliberately kept low, so that union benefits are within reach of those low-paid workers who need them most, and furthermore to prevent the growth of bureaucracy or racketeering; nowhere does IWW initiation exceed five dollars, or dues exceed two dollars a month. Twenty members may form a chartered Branch; Branches retain half of all dues revenue.

\*

If you read Finnish, subscribe to the **Industrialisti** (106 East First St., Duluth, Minnesota 55802) once a week at \$12 a year.

\*

75¢

## STUDY INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM!

The following literature is available from any IWW Branch or General Headquarters. Inquiries are welcome.

|  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| <b>The General Strike for Industrial Freedom .....</b>                       | <b>\$0.50</b>               |
| <b>One Big Union .....</b>   | <b>0.50</b>                 |
| <b>World Labor Needs a Union .....</b>                                       | <b>0.25</b>                 |
| <b>Unemployment and the Machine .....</b>                                    | <b>0.10</b>                 |
| <b>What Kind of Union is the IWW Asking You<br/>to Build (leaflet) .....</b> | <b>fifty copies, \$1.00</b> |

### JOIN THE ONE BIG UNION!

**GENERAL ADMINISTRATION:** 752 W. Webster, Chicago,  
Illinois 60614 (telephone 312-549-5045).

**BOSTON BRANCH:** P.O. Box 454, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

**CHICAGO BRANCH:** 752 W. Webster, Chicago, Illinois 60614.

**GUAM:** P.O. Box 864, Agana, Guam 96910.

**HOUSTON MTW I.U. 510 BRANCH:** 7505 Navigation Blvd.,  
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**NEW YORK BRANCH:** P.O. Box 570, Radio City Station,  
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**MALMÖ BRANCH:** Box 190 53, 200 73 Malmö, Sweden.

**STOCKHOLM BRANCH:** Hagerstensvägen 149 o, g 111 tr  
Hagersten, Sweden (telephone 08: 18123).

**EDMONTON BRANCH:** P.O. Box 2827, Sta. A, Edmonton,  
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**TORONTO BRANCH:** P.O. Box 306, Sta. E, Toronto 4,  
Ontario.

For other listings of branches and delegates in your area consult the directory which appears in the Industrial Worker.



INDUSTRIAL

FREEDOM

I  
W W  
SONGS

20 E.A.M.  
THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT

Industrial Workers of the World



## PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

# **SONGS of the workers**

**TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT**

*34th Edition*

*Issued May 1, 1973*

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THE PRINT SHOP

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333 Terry Road, Smithtown, N.Y.



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\*

*This is the 34th Edition of this series of songbooks, started in 1909 and preceded by a card of four songs in 1908. Unless otherwise indicated, numbers by titles give the year or the edition in which the song first appeared in the IWW songbook, regardless of when it was written, as: "13th edition, 1917."*

\*

*We are aware that many of the songs speak of working men and fail to include women. This reflects the language of the period in which they were written, not any exclusionary policy of the IWW. In fact, the IWW has never discriminated against women, either in organizing them or in placing major responsibility on them.*

## Solidarity Forever

(Tune: *John Brown's Body*)

(by Ralph Chaplin, January 1915) (9th edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall  
run,

There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.

Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of  
one?

But the Union makes us strong.

*Solidarity forever!*

*Solidarity forever!*

*Solidarity forever!*

*For the Union makes us strong.*

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his  
might?

Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?

For the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they  
trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand outcast and starving, 'midst the wonders we  
have made;

But the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours  
alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by  
stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,

While the Union makes us strong. [chorus]



They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we  
learn

That the Union makes us strong.     *[chorus]*

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.  
For the Union makes us strong.     *[chorus]*

## The International

(by Eugene Pottier; translated by Charles H. Kerr)  
(words and music on next two pages)

*[The First International or International Workingmen's Association was founded in London in 1864 and the Second Socialist and Labor International in Paris in 1889. This originally French song has ever since expressed their hopes in all the languages of mankind.]*

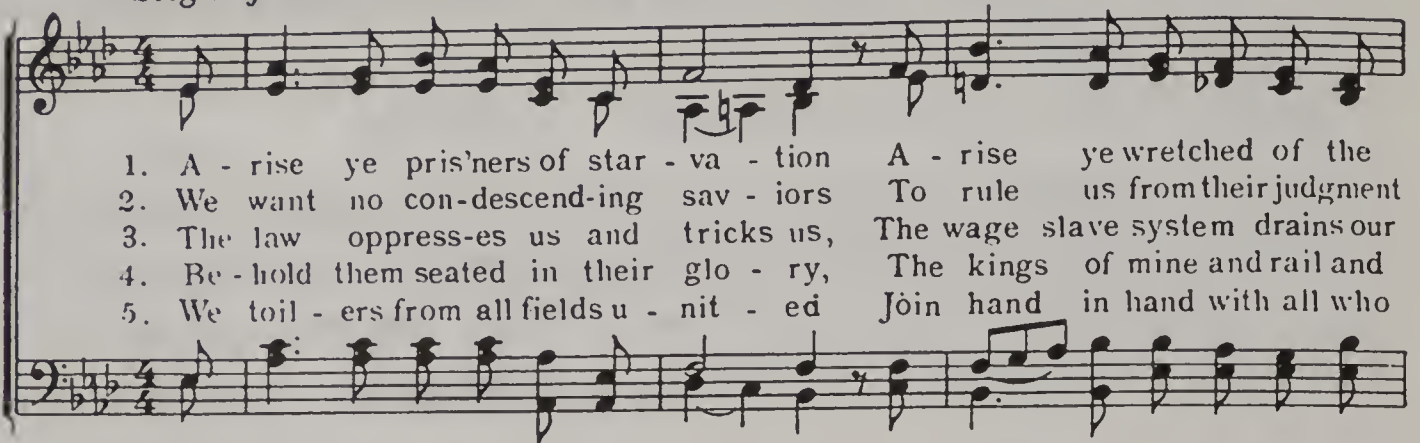
*[It is particularly noteworthy that this song was written not at a moment of revolutionary triumph and euphoria, but rather in June of 1871, when the Communards of Paris were being slaughtered by the hundreds. Furthermore, the stirring melody was composed not by a trained professional musician, but by a workingman of Paris, DeGeyter.]*

# The International

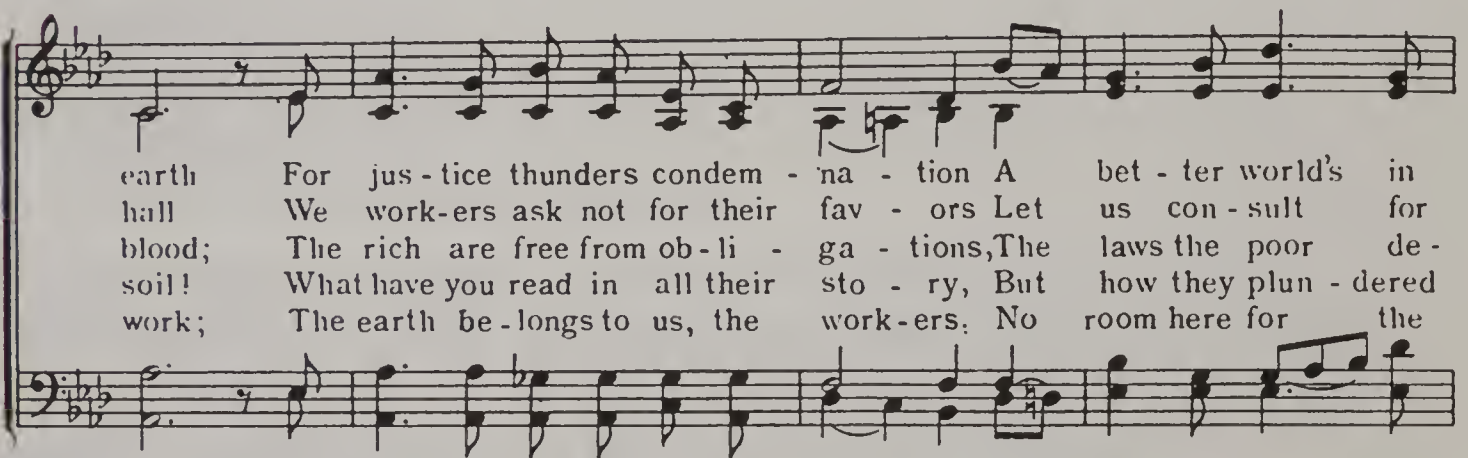
Adapted from  
CHAS. H. KERR'S translation.

Harmonized by  
RUDOLF LIEBICH

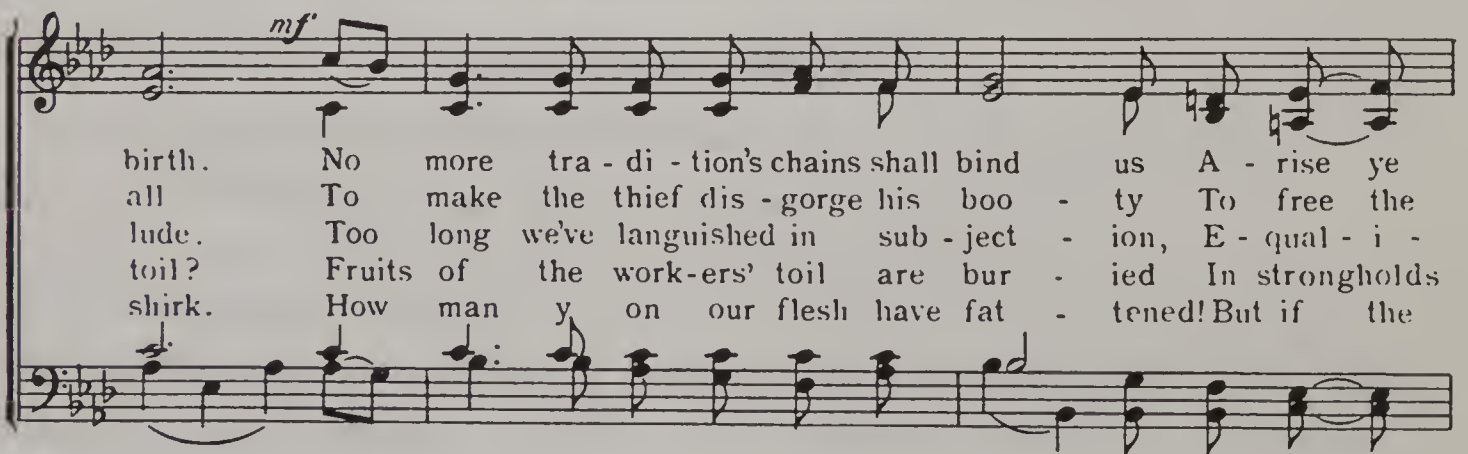
*Slightly slower than march time*



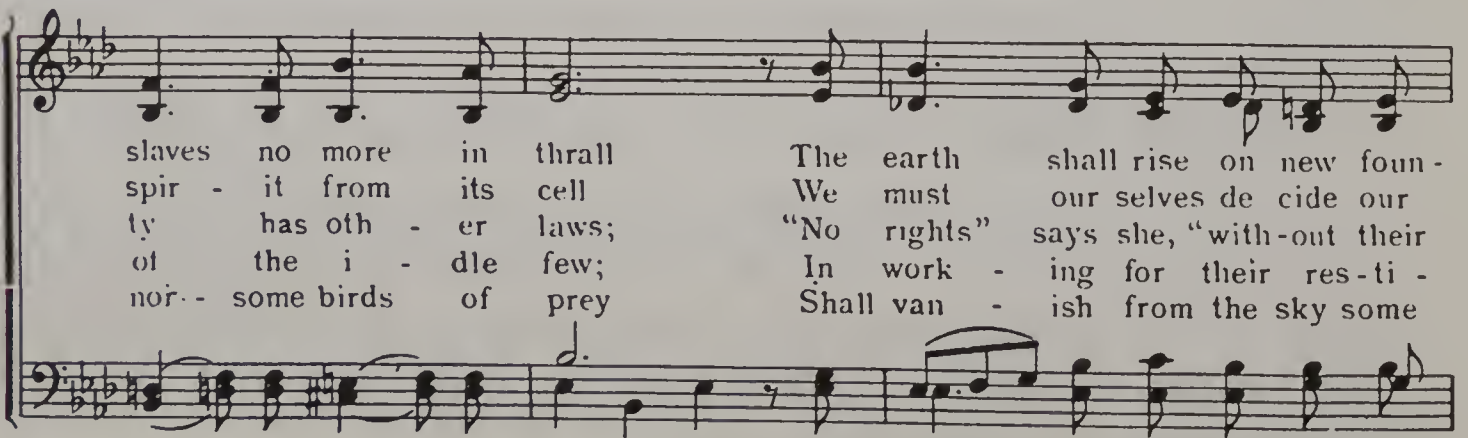
1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion A - rise ye wretched of the  
2. We want no con-descend-ing sav - iors To rule us from their judgment  
3. The law oppress-es us and tricks us, The wage slave system drains our  
4. Be - hold them seated in their glo - ry, The kings of mine and rail and  
5. We toil - ers from all fields u - nit - ed Join hand in hand with all who



earth For jus - tice thunders condem - na - tion A bet - ter world's in  
hall We work-ers ask not for their fav - ors Let us con - sult for  
blood; The rich are free from ob - li - ga - tions, The laws the poor de -  
soil! What have you read in all their sto - ry, But how they plun - dered  
work; The earth be - longs to us, the work-ers. No room here for the



birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye  
all To make the thief dis - gorge his boo - ty To free the  
lude. Too long we've languished in sub - ject - ion, E - qual - i -  
toil? Fruits of the work-ers' toil are bur - ied In strongholds  
shirk. How man y on our flesh have fat - tened! But if the



slaves no more in thrall The earth shall rise on new foun -  
spir - it from its cell We must our selves de cide our  
ty has oth - er laws; "No rights" says she, "with-out their  
of the i - dle few; In work - ing for their res - ti -  
nor - some birds of prey Shall van - ish from the sky some



da - tions We have been naught we shall be all.  
 du - ty We must de - cide and do it well.  
 du - ties, No claims on e - quals with - out cause."  
 tu - tion The men will on - ly claim their due.  
 morn - ing The bles - sed sun - light then will stay.

*rit.*

REFRAIN *March time*

'Tis the fin al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race 'Tis the

fin - al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

*rit.*

*a tempo* *Slow* SOLO

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race.



## There Is Power In A Union

(Tune: There Is Power In The Blood)

(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

[Chorus] *There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land –  
One Industrial Union Grand.*

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back? [chorus]

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man. [chorus]

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. [chorus]

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man. [chorus]

## Hallelujah, I'm A Bum!

*(Tune: Revive Us Again)*

*[Hobo parody of the last century, adapted by Spokane IWW winter of 1908 for use on song card of that year, preceding songbooks]*

O, why don't you work  
Like other men do?  
How in hell can I work  
When there's no work to do?

*[Chorus]    Hallelujah, I'm a bum!  
              Hallelujah, bum again!  
              Hallelujah, give us a handout  
              To revive us again.*

O, why don't you save  
All the money you earn?  
If I did not eat  
I'd have money to burn.    *[chorus]*

O, I like my boss —  
He's a good friend of mine;  
That's why I am starving  
Out in the breadline.    *[chorus]*

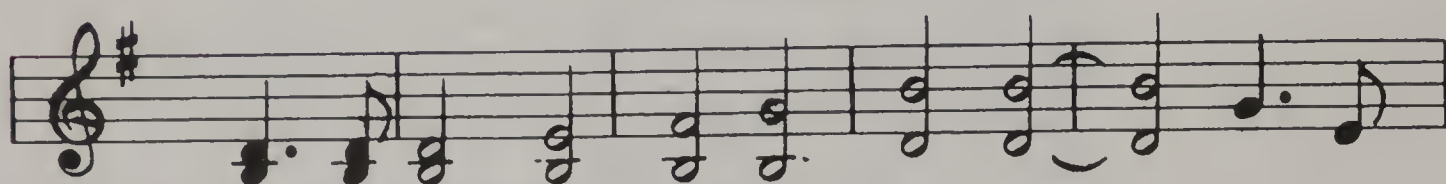
I can't buy a job  
For I ain't got the dough,  
So I ride in a box-car  
For I'm a hobo.    *[chorus]*

Whenever I get  
All the money I earn  
The boss will be broke  
And to work he must turn.    *[chorus]*

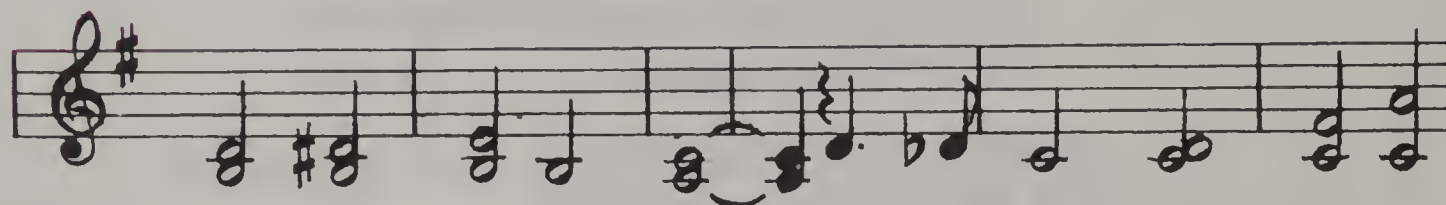
*Marching-Song dedicated to all class-conscious workers - everywhere*

# Workers of the World Awaken

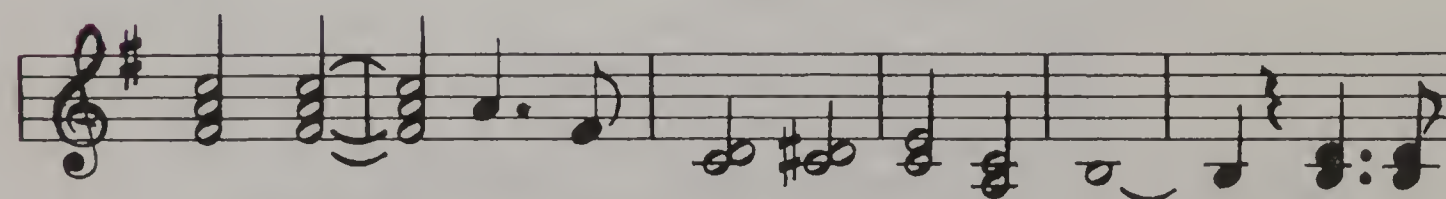
Words & Music by JOE HILL



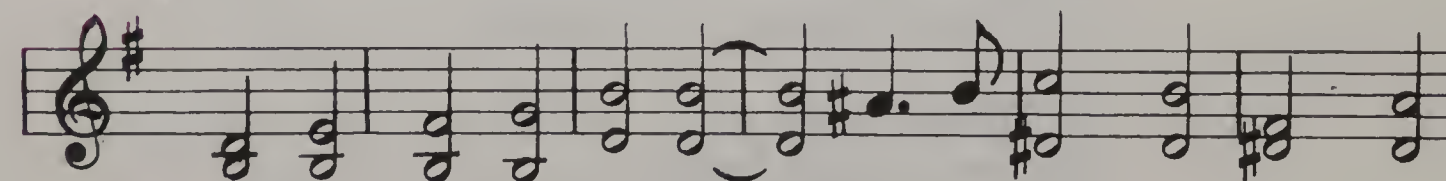
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en      Break your  
If the work-ers take a no - tion      They can  
Join the Un - ion Fel - low Work-ers      Men and  
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en      Rise in



chains, de - mand your rights All the wealth you make is  
stop all speed-ing trains Ev - ery ship u - pon the  
wo - men side by side We will crush the greed-y  
all your splen-did might Take the wealth which you are

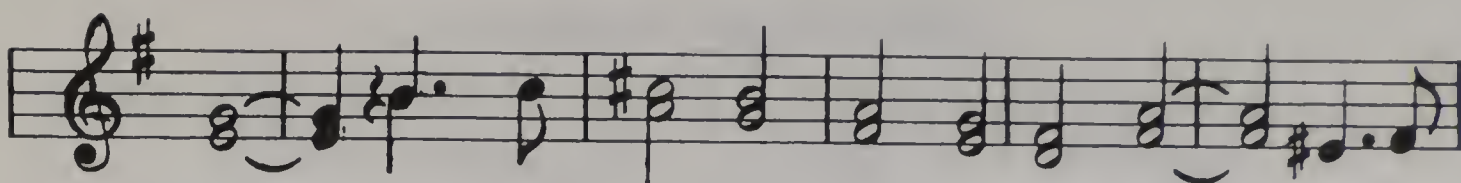


tak - en      By ex - ploit ing par - a - sites.      Shall ye  
o - cean      They can tie with might-y chains      Ev - ery  
shirk-ers      Like a sweep-ing surg-ing tide      For u -  
mak-ing      It be - longs to you by right      No one

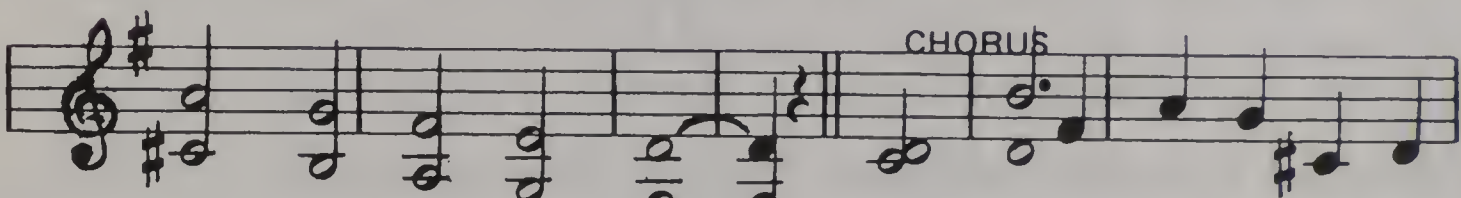


kneel in deep sub-mis - sion From your cra - dle to your  
wheel in the cre - a - tion Ev - ery mine and ev - ery  
nit - ed we are stand-ing But di - vid - ed we will  
will for bread be cry - ing We'll have Free-dom, Love and

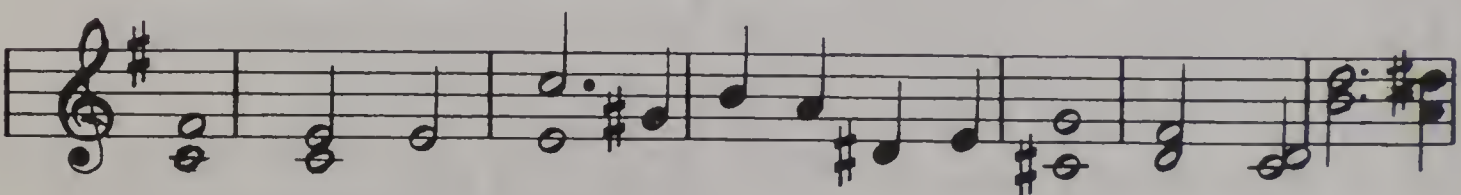




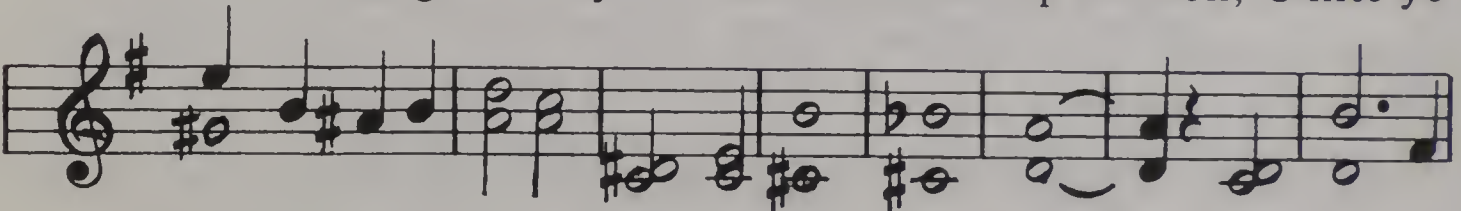
graves Is the height of your am-bi - tion To be  
mill Fleets and ar - mies of the na - tion Will at  
fall Let this be our un - der-stand-ing All for  
Health When the Grand Red Flag is fly - ing In the



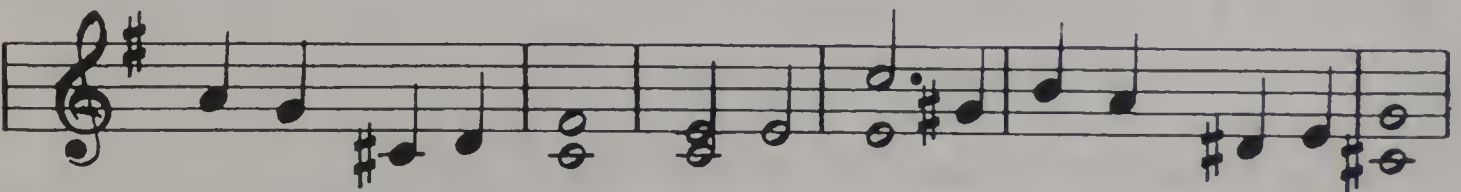
good and will - ing slaves. A-rise ye pris'-ners of star-  
their com-mand stand still.  
One and One for All.  
Work-ers Com - mon - wealth.



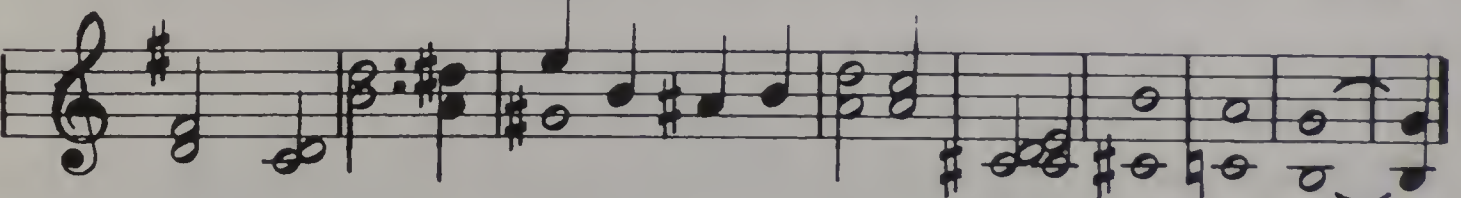
va - tion Fight for your own E-man-ci - pa - tion, U-nite ye



slaves of ev'-ry na-tion In One Un - ion Grand.-- Our lit - tle



ones for bread are cry - ing And mil-lions are from hun-ger dy -



ing, The end the means are jus-ti-fy-ing 'Tis the fin - al stand.-

## Christians At War

*(Tune: Onward, Christian Soldiers!)*  
*(by John F. Kendrick) (9th edition, 1913)*

Onward, Christian soldiers! Duty's way is plain:  
Slay your Christian neighbors, or by them be slain.  
Pulpiteers are spouting effervescent swill,  
God above is calling you to rob and rape and kill,  
All your acts are sanctified by the Lamb on high;  
If you love the Holy Ghost, go murder, pray and die.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Rip and tear and smite!  
Let the gentle Jesus bless your dynamite.  
Splinter skulls with shrapnel, fertilize the sod;  
Folks who do not speak your tongue deserve the curse of God.  
Smash the doors of every home, pretty maidens seize;  
Use your might and sacred right to treat them as you please.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Eat and drink your fill;  
Rob with bloody fingers, Christ okays the bill.  
Steal the farmer's savings, take the grain and meat;  
Even though the children starve, the Saviour's bums must eat.  
Burn the peasants' cottages, orphans leave bereft;  
In Jehovah's holy name, wreak ruin right and left.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Drench the land with gore;  
Mercy is a weakness all the gods abhor.  
Bayonet the babies, jab the mothers too;  
Hoist the cross of Calvary to hallow all you do.  
File your bullets' noses flat, poison every well;  
God decrees your enemies must all go plumb to hell.

Onward, Christian soldiers! Blighting all you meet;  
Trample human freedom under pious feet.  
Praise the Lord whose dollar sign dupes his favored race!  
Make the foreign trash respect your bullion brand of grace.  
Trust in mock salvation, serve as tyrants' tools:  
History will say of you: "That pack of G.. d... fools."



## Commonwealth Of Toil

*(Tune: Nellie Gray. Also sounds good to That Aggravating  
Beauty Lula Walls)*

*(by Ralph Chaplin) (14th edition, April 1918)*

In the gloom of mighty cities  
'Mid the roar of whirling wheels  
We are toiling on like chattel slaves of old,  
And our masters hope to keep us  
Ever thus beneath their heels  
And to coin our very life blood into gold.

*[Chorus] But we have a glowing dream  
Of how fair the world will seem  
When each man can live his life secure and free;  
When the earth is owned by Labor  
And there's joy and peace for all  
In the Commonwealth of Toil that is to be.*

They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between each worker and his bread.  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead? *[chorus]*  
They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad? *[ch.]*  
When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with love and laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay. *[chorus]*



## The Red Feast

*(by Ralph Chaplin, 1914) (21st edition, 1925)*

Go fight, you fools! Tear up the earth with strife  
And spill each other's guts upon the field;  
Serve unto death the men you served in life  
So that their wide dominions may not yield.

Stand by the flag — the lie that still allures;  
Lay down your lives for land you do not own,  
And give unto a war that is not yours  
Your gory tithe of mangled flesh and bone.

But whether in the fray to fall or kill  
You must not pause to question why nor where.  
You see the tiny crosses on that hill?  
It took all those to make one millionaire.

It was for him the seas of blood were shed,  
That fields were razed and cities lit the sky;  
That he might come to chortle o'er the dead;  
The condor thing for whom the millions die!

The bugle screams, the cannons cease to roar,  
"Enough! enough! God give us peace again."  
The rats, the maggots and the Lords of War  
Are fat to bursting from their meal of men.

So stagger back, you stupid dupes who've "won,"  
Back to your stricken towns to toil anew,  
For there your dismal tasks are still undone  
And grim starvation gropes again for you.

What matters now your flag, your race, the skill  
Of scattered legions — what has been the gain?  
Once more beneath the lash you must distill  
Your lives to glut a glory wrought of pain.

In peace they starve you to your loathesome toil,  
In war they drive you to the teeth of Death;  
And when your life-blood soaks into their soil  
They give you lies to choke your dying breath.  
So they will smite your blind eyes till you see  
And lash your naked backs until you know  
That wasted blood can never set you free  
From fettered thralldom to the Common Foe.  
Then you will find that "nation" is a name  
And boundaries are things that don't exist  
That Labor's bondage, worldwide, is the same  
And ONE the enemy it must resist.

### The Boss

*(Tune: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow)*  
*(author unknown – perhaps John Neuhaus)*

Praise boss when morning work-bells chime.  
Praise him for bits of overtime.  
Praise him whose wars we love to fight.  
Praise him, fat leech and parasite.

## Dump The Bosses Off Your Back

*(Tune: Take It To The Lord In Prayer)*

*(by John Brill) (9th edition, 1916)*

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?

Are there lots of things you lack?

Is your life made up of misery?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are your clothes all patched and tattered?

Are you living in a shack?

Would you have your troubles scattered?

Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,

And dump the bosses off your back?

All the agonies you suffer

You can end with one good whack —

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —

And dump the bosses off your back.

## Scissorbill's Song

*(Tune: America)*

*(from undated early Seattle edition)*

Ova tannas Siam

Geeva tannas Siam

Ove tannas.

Sucha tammas Siam

Ino kan giffa dam

Osucha nas Siam

Osucha nas!



## Stung Right

(Tune: Sunlight, Sunlight)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

When I was hiking 'round the town to find a job one day,  
I saw a sign, "A thousand men are wanted right away,"  
To take a trip around the world in Uncle Sammy's fleet.  
I signed my name a dozen times upon a great big sheet.

[Chorus] *Stung right, stung right, S-T-U-N-G,  
Stung right, stung right, E. Z. Mark, that's me;  
When my term is over, and again I'm free,  
There will be no more trips around the world for me.*

The man he said, "The U.S. fleet, that is no place for slaves,  
The only thing you have to do is stand and watch the waves."  
But in the morning, five o'clock, they woke me from my snooze,  
To scrub the deck and polish brass and shine the captain's shoes.

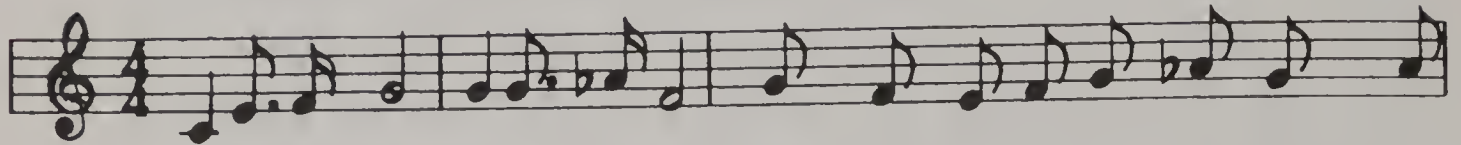
One day a dude in uniform to me commenced to shout,  
I simply plugged him in the jaw and knocked him down and out.  
They slammed me right in irons then and said, "You are a case."  
On bread and water then I lived for twenty-seven days.

One day the captain said, "Today I'll show you something nice;  
All hands line up, we'll go ashore and have some exercise."  
He made us run for seven miles as fast as we could run,  
And with a packing on our back that weighed a half a ton.

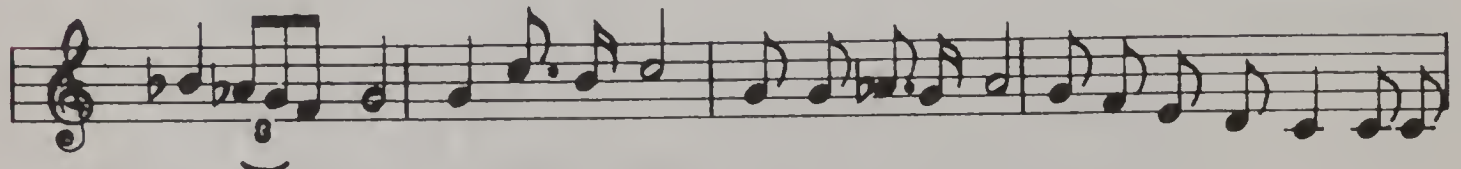
Some time ago when Uncle Sam he had a war with Spain,  
And many of the boys in blue were in the battle slain,  
Not all were killed by bullets, though; no, not by any means:  
The biggest part that died were killed by Armour's Pork and  
Beans.

# General Strike Song

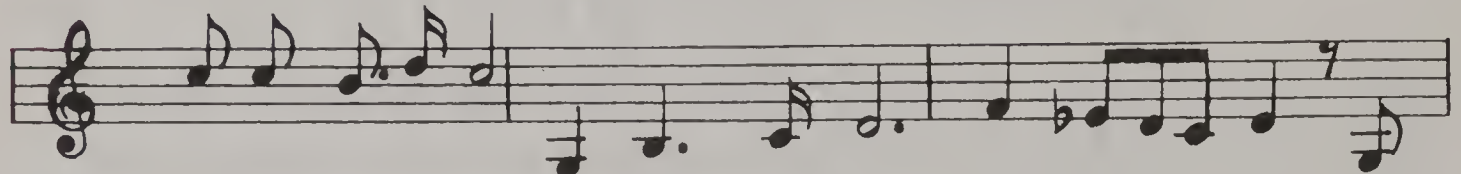
(Tune: Procession of the Sardar, by Ippolitov-Ivanov)  
(by Louis Burcar, for Industrial Worker, May 4, 1934)  
(33rd edition, 1970)



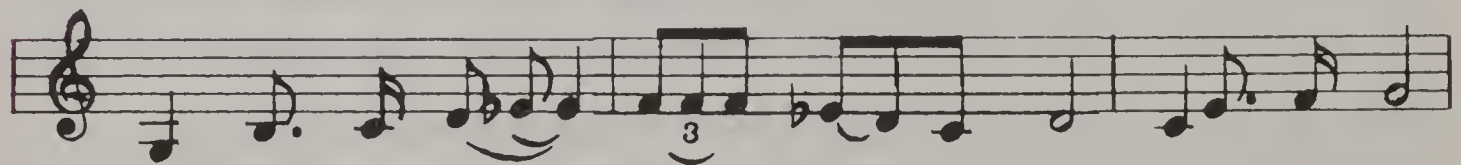
O-ver the land, o-ver the sea Comes the call to join the fight — the



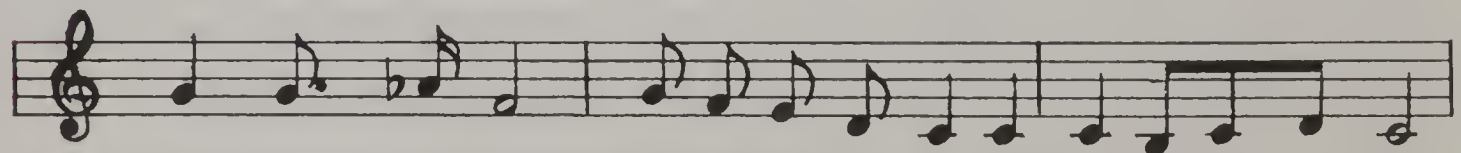
strike to be free; Now ev-ery-where ring-ing on the air Reb-el voi-ces min-gle in



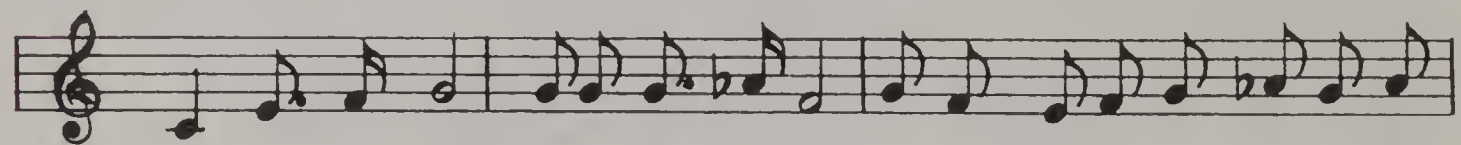
wrath-ful har-mo-ny: Lay down your tools, leave your ma-chine, Come



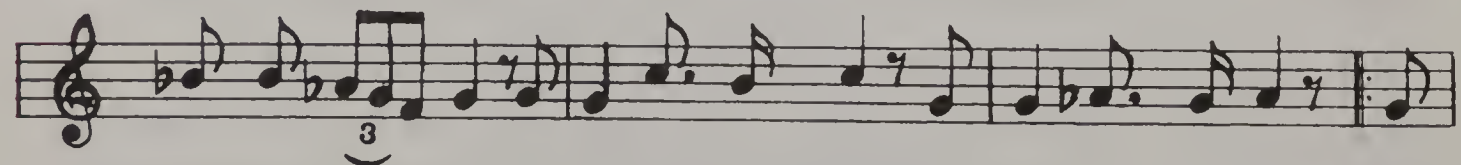
up from the mines, out of the fields so green; Tie up the ships,



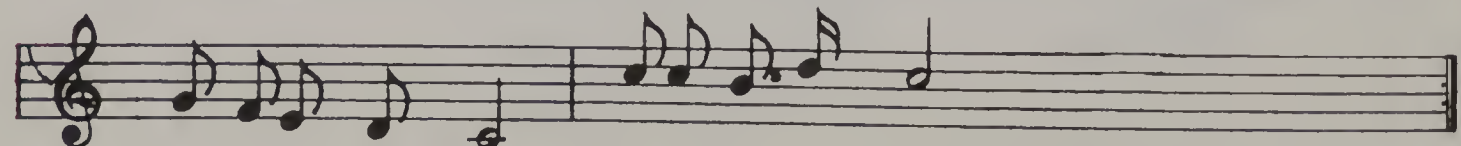
close down the shops — Let the par - a - sites get wise as they get lean.



Deep down in mines, shut in shops of steel, Let them do the speed-up till their



brains be-gin to reel; But no gears could work, star-va-tion would lurk — With-



out us noth-ing moves — not a sin-gle wheel!



*Second* Then take up your tools, work your machine,  
*verse:* Run your ships and factories, till the fields so green;  
But close the gates up tight — lock out the parasite —  
For he can never know what work and freedom mean.  
No more to slave, no more to toil  
For well-fed politicians or masters drunk with might;  
Strike now as one, fight for our right  
To all that we produce from factory or soil.  
So let us strike — strike to be free;  
Shed the shackles, break the chains of wage-slavery!  
Join in the song, strike with the strong —  
All power to the Union — the world for the free!  
All power to the Union — the world for the free!

### Banner Of Labor

*(Tune: The Star-Spangled Banner)*  
*(1909 edition)*

O say can you hear, coming near and more near,  
The call now resounding “Come all ye that labor”?  
The Industrial Band throughout all the land  
Bids toilers remember each toiler his neighbor.  
Come workers unite! 'Tis humanity's fight;  
We call, you come forth in your manhood and fight.

*[Chorus] And the Banner of Labor will surely soon wave*  
*O'er the land that is free from the master and slave.*

Long, long has the spoil of labor and toil  
Been wrung from the workers by parasite classes,  
While Poverty gaunt, desolation and want  
Have dwelt in the hovels of earth's toiling masses.  
Through bloodshed and tears, our day star appears,  
Industrial union the wage slave now cheers. *[chorus]*



## The Tramp

(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

If you all will shut your trap,  
I will tell you 'bout a chap,  
That was broke and up against it, too, for fair;  
He was not the kind that shirk,  
He was looking hard for work,  
But he heard the same old story everywhere.

[Chorus] *Tramp, tramp, tramp, keep on a-tramping.  
Nothing doing here for you;  
If I catch you 'round again,  
You will wear the ball and chain,  
Keep on tramping, that's the best thing you can do.*

He walked up and down the street,  
Till the shoes fell off his feet.  
In a house he spied a lady cooking stew,  
And he said, "How do you do,  
May I chop some wood for you?"  
What the lady told him made him feel so blue. [chorus]  
'Cross the street a sign he read,  
"Work for Jesus," so it said,  
And he said, "Here is my chance, I'll surely try,"  
And he kneeled upon the floor  
Till his knees got rather sore,  
But at eating time he heard the preacher cry — [chorus]  
Down the street he met a cop,  
And the copper made him stop,  
And he asked him, "When did you blow into town?  
Come with me up to the judge."  
But the judge he said, "Oh fudge,  
Bums that have no money needn't come around." [ch.]

Finally came the happy day  
When his life did pass away,  
He was sure he'd go to heaven when he died;  
When he reached the pearly gate  
Santa Peter, mean old skate  
Slammed the gate right in his face and loudly cried: *[ch.]*

### I'm Too Old To Be A Scab

*(Tune: Just Before The Battle, Mother)*

*(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta] ) (21st edition, 1925)*

Good-bye, master, I must leave you,  
Something tells me I must go,  
For you know I can't deceive you,  
Going wage is too darn low.  
Yes, you say that you will feed me  
If I chop that hardwood cord;  
Do not to temptation lead me,  
I'm not toiling for my board.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Through the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the all that's in it —  
In the labor that I sell;  
For you cannot tell what minute  
It may start to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only —  
As you count your wealth untold,  
Would you have me save bologny  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now we understand each other,  
(As we play the game of grab)  
But, please do recall, "my brother,"  
I'm too old to be a scab.

## Scissor Bill

(Tune: Steamboat Bill)

(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

You may ramble 'round the country anywhere you will,  
You'll always run across the same old Scissor Bill.  
He's found upon the desert, he is on the hill,  
He's found in every mining camp and lumber mill.  
He looks just like a human, he can eat and walk,  
But you will find he isn't, when he starts to talk.  
He'll say, "This is my country," with an honest face,  
While all the cops they chase him out of every place.

*Scissor Bill, he is a little dippy,  
Scissor Bill, he has a funny face.  
Scissor Bill should drown in Mississippi,  
He is the missing link that Darwin tried to trace.*

And Scissor Bill, he couldn't live without the booze,  
He sits around all day and spits tobacco juice.  
He takes a deck of cards and tries to beat the Chink!  
Yes, Bill would be a smart guy if he could only think.  
And Scissor Bill, he says: "The country must be freed  
From Niggers, Japs and Dutchmen and the gol darn Swede."  
He says that every cop would be a native son  
If it wasn't for the Irishman, the son-of-a-gun.

*Scissor Bill the "foreigners" is cussin';  
Scissor Bill, he says: "I hate a Coon";  
Scissor Bill is down on everybody —  
The Hottentots, the bushmen and the man in the moon.*

Don't try to talk your union dope to Scissor Bill,  
He says he never organized and never will.  
He always will be satisfied until he's dead  
With coffee and a doughnut and a lousy old bed.



And Bill, he says he'll get rewarded a thousand fold,  
When he gets to heaven on the streets of gold.  
But I don't care who knows it, and right here I'll tell,  
If Scissor Bill is going to Heaven, I'll go to Hell.

*Scissor Bill, wouldn't join the union,  
Scissor Bill, he says, "Not me, by Heck!"  
Scissor Bill gets his reward in Heaven,  
Oh sure! He'll get it, but he'll get it in the neck.*

## WHAT IS A SCAB?

*attributed to Jack London*

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which to make a SCAB. A SCAB is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-logged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a SCAB comes down the street, men turn their backs and angels weep in Heaven, and the Devil shuts the gates of Hell to keep him out. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a SCAB. For betraying his master, he had the character to hang himself — a SCAB hasn't.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British Army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow men for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust, or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strikebreaker is a traitor to himself, a traitor to his God, a traitor to his country, a traitor to his family, and a traitor to his class.

There is nothing lower than a SCAB.

## Harvest Land

(Tune: Beulah Land)

(by T-Bone and H) (17th edition, 1920)

The harvest drive is on again,  
John Farmer needs a lot of men;  
To work beneath the Kansas heat  
And shock and stack and thresh his wheat.

[Chorus] *Oh Farmer John – Poor Farmer John,  
Our faith in you is over-drawn.  
– Old Fossil of the Feudal Age,  
Your only creed is Going Wage –  
“Bull Durham” will not buy our brawn –  
You’re out of luck – poor Farmer John.*

You advertise, in Omaha,  
“Come leave the Valley of the Kaw,”  
Nebraska calls “Don’t be mis-led.  
We’ll furnish you a feather bed!” [chorus]

Then South Dakota lets a roar,  
“We need ten thousand men – or more;  
Our grain is turning – prices drop!  
For God’s sake save our bumper crop.” [chorus]

In North Dakota – (I’ll be darn)  
The “wise guy” sleeps in “hoosiers” barn  
– Then hoosier breaks into his snore  
And yells, “It’s quarter after four.”

[Chorus] *Oh Harvest Land – Sweet Burning Sand!  
– As on the sun-kissed field I stand  
I look away across the plain  
And wonder if it’s going to rain –  
I vow, by all the Brands of Cain,  
That I will not be here again.*



## Harvest War Song

(Tune: Tipperary)

(by Pat Brennan) (9th edition, 1916)

We are coming home, John Farmer; we are coming back to  
stay.

For nigh on fifty years or more we've gathered up your hay.  
We have slept out in your hayfields, we have heard your  
morning shouts;

We've heard you wondering where in hell's them pesky go-  
abouts?

[Chorus]

*It's a long way, now understand me; it's a long way to town;  
It's a long way across the prairie, and to hell with Farmer  
John.*

*Here goes for better wages, and the hours must come down;  
For we're out for a winter's stake this summer, and we  
want no scabs around.*

You've paid the going wages, that's what's kept us on the bum;  
You say you've done your duty, you chin-whiskered son-of-a-  
gun;

We have sent your kids to college, but still you rave and shout,  
And call us tramps and hoboes, and pesky go-about. [cho.]

But now the wintry breezes are a-shaking our poor frames,  
And the long-drawn days of hunger try to drive us boes insane.

It is driving us to action — we are organized today;

Us pesky tramps and hoboes are coming back to stay. [cho.]



## We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years

*(written by 'An Unknown Proletarian,' music by Von Liebich)  
(first listed printing, Industrial Union Bulletin, April 18, 1908)*

We have fed you all for a thousand years  
And you hail us still unfed,  
Though there's never a dollar of all your wealth  
But marks the workers' dead.  
We have yielded our best to give you rest  
And you lie on crimson wool.  
Then if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in full!

There is never a mine blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.  
There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.  
Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.  
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years —  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share,  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,  
Good God! We have bought it fair!

## WHAT IS A BOSS?

When the body was first created, there was contention among the component parts as to who was going to be the boss.

The brain said: "Since I am the nerve center that controls everything and does all of the thinking, I should be the boss."

The feet said: "Since I carry all the friggin' weight, I should be the boss."

The hands said: "Since I must do all the manual labor and earn all the money to keep the rest of you going, I should be the boss."

The eyes said: "Since I must look out for all of you and let you know when danger lurks, I should be the boss."

And so it went with the heart, the lungs, and various other component parts of the body, till there was no one left but the anus. All the others laughed when he made his bid for bosshood, for who ever heard of an anus being boss of anything? This rebuff upset the anus so much that in a pique of anger he closed himself off completely and refused to function any further.

Soon the brain was feverish; the eyes crossed and ached; the feet were too weak to carry the load; the hands hung limply at the sides; and the heart, the lungs, and all the rest of the component parts struggled to keep going. They all capitulated to the anus, and he finally became the boss.

While they did all the work, the anus just basked and let out a lot of hot air, along with the other material that it is the anus's function to let out.

The moral of this little episode is that it takes no special talent to be a boss — so why have one if everyone knows how to work together in harmony? Think about it!

— X 325505

## It's A Long Way Down To The Soupline

(Tune: Tipperary)

(1915 NYC adaptation of Joe Hill's S.F. World's Fair parody)

Bill Brown was just a working man like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets when work was hard to  
find.

The landlord put him on the stem, the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard everybody sing, no matter where he'd go:

*[Chorus] It's a long way down to the soupline,  
It's a long way to go.*

*It's a long way down to the soupline,  
And the soup is thin I know.*

*Good bye, good old pork chops,  
Farewell, beefsteak rare;*

*It's a long way down to the soupline,  
But my soup is there.*

So Bill and sixteen million men responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike so men don't have to say: *[ch.]*

The workers own the factories now, where jobs were once  
destroyed

By big machines that filled the world with hungry unemployed.  
They all own homes, they're living well, they're happy, free  
and strong,

But millionaires wear overalls and sing this little song: *[ch.]*



## Mysteries Of A Hobo's Life

*(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)*

*(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta]) (17th edition, 1920)*

I took a job on an extra gang,  
Way up in the mountain,  
I paid my fee and the shark shipped me  
And the ties I soon was counting.

The boss he put me driving spikes  
And the sweat was enough to blind me,  
He didn't seem to like my pace,  
So I left the job behind me.

I grabbed a hold of an old freight train  
And around the country traveled,  
The mysteries of a hobo's life  
To me were soon unraveled.

I traveled east and I traveled west  
And the "shacks" could never find me,  
Next morning I was miles away  
From the job I left behind me.

I ran across a bunch of "stiffs"  
Who were known as Industrial Workers  
They taught me how to be a man —  
And how to fight the shirkers.

I kicked right in and joined the bunch  
And now in the ranks you'll find me,  
Hurrah for the cause — To hell with the boss!  
And the job I left behind me.

## My Wandering Boy

*(Tune: Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?)  
(One of four songs on 1908 song card)*

Where is my wandering boy tonight,  
The boy of his mother's pride?  
He's counting the ties with his bed on his back,  
Or else he is bumming a ride.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
He's on the head end of an overland train —  
That's where your boy is tonight.

His heart may be pure as the morning dew,  
But his clothes are a sight to see.  
He's pulled for a vag, his excuse won't do.  
"Thirty days," says the judge, you see.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
The chilly wind blows, to the lock-up he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

"I was looking for work, Oh Judge," he said.  
Says the judge, "I have heard that before."  
So to join the chain gang far off he is led  
To hammer the rocks some more.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
To strike many blows to the County he goes,  
That's where your boy is tonight.

Don't search for your wandering boy tonight,  
Let him play the old game if he will —  
A worker, or bum, he'll ne'er be right,  
So long's he's wage slave still.

Oh, where is my boy tonight?  
His money is "out of sight."  
Wherever he "blows," up against it he goes.  
Here's luck! — to your boy tonight.

## The Song Of The Rail

*(by Ralph Chaplin) (21st edition, 1925)*

Life here in town is too damn monotonous,  
Stickin' around at a regular job.  
All the time somebody bossin' and spottin' us,  
We don't fit in on a laborin' job.  
Things here is much too precise and pernickity,  
Bo, I would just as soon be in a jail.  
Us for the road and the wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Us for the road and the old hobo way again,  
Loafin' around in the wind and the sun,  
Floppin' at night in the soft of the hay again,  
Nary a worry of work to be done.  
Say, ain't you ready to beat it by crickity —  
Jump on a freight and be off on the trail,  
Hearin' the noise of the wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, click on the glimmerin' rail.

Judges will call you a shame to society,  
Brakemen'll bounce you off onto the ground.  
Trampin's no cinch but it's full of variety,  
Here we're just ploddin' around and around.  
Honest, I'm getting all feeble and rickety,  
Say, Bo, we'll wither up sure if we stick:  
Let's grab a rattler with wheels that go clickity,  
Clickity, clickity, clickity, click.



## Workingmen, Unite!

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by E. S. Nelson) (1909 edition)

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingmen are poor —  
Will be forevermore —  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

[Chorus] *Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.*

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of “gall”;  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we’ll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on! [chorus]

Workingmen, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;  
This fight is not in vain.  
We’ve got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy? [chorus]

## Hold The Fort

We meet today in Freedom's cause  
And raise our voices high;  
We'll join our hands in union strong,  
To battle or to die.

*[Chorus] Hold the fort for we are coming –  
Union men, be strong.  
Side by side we battle onward,  
Victory will come.*

Look my Comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh. *[chorus]*

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe. *[chorus]*

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my Comrades, cheer. *[chorus]*

*[Hold The Fort was first a gospel song by Bliss written in 1870 and based on an incident in the Civil War in which Union meant Northern. It was first made into a labor song by the Knights of Labor, and cast in the form above by British Transport Workers about 1890. It first entered the Songbook in the 8th edition, 1914.]*

## We Will Sing One Song

(Tune: My Old Kentucky Home)

(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

We will sing one song of the meek and humble slave,  
The horny-handed son of the soil,  
He's toiling hard from the cradle to the grave,  
But his master reaps the profits of his toil.  
Then we'll sing one song of the greedy master class,  
They're vagrants in broadcloth, indeed.  
They live by robbing the ever-toiling mass,  
Human blood they spill to satisfy their greed.

*[Ch.] Organize! O, toilers, come organize your might;  
Then we'll sing one song of the Workers' Commonwealth  
Full of beauty, full of love and health.*

We will sing one song of the politician sly,  
He's talking of changing the laws;  
Election day all the drinks and smokes he'll buy,  
While he's living from the sweat of your brows.  
Then we'll sing one song of the girl below the line,  
She's scorned and despised everywhere,  
While in their mansions the "keepers" wine and dine  
From the profits that immoral traffic bear. *[chorus]*

We will sing one song of the preacher, fat and sleek,  
He tells you of homes in the sky.  
He says, "Be generous, be lowly and be meek,  
If you don't you'll sure get roasted when you die."  
Then we'll sing one song of the poor and ragged tramp,  
He carries his home on his back;  
Too old to work, he's not wanted round the camp,  
So he wanders without aim along the track. *[chorus]*



We will sing one song of the children in the mills,  
They're taken from playgrounds and schools.  
In tender years made to go the pace that kills,  
In sweatshops 'mong the looms and the spools.  
Then we'll sing one song of the One Big Union Grand,  
The hope of the toiler and slave,  
It is coming fast; it is sweeping sea and land,  
To the terror of the grafter and the knave. [chorus]

### Joe Hill's Last Will

*(Written in his cell November 18, 1915,  
on the eve of his execution)*

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

— Joe Hill.

## Mr. Block

(Tune: It Looks To Me Like A Big Time Tonight)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 edition)

Please give me your attention, I'll introduce to you  
A man that is a credit to "Our Red, White and Blue";  
His head is made of lumber, and solid as a rock;  
He is a common worker and his name is Mr. Block.  
And Block thinks he may  
Be President some day.

[Chorus] *Oh, Mr. Block, you were born by mistake,  
You take the cake,  
You make me ache.  
Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the lake,  
Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.*

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law." [chorus]

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union — the great A. F. of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that foreman right."  
Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy." [chorus]

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock:  
A great big Socialistic Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,

"I helped him to his job." [chorus]

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.

He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell:  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefeller."

Old Pete said, "Is that so?

You'll meet them down below." [chorus]

## Overalls And Snuff

(Tune: Wearing Of The Green)

(8th edition, 1914)

One day as I was walking along the railroad track  
I met a man in Wheatland with his blankets on his back.  
He was an old-time hop-picker, I'd seen his face before,  
And I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.

*By the button that he wore, by the button that he wore,  
I knew he was a Wobbly by the button that he wore.*

He took the blankets off his back and sat down on the rail,  
And told us some sad stories 'bout the workers down in jail.  
He said the way they treat them there, he never saw the like,  
For they're putting men in prison just for going out on strike.

*Just for going out on strike, just for going out on strike,  
They are putting men in prison just for going out on strike.*

They have sentenced Ford and Suhr, and they've got them in  
the pen;

If they catch a Wobbly in their burg, they vag him there and  
then.

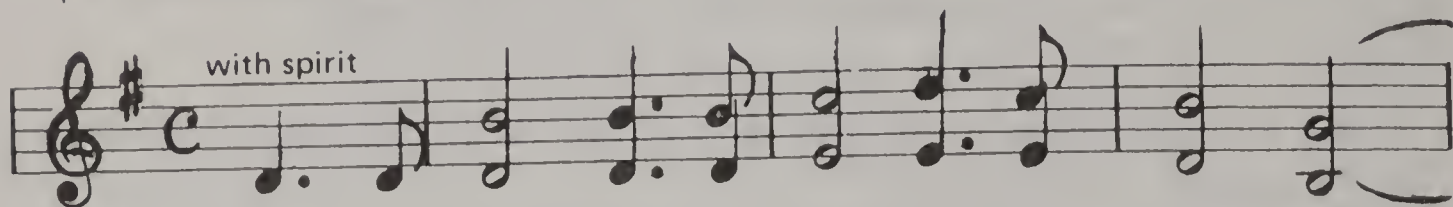
There is one thing I can tell you, and it makes the bosses sore:  
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.

*We can always get some more, we can always get some more,  
As fast as they can pinch us, we can always get some more.*

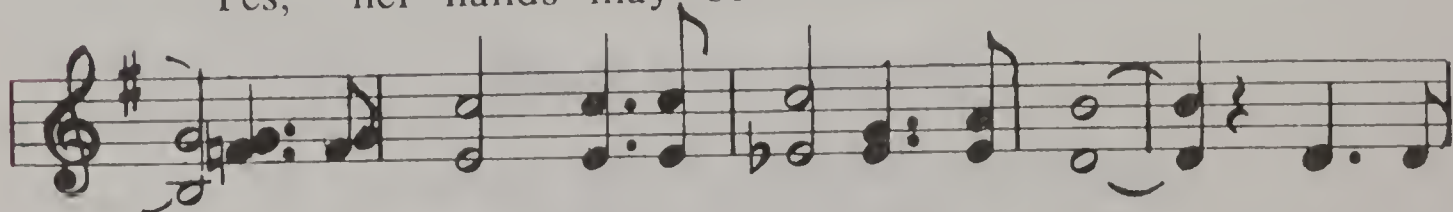


# THE REBEL GIRL

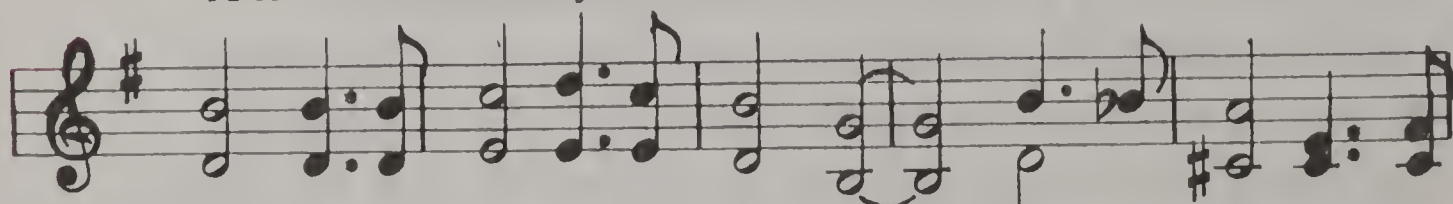
*(words and music written by Joe Hill in jail, February 1915)*



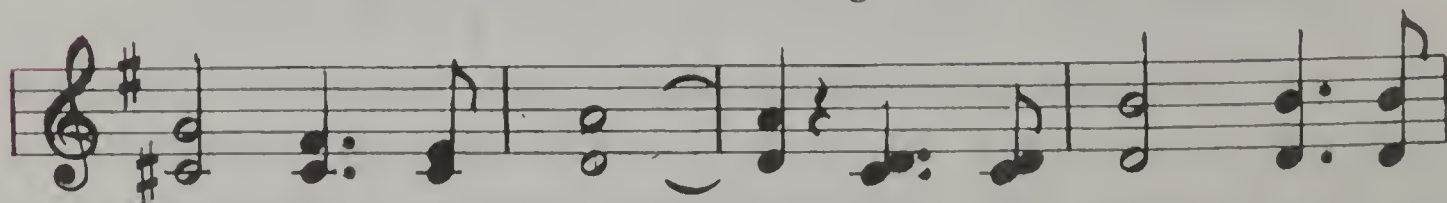
There are wo - men of man - y de - scrip - tions—  
Yes, her hands may be hard - en'd from la - bor —



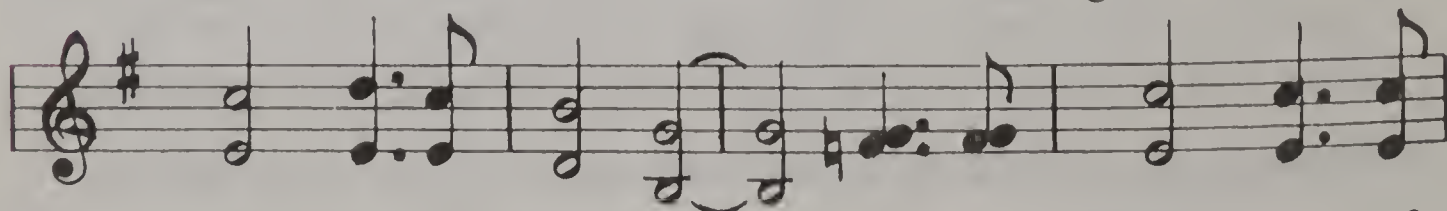
— In this queer world as eve - ry - one knows— Some are  
— And her dress may not be ver - y fine — But a



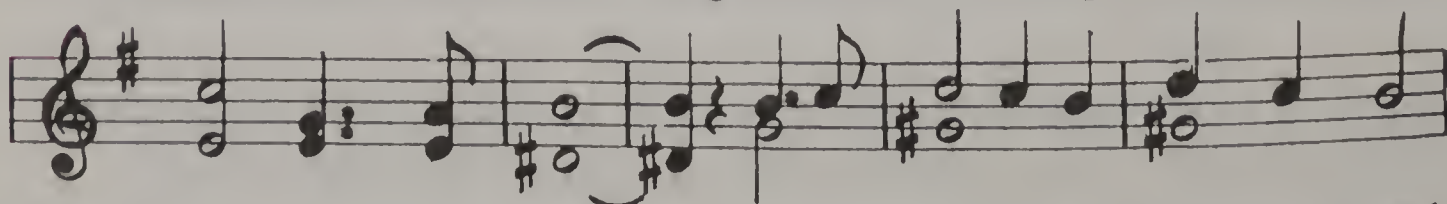
liv - ing in beau - ti - ful man - sions— And are wear - ing the  
heart in her bos - om is beat - ing— That is true to her




fin - est of clothes — — — There are blue blood - ed  
class and her kind — — — And the graft - ers in



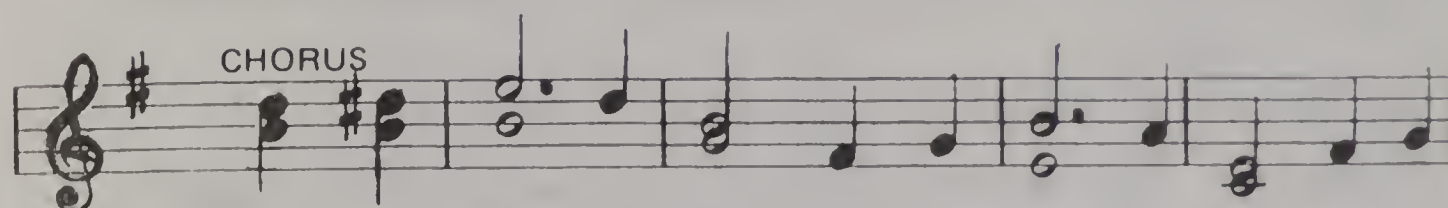
queens and prin - cess - es — — Who have charms made of  
ter - ror are tremb - ling— When her spite and de -



dia - monds and pearl — — But the on - ly and tho - rough - bred  
fi - ance she'll hurl — — For the on - ly and tho - rough - bred

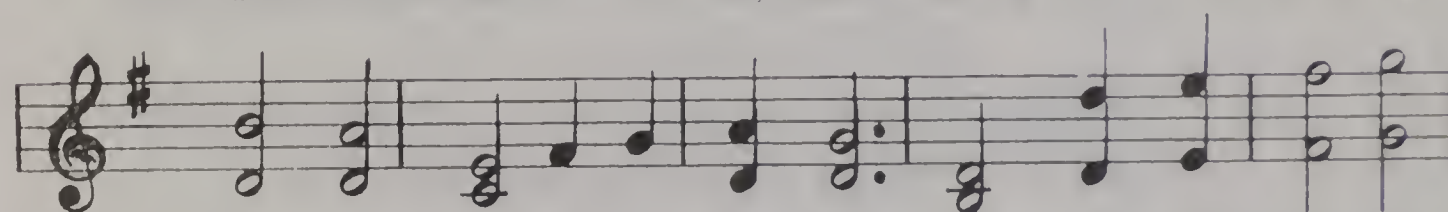


la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. - - - -  
 la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. - - - -

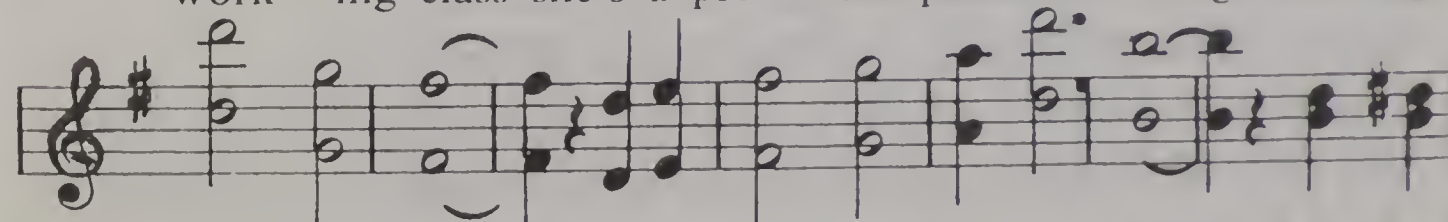


CHORUS

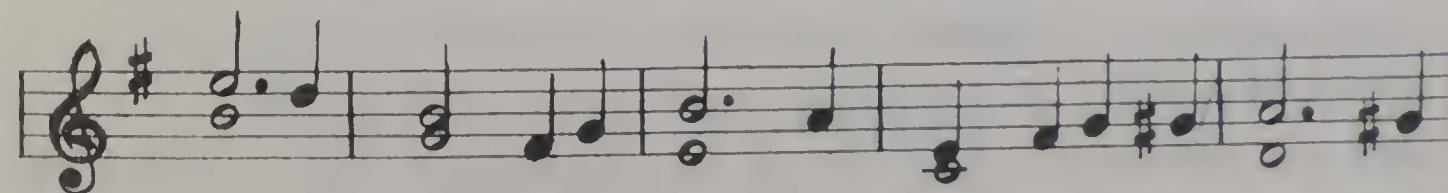
That's the Reb - el Girl, That's the Reb - el Girl, To the



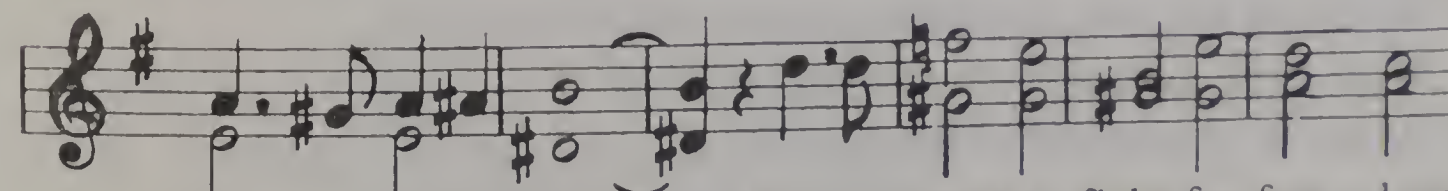
work - ing class she's a pre - cious pearl She brings cour - age



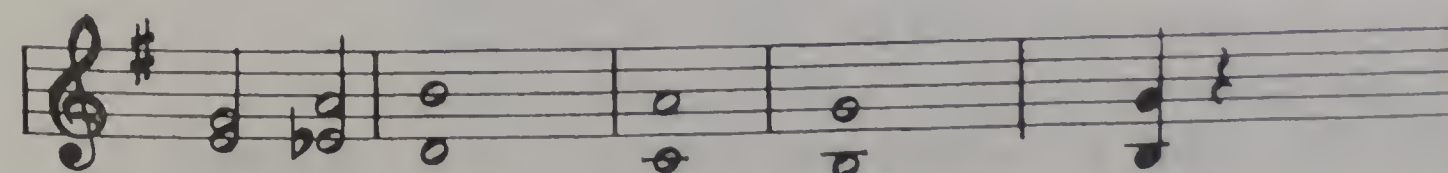
pride and joy----- To the fight - ing Reb - el Boy----- We've had



girls be - fore but we need some more in the In - dust - rial



Work - ers of the World----- For it's great to fight for free - dom



With a Reb - - el Girl.-----



## Larimer Street

*(by U. Utah Phillips) (first appearance in songbook)*

Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,  
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down;  
You knocked down my flop-house, you knocked down my  
bars,  
And you black-topped it over to park all your cars.

*[Chorus] And where will I go? And where will I stay?  
When you've knocked down the skid road and  
hauled it away.  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down, boys,  
They're running the bums out of town.*

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors,  
There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores;  
You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbour light,  
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night. *[chorus]*

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,  
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet;  
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,  
But you built a new hall for the stock-market trade. *[chorus]*

These little store keepers, they don't stand a chance,  
With the big uptown bankers a-calling the dance,  
With their suit-and-tie restaurants that's all owned by Greeks,  
And the counterfeit hippies and their plastic boutiques. *[ch.]*

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war:  
It's one going on 'tween the rich and the poor.  
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,  
But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass. *[chorus]*



## Stand Up! Ye Workers

*(Tune: Stand Up For Jesus)*

*(by Ethel Comer) (23rd edition, 1927)*

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in all your might.

Unite beneath our banner,  
For liberty and right.

From victory unto victory  
This army sure will go,  
To win the world for labor  
And vanquish every foe.

Stand up! Stand up! Ye workers;  
Stand up in every land.

Unite, and fight for freedom  
In ONE BIG UNION grand.

Put on the workers' armor  
Which is the card of Red,  
Then all the greedy tyrants  
Will have to earn their bread.

Arouse! Arouse! Ye toilers,  
The strife will not be long.

This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.

All ye that slave for wages,  
Stand up and break your chain:

Unite in ONE BIG UNION —  
You've got a world to gain.

## The Four Hour Day

(Tune: Old Black Joe)

(by Richard Brazier) (16th edition)

Gone are the days, when the master class could say,  
“We’ll work you long hours for little pay;  
We’ll work you all day and half the night as well.”  
But I hear the workers’ voices saying: “You will, like Hell.”

[Chorus]     *We’re going, we’re going to take a four hour day.  
We surely will surprise the boss some First of May.*

Now workingmen, it’s up to you to say  
If you want a general four hour day.  
As soon as you are ready, we are with you heart and hand.  
All you have to do is join our Union Grand.     [chorus]  
Now workingmen, we are working far too long;  
That’s why we’ve got this vast unemployed throng.  
Give every worker a chance to work each day;  
Let’s join together and to the boss all say:     [chorus]

## Blanket Stiff

(1910 edition)

He built the road.  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o’er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger’s goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

# All Hell Can't Stop Us

(Tune: Hold The Fort)

(written by Ralph Chaplin in Leavenworth)

(15th edition)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know their end is near.

[Chorus] *Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us,  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, men! All Hell can't stop us!  
Crush the parasite!*

With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to their feet!  
They of crime and persecution —  
They must work to eat! [chorus]  
Tear the mask of lies asunder,  
Let the truth be known,  
With a voice like angry thunder  
Rise and claim your own! [chorus]  
Down with greed and exploitation!  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's emancipation!  
Labor shall be all. [chorus]



## The Portland Revolution

(by Dublin Dan, circa 1922)      (25th edition, 1933)

The Revolution started, so the judge informed the Mayor,  
Now Baker paces back and forth, and raves and pulls his hair,  
The waterfront is tied up tight, the Portland newsboy howls,  
And not a thing is moving, only Mayor Baker's bowels.

A call went out for pickets, you should see the railroad yards,  
Lined up with honest workers, all displaying Wobbly cards,  
It made no difference to these boys, which industry was hit,  
They all were fellow workers, and they meant to do their bit.

When they arrived in Portland, they went right to their hall,  
And there and then decided a meeting they would call,  
The chairman was elected, when a thing built like a man  
Informed them that they must finish up their meeting in the  
can.

They were ushered to the courtroom, bright and early Tuesday  
morn,  
Then slowly entered "Justice," on his face a look of scorn.  
Some cat who had the rigging suggested to his pard,  
"Here's a chance to line up 'Baldy,'" so they wrote him out a  
card.

When he spied the little ducat, his face went white with hate,  
And he said, "I'll tell you once for all, this court won't tolerate  
You Wobblies coming in here," and he clenched his little fists,  
"'Cause Mayor Baker has informed me that an emergency  
exists."

"Bring forth the prisoners, officer, we'll stop this thing right here.  
You state your name, from whence you came, and what you're  
doing here.

You don't belong to the I.L.A. or M.T.W.  
Now what I'd like to know is, how this strike concerns you?"

The One Ten cat then wagged his tail, and smiled up at the "law,"  
He said, "I am a harvest hand, or better known as 'Straw.'

I'm interested in this wheat, in fact I'm keeping tabs,  
I'm here to see, twixt you and me, t'ain't loaded by no scabs."

The One Ten cats were jubilant, the fur flew from their tails,  
"His Honor" rapped for order, and the next man called was  
"Rails."

"I belong to old Five Twenty, I'm a switchman in these yards,  
And I'm here to state, we'll switch no freight, 'cause we've all  
got red cards.

"We're here to win this longshore strike, in spite of all your law,  
That's all I've got to say, except, we're solid behind 'Straw.'"

The logger then was next in line, he stood just six feet six,  
"One Twenty, that's where I belong, the Wobblies call us 'Sticks.'  
All red cards cut this lumber, also loaded it on flats,  
And we won't see it handled by a bunch of Legion rats."

Old "Baldy" then was furious, I could see his pride was hurt,  
When a Three Ten cat informed him that his moniker was "Dirt."  
He said, "Your Honor, listen, we have taken this here stand,  
Because we all are organized in One Big Union grand.

"An injury to one, we say's an injury to all,  
United we're unbeatable, divided, we must fall.  
Your jails can't crush our spirit, you're already wise to that,"  
When "Baldy" rapped for order, and cut off the Three Ten cat.

He said, "Let me get straightened out, I'm in an awful mix,  
For 'Shorty' plainly says he's 'dirt,' and 'Slim' belongs to 'sticks.'  
Now 'Blackie,' he belongs to 'rails,' and 'Whitey' says he's 'straw,'  
And all of you seem to have no respect for 'law.'

"Now I can't send you men to jail, I can't find one excuse,  
I'll wash my hands of this damn'd mess," and turned the whole  
bunch loose.

Then 'dirt' and 'sticks' walked arm in arm, with 'flirts' and  
'skirts' and 'rails,'

While the One Ten cats brought up the rear, fur flying from  
their tails.



## Union Maid

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by Woody Guthrie; new third verse by Nancy Katz)

(first appearance in songbook)

There once was a union maid  
Who never was afraid  
Of the goons and the ginks and the company finks  
And the deputy sheriff who made the raid.  
She'd go to the union hall  
When a meeting it was called,  
And when the company guards came 'round  
She always stood her ground.

[Chorus] *Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,  
I'm stickin' to the union, I'm stickin' to the union,  
Oh you can't scare me, I'm stickin' to the union,  
I'm stickin' to the union 'til the day I die.*

This union maid was wise  
To the tricks of the company spies,  
She'd never be fooled by the company stools,  
She'd always organize the guys.  
She'd always get her way  
When she struck for higher pay,  
She'd show her card to the National Guard,  
And this is what she'd say — [chorus]

A woman's struggle is hard  
Even with a union card,  
She's got to stand on her own two feet,  
And not be a servant of a male elite.  
It's time to take a stand,  
Keep working hand in hand,  
There is a job that's got to be done  
And a fight that's got to be won. [chorus]



## The White Slave

(*Tune: Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland*)

(*by Joe Hill*)    (*1913 edition*)

One little girl, fair as a pearl,  
Worked every day in a laundry;  
All that she made for food she paid,  
So she slept on a park bench so soundly;  
An old procuress spied her there,  
She came and whispered in her ear:

[*Chorus*]    *Come with me now, my girly,  
Don't sleep out in the cold,  
Your face and tresses curly  
Will bring you fame and gold,  
Automobiles to ride in, diamonds and silk to wear;  
You'll be a star bright, down in the red light,  
You'll make your fortune there.*

Same little girl, no more a pearl,  
Walks all alone 'long the river;  
Five years have flown, her health is gone,  
She would look at the water and shiver;  
Whene'er she'd stop to rest and sleep,  
She'd hear a voice call from the deep:    [*chorus*]

Girls in this way fall every day,  
And have been falling for ages.  
Who is to blame? You know his name,  
It's that boss that pays starvation wages.  
A homeless girl can always hear  
Temptation calling everywhere.    [*chorus*]

## They Are All Fighters

(Tune: San Antonio)

(by Richard Brazier) (1909 edition)

There is a bunch of honest workingmen,  
They're known throughout the land.  
They've seen the horrors of the bull pen  
From Maine to the Rio Grande.  
They've faced starvation, hunger, privation,  
Upon them the soldiers were hurled.  
Their organization is known to the nation  
As the Industrial Workers of the World.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!

[Chorus]    *They're all fighters from the word go,  
And to the master they'll bring disaster;  
And if you join them, they'll let you know  
Just the reason the boss must go.*

They've faced the Pinkertons and Gatling guns  
In defense of their natural rights.  
They've proved themselves to be Labor's sons  
In all of the workers' fights.  
They have been hounded by power unbounded  
Of capitalists throughout the land,  
But all are astounded, our foes are confounded,  
For we still remain a union grand.  
Then hail to this fighting band!  
Good luck to their union grand!    [chorus]

## Are You A Wobbly?

(Tune: Are You From Dixie?)

(by Joe Foley) (21st edition, 1925)

Hello there, worker, how do you do?  
You're up against it, broke, hungry too.  
Don't be surprised I recognized:  
I know a slave by the look in his eyes.  
You want what I want, that's Liberty,  
Your frowning face seems to say to me.  
Where there's a will, Bill, then there's a way, Bill;  
Come hear what I say:

*[Chorus] Are you a Wobbly? Then listen buddy  
For the One Big Union beckons to you –  
A workers' union, industrial union –  
Tell every slave you see along the line,  
It makes no difference what your color  
Creed, sex, or kind,  
Become a Wobbly, and then we'll prob'ly  
Get free from slavery.*

You like the idea, but then you say,  
“How can we do it – when is the day?”  
When all the ladies and all the babies  
And every man who works for a wage  
Gets in the Union, One Union Grand,  
And it's all hands together – make our demand.  
When you and I, Bill, lay down our tools, Bill,  
Fold up our arms and walk off the job. *[chorus]*



## The Lumberjack's Prayer

*(Tune: Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow)*  
*(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta], about 1920)*

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake  
Give us this day a T-Bone steak.  
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name,  
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, O Lord,  
And send us down some decent board,  
Brown gravy and some German fried  
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,  
I'm asking you for ham and eggs,  
And if thou havest custard pies,  
I'd like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, Almighty Host,  
I quite forgot the quail on toast.  
Let your kindly heart be stirred  
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know Your holy wish,  
On Friday we must have a fish.  
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale;  
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me, Lord, remove these "dogs,"  
These sausages of powdered logs;  
The bull beef hash and bearded snouts,  
Take them to Hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and pressed beef butts  
Dear Lord, they've damn near ruined my guts;  
The whitewash milk and oleorine

I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Oh, hear me, Lord, I'm praying still,  
But if you won't, our Union will  
Put porkchops on the bill of fare  
And starve no workers anywhere.

### **Answer To The Prayer**

I am happy to say this prayer has been  
Answered — by the "old man" himself.  
He tells me he has furnished plenty for all,  
And that if I'm not getting mine  
It's because I'm not organized  
Sufficiently strong to force  
The master to loosen up.

He tells me He has no knowledge  
Of "dogs," pressed beef butts, etc.  
And that they are probably  
Products of the Devil.

He further informs me that  
The Capitalists are children of His'n,  
And that he absolutely refuses  
To participate in any children's squabbles.  
He believes in fighting it out along  
The lines of Industrial Unionism.

— Yours in faith,  
T-Bone Slim

## Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks

(Tune: Portland County Jail)

(13th edition, 1917)

Fifty thousand lumberjacks, fifty thousand packs,  
Fifty thousand dirty rolls of blankets on their backs.  
Fifty thousand minds made up to strike and strike like men;  
For fifty years they've packed a bed, but never will again.

[Chorus]

*"Such a lot of devils," — that's what the papers say —  
"They've gone on strike for shorter hours and some in-  
crease in pay.*

*They left the camps, the lazy tramps, they all walked out  
as one;*

*They say they'll win the strike or put the bosses on the  
bum."*

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike — but now they're fifty thousand  
strong.

[chorus]

Take a tip and start right in; plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds each, with towels, sheets, and brooms.\*  
Shower baths for men who work keep them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room would help a little bit. [ch.]

*\* Conditions fought for in 1917 no longer acceptable.*

*[The 1917 lumber strike changed the outcast, blanket-toting  
timberbeast into a highly respected lumber worker welcomed  
anywhere. No other strike in history has so transformed life  
styles. The demands that did this were won by job action af-  
ter military repressions made it advisable for the IWW to call  
the walkout off, seemingly defeated.]*



## Dollar Alarm Clock

(Tune: Old Oaken Bucket)

(by John Healy) (14th edition, 1918)

How dear to my heart are those chimes in the morning  
That yank me from bed with melodious thrill;  
How sweet is the sound of the regular warning  
That yells that it's time that I hike to the mill.  
Without it I'd sleep till the sun had arisen,  
Be late to the job that my boss lets me use;  
Get canned, perhaps steal — maybe land in a prison,  
If the chimes didn't hustle me out of my snooze.

[Chorus]    *The faithful alarm clock;  
              The rattling alarm clock;  
              The dollar alarm clock  
              That rests on my shelf.*

What a blessing it was when the thing was invented:  
It beats the slave-driver who came with his stick;  
It rests on the shelf in the shack that I rented;  
It never gets hungry, it never gets sick.  
If overly weary I take a tin bucket  
And place the alarm clock down into the thing;  
When it chimes in the morning it doubles the racket;  
It would wake up the dead when the two of them ring.    [ch.]

Sometimes the good woman gets worn and weary  
And says we are hauling too much of a load;  
I tell her the journey would look still more dreary  
If the dollar alarm clock should fail to explode.  
Then here's to my booster that only needs winding;  
And here's to the victim that just keeps alive —  
The boss gets the money and I do the grinding;  
The clock starts the circus at quarter past five.    [chorus]

## Stick 'Em Up

(Tune: Stung Right)

*(A song for Stickerette Day, April 29, 1917)*

(by "Shorty") (first appearance in songbook)

Wherever we may stroll today our fellow slaves will know —  
We'll leave a trail of stickerettes no matter where we go;  
On every slave-pen in the land, on every fence and tree,  
The agitators will be stuck for every slave to see.

*[Chorus]    Stuck right, stuck right, S-T-U-C-K,  
Stuck right, stuck right, all along the way;  
All you slaves who read them, hurry and get wise –  
Line up in the O.B.U. and ORGANIZE!*

Now all the bosses and their stools will think they're out of  
luck

To see the spots of black and red where stickerettes are stuck;  
And after they have scratched them off and shook their fists  
and swore

They'll turn around to find again about a dozen more.     *[ch.]*

Upon the back of every truck, on packages and cards,  
Upon the boats and in the mines and in the railroad yards,  
From Maine to California and even further yet,  
No matter where you look you'll see a little Stickerette! *[ch.]*

[IWW ‘Silent Agitators’ can preach the Industrial Union gospel twenty-four hours a day, and in places where you might never be able to open your mouth. Lay in a good supply from your Branch Secretary, or write Headquarters.]

## The Prison Song

*(Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching)*  
*(by William Whalen) (1916 edition)*

In the prison cell we sit  
Are we broken-hearted — nit —  
We're as happy and as cheerful as can be;  
For we know that every Wob  
Will be busy on the job,  
Till they swing the prison doors and set us free.

*[Chorus] Are you busy, Fellow Workers?  
Are your shoulders to the wheel?  
Get together for the cause  
And some day you'll make the laws,  
It's the only way to make the masters squeal.*

Though the living is not grand,  
Mostly mush and "coffee and,"  
It's as good as we expected when we came.  
It's the way they treat the slave  
In this free land of the brave;  
There is no one but the working class to blame. *[chorus]*

When the eighty-five per cent  
That they call the "working gent"  
Organizes in a Union of its class,  
We will then get what we're worth —  
That will be the blooming earth.  
Organize and help to bring the thing to pass. *[chorus]*

*[This appeared under the title Everett County Jail in the 15th edition of the IWW Songbook in 1919, and later as California Prison Song.]*



**To JOE HILL**

*Murdered by the Authorities of the  
State of Utah, November 19, 1915*

**To FRANK H. LITTLE**

*Lynched by the Copper Barons at  
Butte, Montana, August 1, 1917*

**To WESLEY EVEREST**

*Mutilated and hanged by the Lumber  
Trust at Centralia, Washington,  
November 11, 1919*

**To ALL**

unnamed and nameless Wobblies  
who have suffered and died in the  
cause of a world united in peace and  
free from the exploitation of labor

*We'll remember you.  
They couldn't still your voice,  
So they strangled it;  
They couldn't chill your heart,  
So they stopped it;  
They couldn't dam your life blood  
So they spilled it.*

*Red November, black November  
Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of labor's martyrs,  
Labor's heroes, labor's dead.  
Labor's wrath and hope and sorrow  
Red the promise, black the threat.  
Who are we not to remember?  
Who are we to dare forget?  
Black and red the colors blended;  
Black and red the pledge we made  
Red until the fight is ended  
Black until the debt is paid.*

— Ralph Chaplin  
November 1933

*Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie —  
Dust unto dust —  
The calm sweet earth that mothers all who die  
As all men must;  
Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell —  
Too strong to strive —  
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,  
Buried alive;  
But rather mourn the apathetic throng —  
The cowed and the meek —  
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
And dare not speak!*

— Ralph Chaplin  
Cook County Jail, 1918

## Where The Fraser River Flows

*(Tune: Where The River Shannon Flows)*

*(written by Joe Hill, Fraser River Strike Camp) (1912 edition)*

Fellow Workers, pay attention to what I'm going to mention,  
For it is the clear contention of the workers of the world  
That we should all be ready, true-hearted, brave and steady,  
To rally 'round the standard when the Red Flag is unfurled.

*[Chorus]*

*Where the Fraser River flows, each fellow worker knows,  
They have bullied and oppressed us, but still our Union grows.  
And we're going to find a way, boys, for shorter hours and  
better pay, boys!*

*And we're going to win the day, boys; where the Fraser  
River flows.*

For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, as each fellow worker knows.  
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather where the Fraser River  
flows. *[chorus]*

Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps he's fetching,  
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.  
But why their mothers reared them, and why the devil spared  
them

Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River flows.

*[chorus]*

*[This is one of several songs Joe Hill wrote in strike picket camps along the line of the Canadian Northern in British Columbia in spring of 1912. The strike shut down 400 miles of railroad construction and made IWW stop shipments from Duluth and Los Angeles. Folklore has it that during this strike a Chinese restaurant keeper coined the term Wobbly trying to ask men if they were IWW members.]*



## Outa Work Blues

*(by Carlos Cortez) (first appearance in songbook)*

Well it's a long time on the street  
And the rockin' chair money's all gone,  
It's a long time on the street  
And the rockin' chair money's all gone.

I'm down to rollin' my own  
And pickin' butts off the lawn.

Went to the employment office  
To see what I could find,  
I went to the employment office  
To see what I could find.

Six hundred other people there  
Same thing on their mind.

Told the interviewer  
I'd do anything but shovel crap,  
I told the interviewer  
I'd do anything but shovel crap.

He told me he was sorry,  
There was only one opening for that.

When I was drawing compensation  
They'd hang any job on my neck,  
Yes, when I was drawing compensation  
They'd hang any job on my neck.

But now that old rockin' chair's busted  
They won't let me past the first desk.

President said on television  
That things was mighty fine,  
The president said on television  
That things was mighty fine.

Man at the supermarket tells me  
No groceries sold on time.

## Casey Jones — The Union Scab

*(Tune: Casey Jones)*

*(by Joe Hill) (1912 edition)*

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call;  
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at all;  
His boiler it was leaking, and its drivers on the bum,  
And his engine and its bearings, they were all out of plumb.

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running;  
Casey Jones was working double time;  
Casey Jones got a wooden medal,  
For being good and faithful on the S.P. line.

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"  
But Casey said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."  
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,  
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."  
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on  
strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.

The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;  
“Casey Jones,” the Devil said, “Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur —  
That’s what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line.”

### Out In The Breadline

*(Tune: Throw Out The Lifeline)*  
*(1911 edition)*

Out in the breadline, the fool and the knave,  
Out in the breadline, the sucker and slave;  
Coffee and doughnuts now take all our cash;  
We’re on the bum and we’re glad to get hash.

*[Chorus] Out in the breadline, rain or sunshine,  
We’re up against it today.  
Out in the breadline, watching the job signs,  
We’re on the bum, boys, today.*

The employment office now ships east and west;  
Jobs are quite scarce — they are none of the best;  
Grub, it is rocky — a discount we pay,  
We are dead broke and we’ll have to eat hay. *[chorus]*

We are the big bums, the hoboes, the vags,  
Oh, we look hungry, our clothes are in rags,  
While a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake  
Laughs at our troubles and gives us the shake. *[chorus]*



## The Red Flag

(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland or Tannenbaum)  
(written by James Connell in 1889)

The workers' flag is deepest red,  
It shrouded oft our martyred dead;  
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold  
Their life-blood dyed its very fold.

[Chorus]    *Then raise the scarlet standard high;  
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,  
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,  
We'll keep the red flag flying here.*

Look 'round, the Frenchman loves its blaze,  
The sturdy German chants its praise;  
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,  
Chicago swells the surging throng.    [chorus]

It waved above our infant might  
When all ahead seemed dark as night;  
It witnessed many a deed and vow,  
We will not change its color now.    [chorus]

It suits today the meek and base,  
Whose minds are fixed on pelf and place,  
To cringe beneath the rich man's frown,  
And haul that sacred emblem down.    [chorus]

With heads uncovered swear we all  
To bear it onward till we fall;  
Come dungeons dark or gallows grim,  
This song shall be our parting hymn.    [chorus]

## The Popular Wobbly

*(Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me)*  
*(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta] ) (1920 edition)*

I'm as mild-mannered man as can be,  
And I've never done them harm that I can see;  
Still on me they put a ban and they threw me in the can,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They accuse me of ras-cal-i-ty,  
But I can't see why they always pick on me;  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see;  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card.  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree;  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key;  
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

They go wild, simply wild over me,  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;  
They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## The Preacher And The Slave

(Tune: In The Sweet Bye And Bye)

(by Joe Hill) (1911 edition)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

[Main Chorus]    *You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.*

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:    [ch.]

If you fight hard for children and wife —  
Try to get something good in this life —  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.    [chorus]

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight;  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

[Last Chorus]    *You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.*



## *WE WELCOME ALL WAGE WORKERS!*

If you believe that labor's hope is One Big Union, and if you want to help build that union, you belong in the IWW. Workers who bargain through other organizations are, of course, also welcome to join.



If there is no IWW hall or office in your vicinity, and no job delegate where you work, write to the IWW General Secretary, 3435 N. Sheffield, Suite 202, Chicago, Illinois 60657 USA for information on joining and organizing. IWW initiation fees and dues are deliberately kept low, so that union benefits are within reach of those low-paid workers who need them most, and furthermore to prevent the growth of bureaucracy or racketeering; nowhere does IWW initiation exceed \$10.00, or dues exceed \$5.00 a month. Twenty members may form a chartered Branch; Branches retain half of all dues revenue.





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# IWW SONGS

We Never Forget



Commemoration  
Song Book



After an unfair trial and unsuccessful appeal, and in spite of national and international protests, songwriter and I.W.W. member Joe Hill was executed by a firing squad at the Utah State Prison on November 19, 1915. That prison site is now a beautiful public park in Salt Lake City.

The JOE HILL ORGANIZING COMMITTEE was formed to commemorate during 1990, the 75th Anniversary of Joe Hill's execution. Entertainment, education and organizational events planned by that Committee include a free open air concert of union and political music at the site of the execution, Sugarhouse Park, during Labor Day Weekend 1990, and an academic conference and candlelight vigil in November, 1990.

This special edition is dedicated to the memory of Joe Hill as a reminder of the 75th Anniversary of his execution as commemorated in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1990. The sale of this special edition will help further those efforts and help to spread the ideas and songs of Joe Hill and musicians of the working class.

With support from you, from workers, historians, unions, musicians and people throughout the country, events in 1990 in Salt Lake City, Utah will remind and teach anew, JOE HILL NEVER DIED.

\* \* \* \* \*

# **SONGS of the workers**

**TO FAN THE FLAMES OF DISCONTENT**

*35th Edition*

*Issued May 1, 1984*

Price — \$2.50

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*published by the*

**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD**

3435 North Sheffield  
Chicago, Illinois 60657

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This is the 35th Edition of this series of songbooks, started in 1909, and preceded by a card of four songs in 1908. Unless otherwise indicated, the dates appearing by song titles give the edition of the IWW songbook in which the song first appeared.

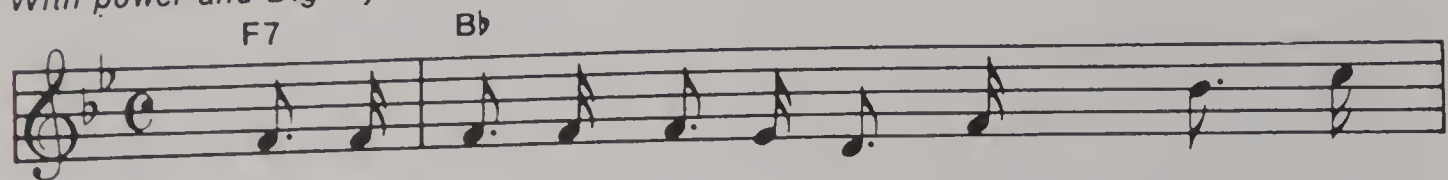
Authorship is credited to those whose versions first appeared in the songbook, and many songs remain unchanged. People's music, however, is living music. Words to these songs have been added to and changed by working people to keep them topical and relevant. Today's IWW hopes this Little Red Songbook will help make workers' history, not just preserve it.

# Solidarity Forever

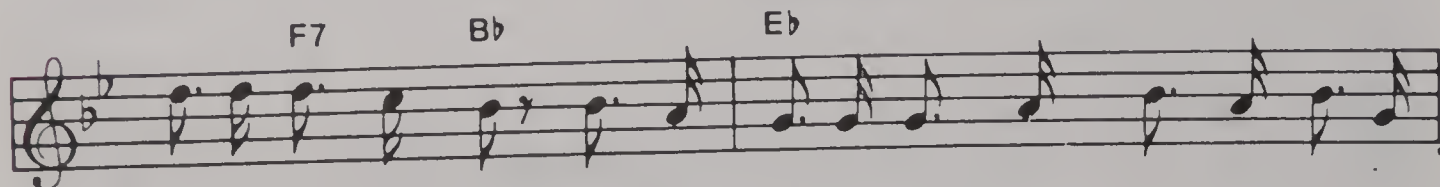
(Tune: John Brown's Body)

(by Ralph Chaplin, January 1915) (9th Edition, 1916)

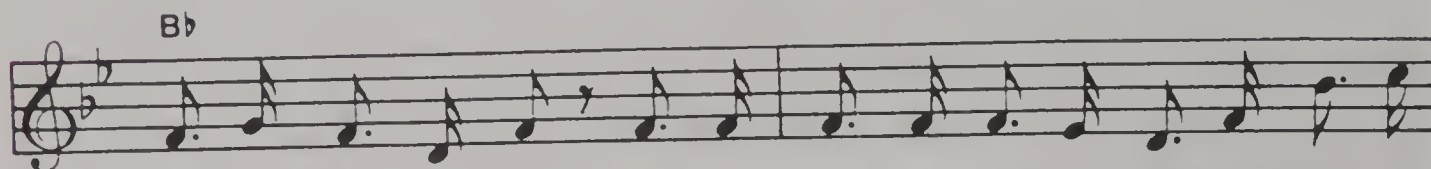
With power and Dignity



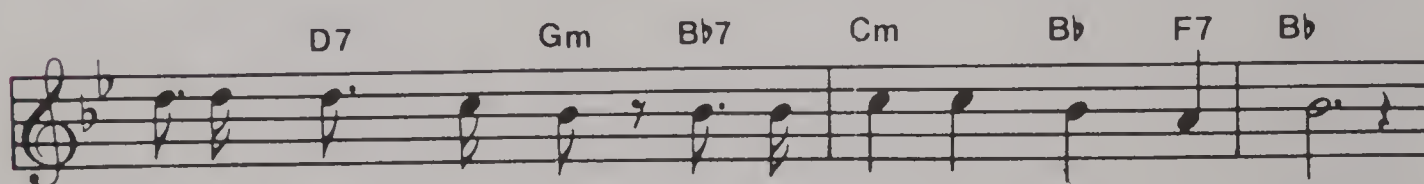
When the U - nion's in - spi - ra - tion through the



wor-kers' blood shall run, There can be no pow- er great- er an- y

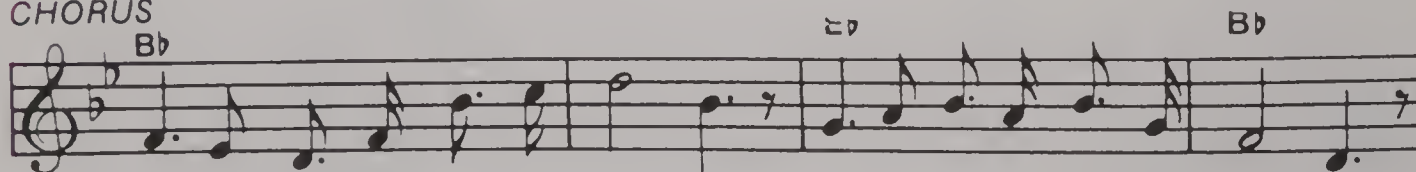


-where be-neath the sun; Yet what force on earth is weak-er than the

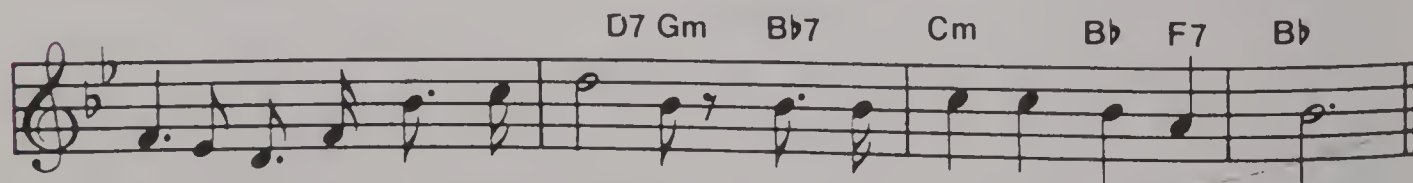


fee-ble strength of one? But the U - nion makes us strong.

CHORUS



Sol - i - dar - i - ty for - e - ver, Sol - i - dar - i - ty for - e - ver,



Sol - i - dar - i - ty for - e - ver, For the U-nion makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy  
parasite

Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us

with his might?

Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where  
they trade;

Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of  
railroad laid.

Now we stand outcast and starving, 'midst the wonders  
we have made;

But the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and  
ours alone.

We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward  
stone by stone.

It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to  
earn,

But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can  
turn.

We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom  
when we learn

That the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

In our hands is placed a power greater than their  
hoarded gold;

Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-  
fold.

We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the  
old.

For the Union makes us strong. [chorus]

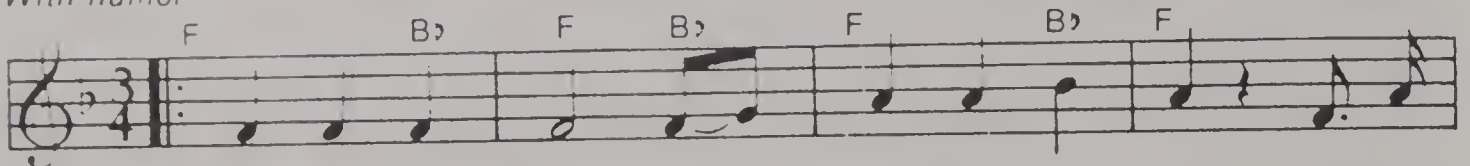


# Hallelujah, I'm a Bum

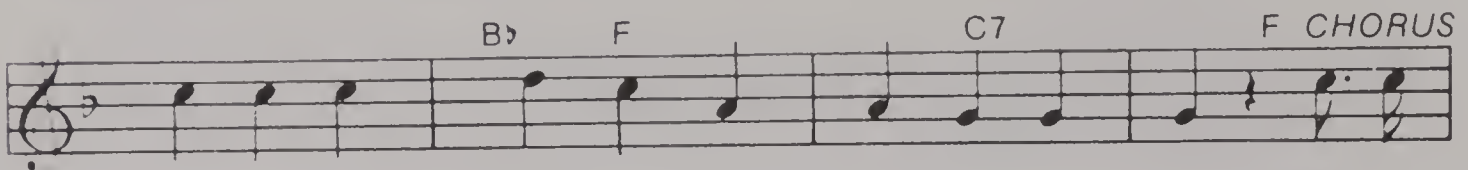
(Tune: Revive Us Again)

(Hobo parody of the last century, adapted by Spokane IWW winter of 1908 for use on song card of that year, preceding songbooks)

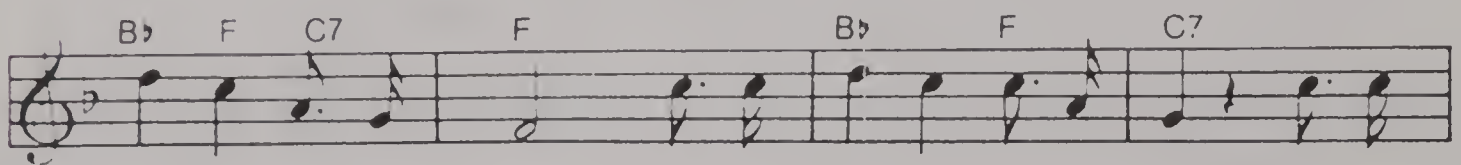
With humor



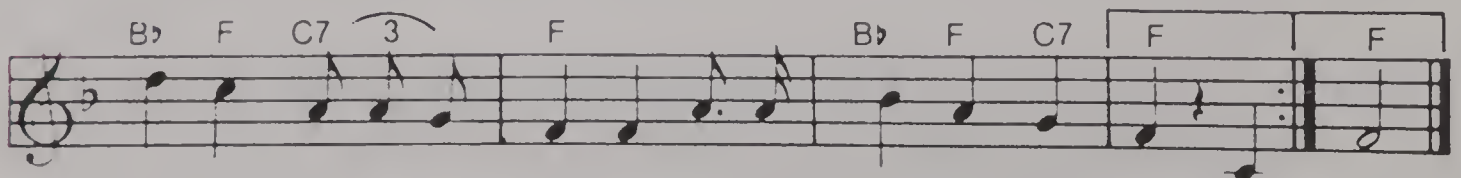
Why don't you work like other folks do? How the



hell can I work when there's no work to do? Hal - le -



lu - jah, I'm a bum, Hal - le - lu - jah, bum a - gain; Hal - le -



lu - jah, give us a hand - out To re - vive us a - gain! I gain!

\* I worked overtime  
Like a big greedy slob;  
Now the warehouse is full  
And I'm out of a job.

O, why don't you save  
All the money you earn?  
If I did not eat  
I'd have money to burn.

[*chorus*]

\* Our wages can't buy  
All the wealth we produce;  
So the factories shut down  
And we are turned loose.

[*chorus*]

O, I like my boss —  
He's a good friend of mine;  
That's why I am starving  
Out in the breadline.

[*chorus*]

Whenever I get  
All the money I earn  
The boss will be broke  
And to work he must turn.

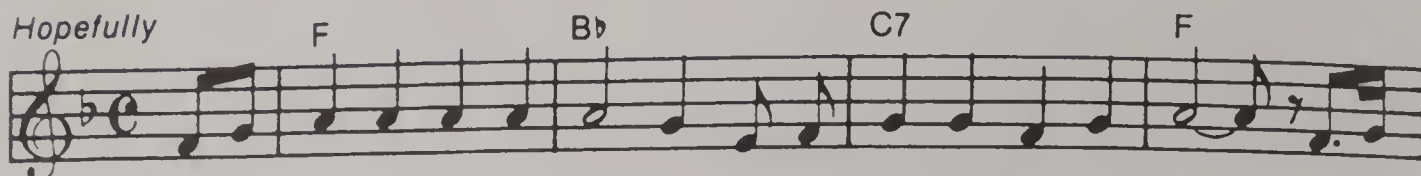
[*chorus*]

\* New verse, 35th Edition

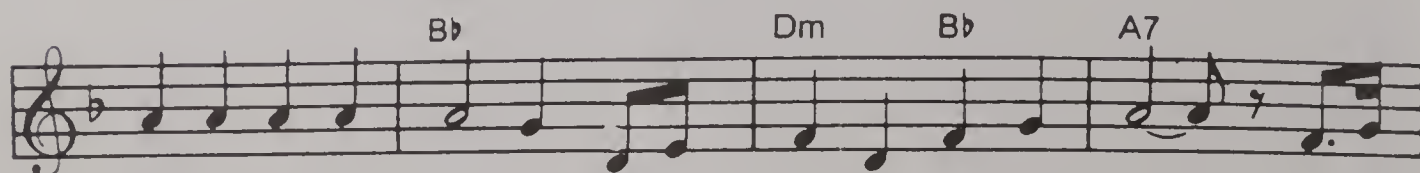
# Bread and Roses

(music by Caroline Kohlsaatt, words by James Oppenheim)  
(First appearance in songbook, 35th Edition)

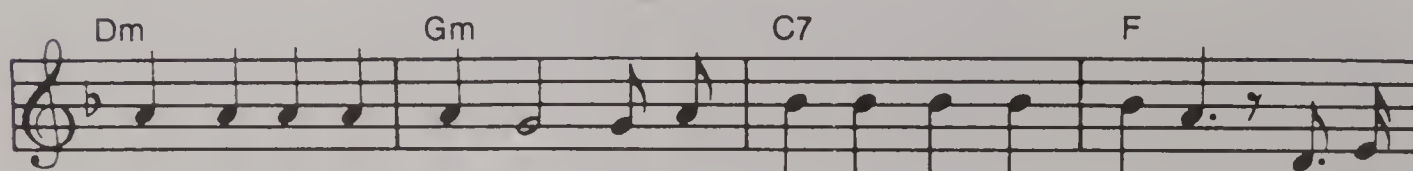
*Hopefully*



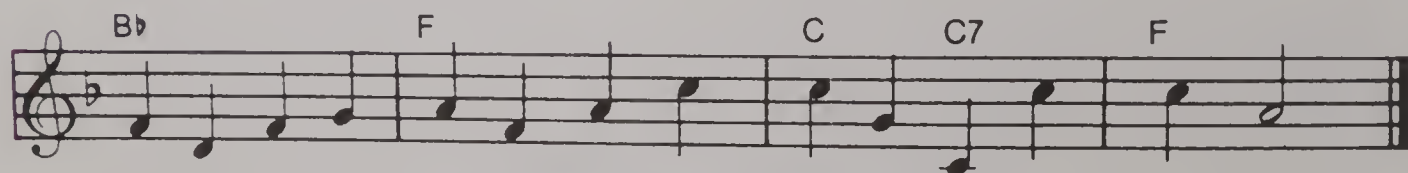
As we come marching, marching in the beau - ty of the day, A



mil-lion dar-kened kit-chens, A thou-sand mill lofts gray, Are



touched with all the ra - diance that a sud - den sun dis - clo - ses, For the



peo-ple hear us sing-ing, "Bread & ro-ses! Bread & ro-ses!"

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,  
For they are women's children and we mother them again.  
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;  
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give  
us roses!

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women  
dead

Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread.  
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.  
Yes, it is bread we fight for—but we fight for roses, too!



As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater  
days.

The rising of the women means the rising of the race.  
No more the drudge and idler—ten that toil where one  
reposes,

But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and roses! Bread  
and roses!



## The International

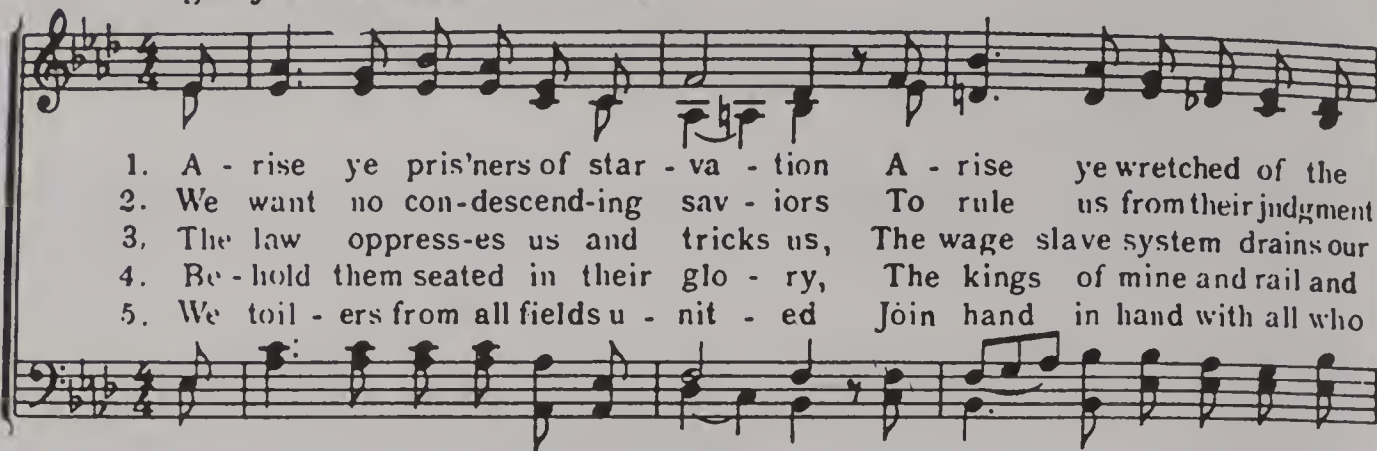
*(Eugene Pottier wrote the words for this song in June, 1871 as the French army crushed the efforts of Parisian workers to make Paris a city run by its own working people. Against the folly of workers killing each other in war, it praised the idea of worldwide working class solidarity and the International Workingmen's Association that had been founded for that purpose. That First International fell apart, and when in 1889 another labor congress was called to revive the idea, a Belgian wood-turner, Pierre Degeyter, set the 1871 poem to this music now known 'round the world.)*

# The International

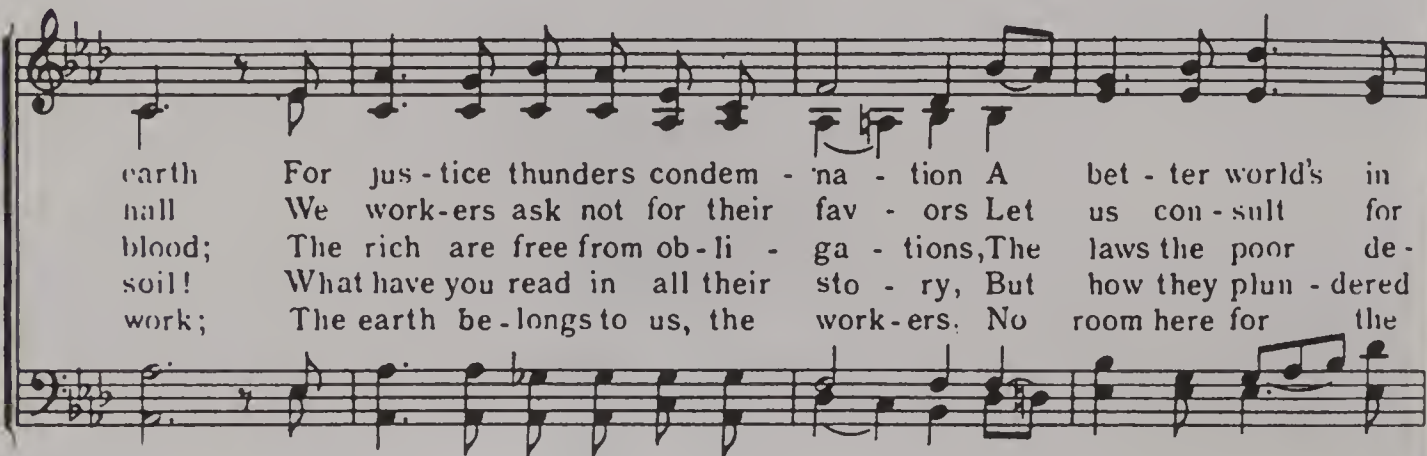
Adapted from  
CHAS. H. KERR'S translation.

Harmonized by  
RUDOLF LIEBICH

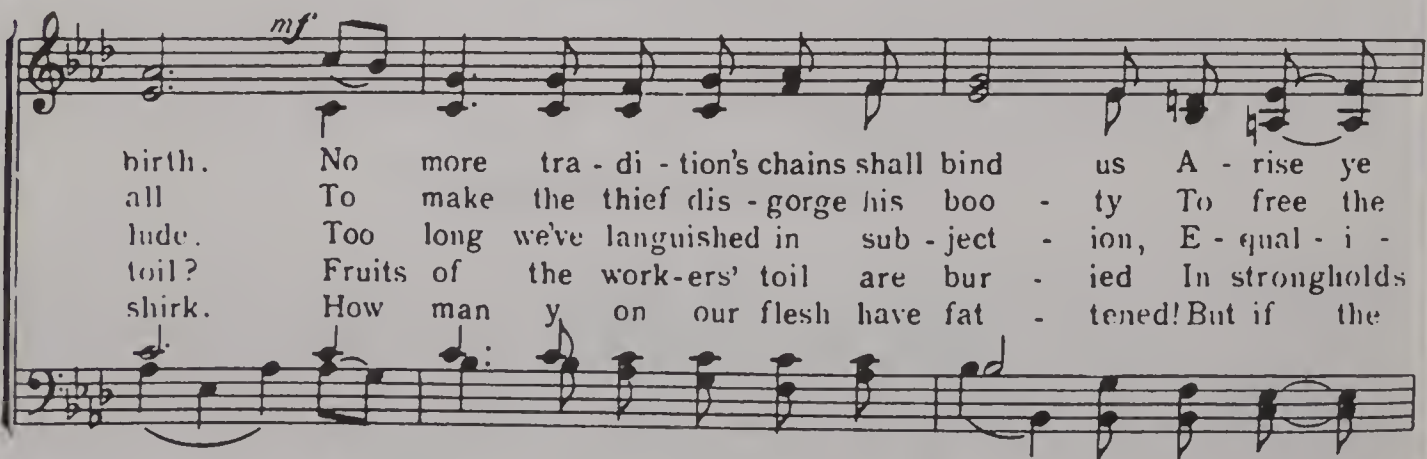
*Slightly slower than march time*



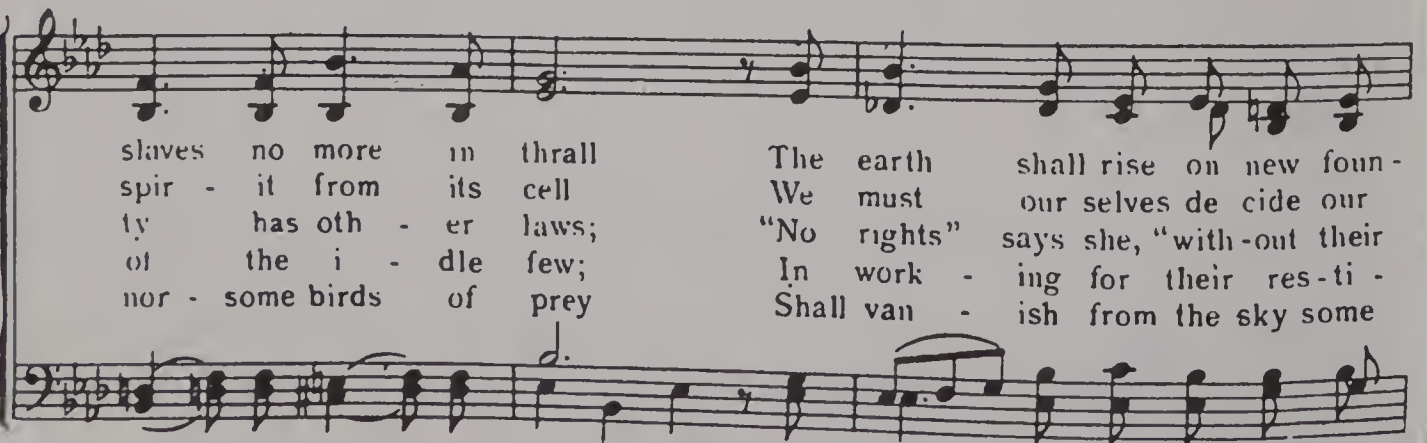
1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion A - rise ye wretched of the  
2. We want no con-descend-ing sav - iors To rule us from their judgment  
3. The law oppress-es us and tricks us, The wage slave system drains our  
4. Be - hold them seated in their glo - ry, The kings of mine and rail and  
5. We toil - ers from all fields u - nit - ed Join hand in hand with all who



earth For jus - tice thunders condem - na - tion A bet - ter world's in  
nall We work-ers ask not for their fav - ors Let us con - sult for  
blood; The rich are free from ob - li - ga - tions, The laws the poor de -  
soil! What have you read in all their sto - ry, But how they plun - dered  
work; The earth be - longs to us, the work-ers, No room here for the



*mf*  
birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye  
all To make the thief dis - gorge his boo - ty To free the  
lude. Too long we've languished in sub - ject - ion, E - qual - i -  
toil? Fruits of the work-ers' toil are bur - ied In strongholds  
shirk. How man y on our flesh have fat - tened! But if the



slaves no more in thrall The earth shall rise on new foun -  
spir - it from its cell We must our selves de cide our  
ty has oth - er laws; "No rights" says she, "with-out their  
of the i - dle few; In work - ing for their res - ti -  
nor - some birds of prey Shall van - ish from the sky some



*rit*

da - tions We have been naught we shall be all.  
 du - ty We must de - cide and do it well.  
 du - ties, No claims on e - quals with - out cause."  
 tu - tion The men will on - ly claim their due.  
 morn - ing The bles - sed sun - light then will stay.

REFRAIN *March time*

'Tis the fin al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race 'Tis the

*rit*

fin - al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

*a tempo* *Slow* SOLO

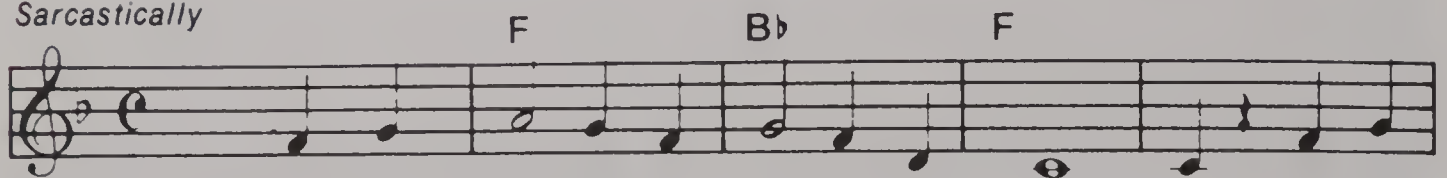
In - ter - na - tion - al Un ion shall be the hu - man race.



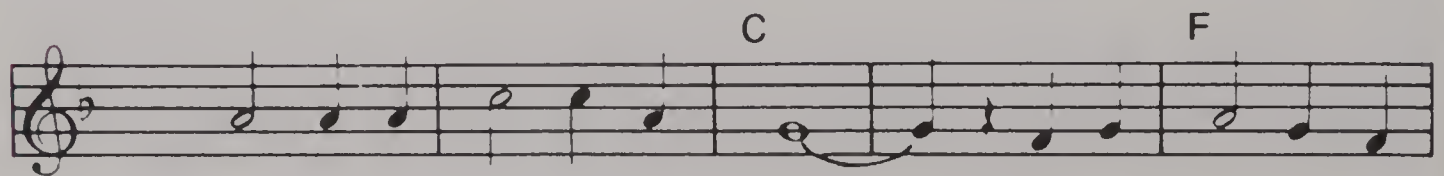
# The Preacher and the Slave (Pie in the Sky)

(Tune: In The Sweet Bye And Bye)  
(by Joe Hill) (1911 Edition)

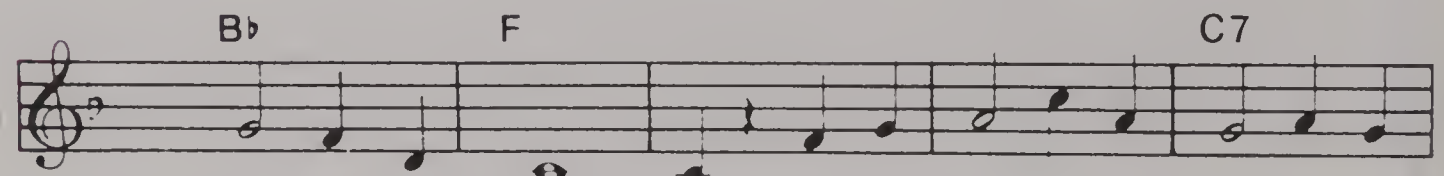
*Sarcastically*



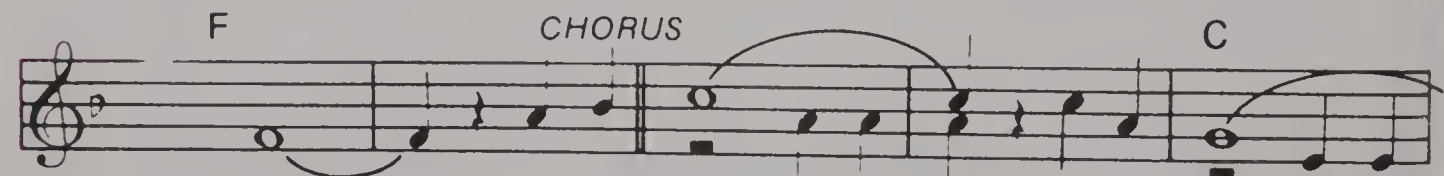
Long-haired preach-ers come out ev-'ry night, Try to



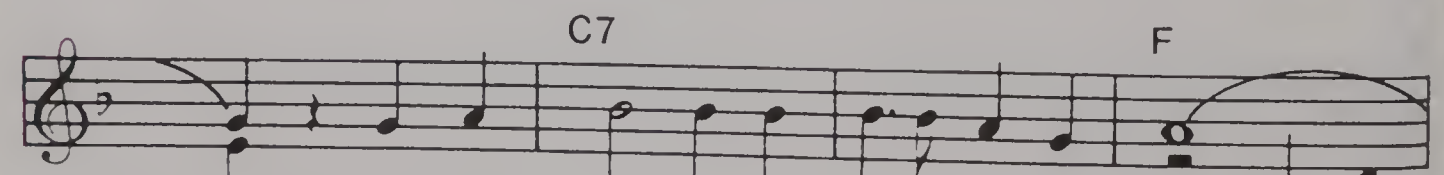
tell you what's wrong and what's right; But when asked a-bout



some-thing to eat, They will an - swer with voi - ces so



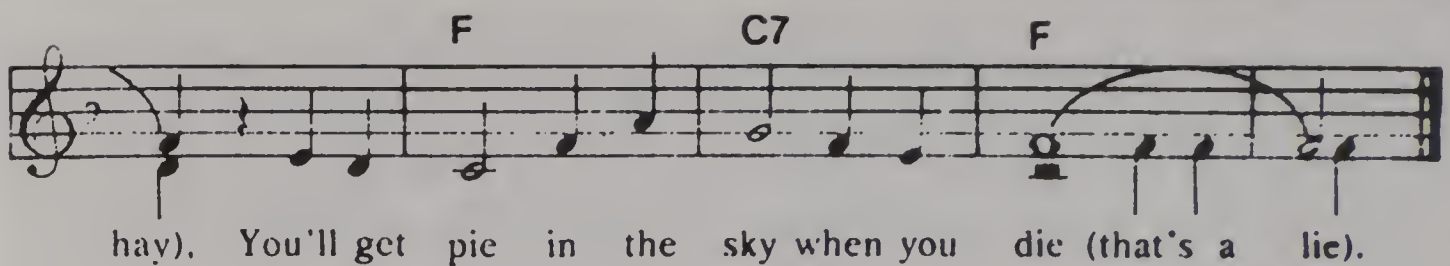
sweet: You will eat (you will eat) bye and bye (bye and



bye) In that glo - ri - ous land a-bove the sky (way up



high) Work and pray (work and pray). live on hay (live on



And the starvation army they play,  
 • And they sing and they clap and they pray,  
 Till they get all your coin on the drum;  
 Then they tell you when you're on the bum: [chorus]

If you fight for the good things in life \*  
 They will tell you to stop all the strife;  
 Be a sheep for the bosses, they say,  
 Or to hell you are sure on the way. [chorus]

Workingfolk of all countries unite;  
 Side by side we for freedom will fight.  
 When the world and its wealth we have gained  
 To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

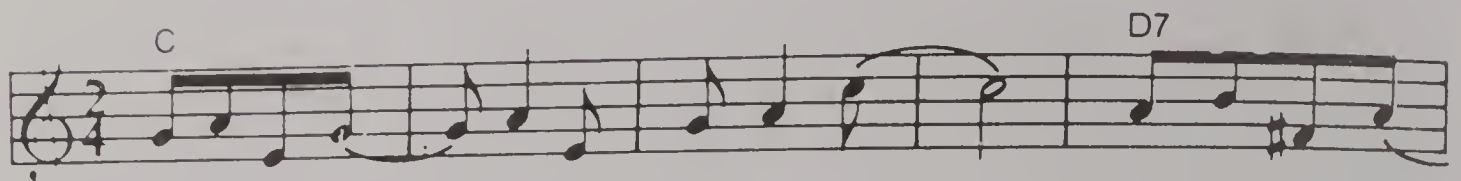
[Last Chorus]

*You will eat, bye and bye,  
 When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
 Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
 And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.  
 (That's no lie!)*

\* (New verse, 35th edition)

# Are You a Wobbly?

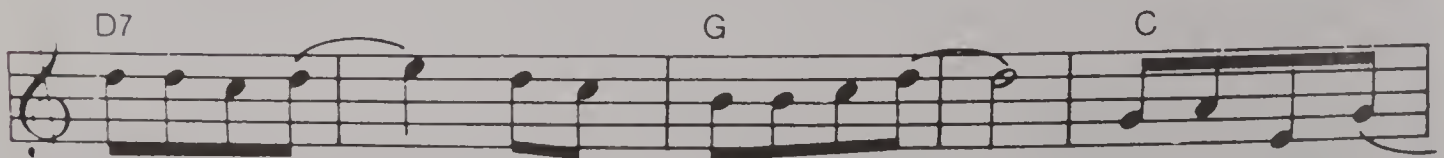
(Tune: Are You From Dixie?)  
(by Joe Foley) (21st Edition, 1925)



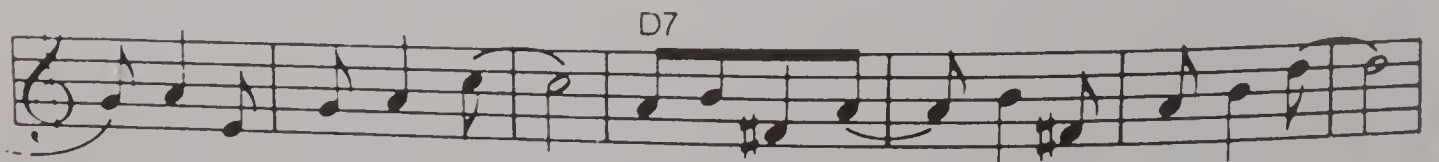
Hel-lo there work-er, how do you do? You're up a-against



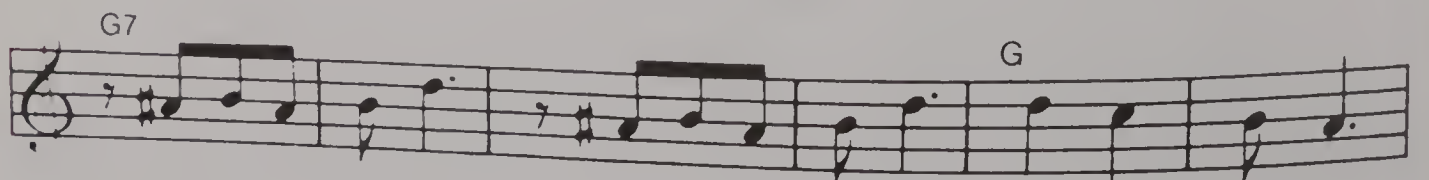
it. broke, hun-gry too. Don't be sur-prised, I rec-og-nized:



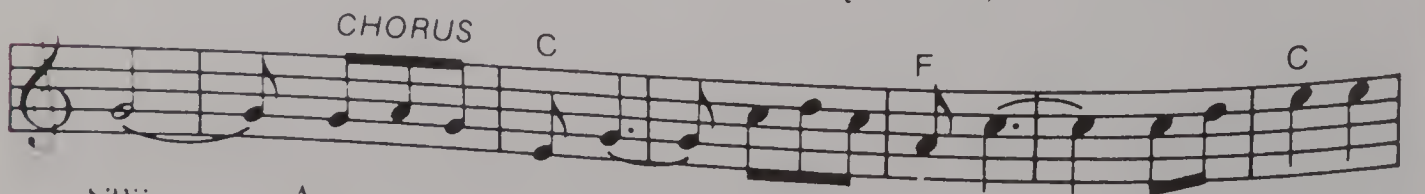
I know a slave by that look in the eyes. You want what I



want, that's Lib-er-ty. Your frown-ing face seems to say to me.



Where there's a will friend, then there's a way friend; Come hear what I

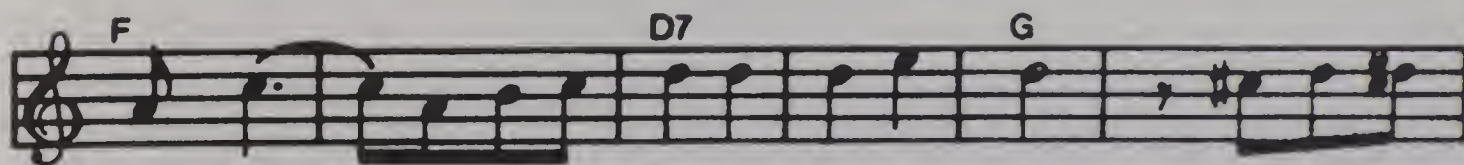


say: Are you a Wob-bly? Then lis-ten bud-dy, for the One Big

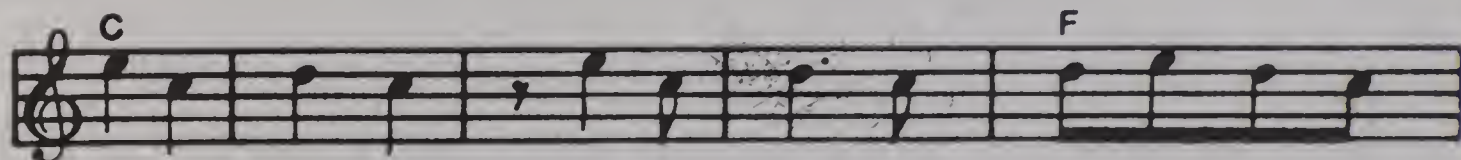




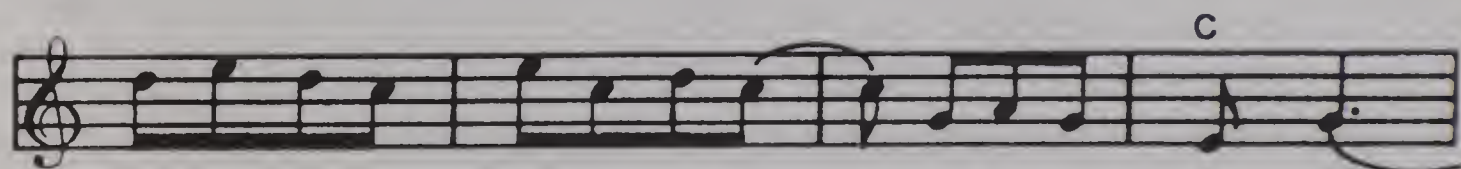
U-nion bec-kons to you— A work-er's u-nion. in-dus-trial



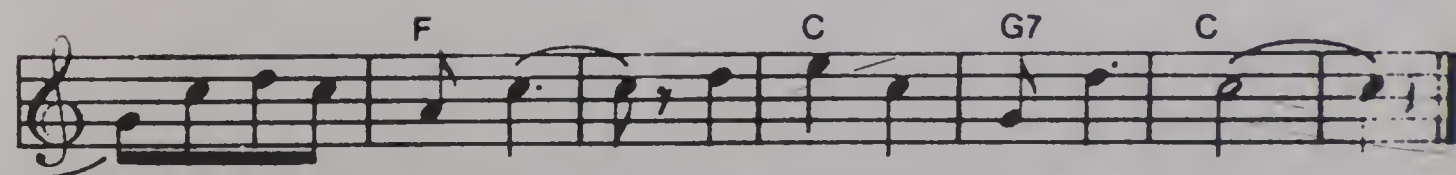
u-nion— Come on and be a Wob-bly, too. Tell ev-'ry



slave you see a- long the line. It makes no dif-f'rence



what your col-or, creed, sex or kind, Be-come a Wob-bly



and then we'll prob'ly get free from slav-er-y.

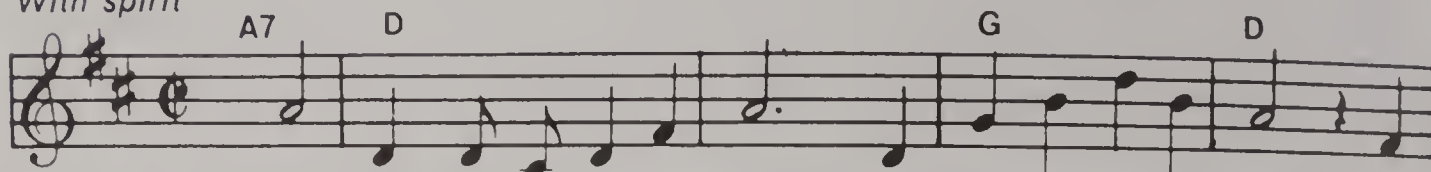
You like the idea, but then you say,  
“How can we do it—when is the day?”  
When all the poor folks, the unemployed folks  
And everyone who works for a wage  
Get in the Union, One Union Grand,  
And it's all hands together—make our demand,  
When you and I, Friend, lay down our Tools, friend.  
Fold up our arms and walk off the job. [chorus]

# Union Maid

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by Woody Guthrie; new third verse by Nancy Katz)  
(34th Edition)

With spirit



There once was a u-nion maid, who ne-ver was a- fraid of



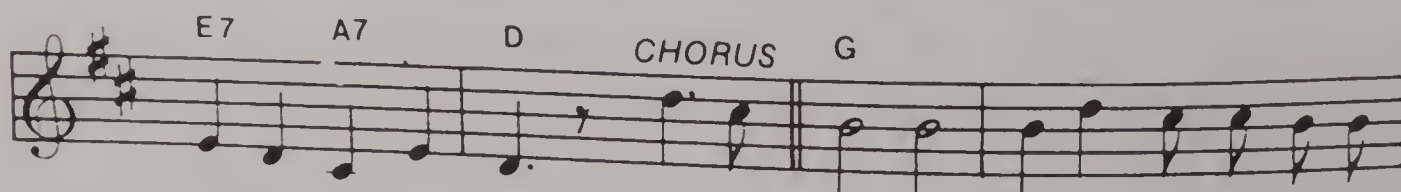
goons and ginks and com-pa-ny finks And the dep-u- ty sher-iff who



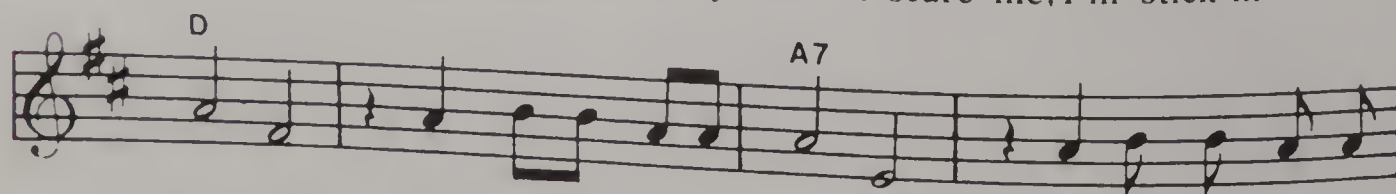
made the raid. She'd go to the u-nion hall When a meet-ing it was



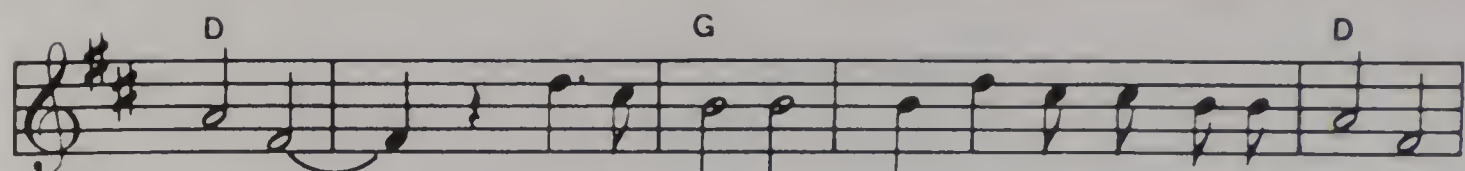
called. And when the com-p'ny boys came 'round she



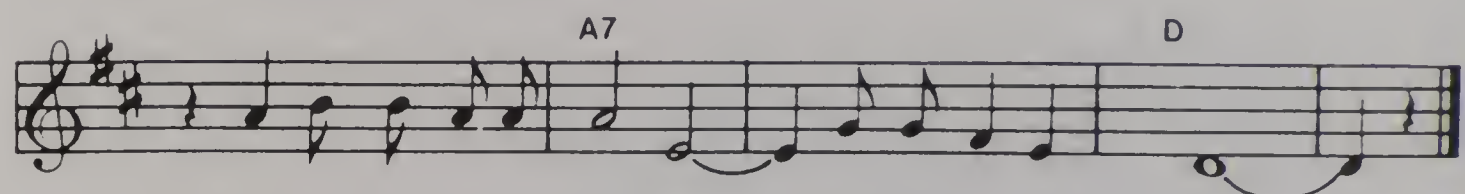
al-ways stood her ground. Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-in' to the



u - nion. I'm stick-in' to the u - nion. I'm stick-in' to the



u - nion. Oh, you can't scare me, I'm stick-in' to the u - nion.



I'm stick-in' to the u - nion till the day I die.

This union maid was wise  
To the tricks of the company spies  
She'd never be fooled by the company stools,  
She'd always organize the guys.  
She'd always get her way  
When she struck for higher pay,  
She'd show her card to the National Guard,  
And this is what she'd say — [chorus]

A woman's struggle is hard  
Even with a union card,  
She's got to stand on her own two feet,  
And not be a servant of a male elite.  
It's time to take a stand,  
Keep working hand in hand,  
There's a job that's got to be done  
And a fight that's got to be won. [chorus]



# Workingfolk Unite

(Tune: Red Wing)

(by E. S. Nelson) (1909 Edition)

Conditions they are bad,  
And some of you are sad;  
You cannot see your enemy,  
The class that lives in luxury.  
You workingfolk are poor —  
Will be forevermore —  
As long as you permit the few  
To guide your destiny.

[chorus]

*Shall we still be slaves and work for wages?  
It is outrageous — has been for ages;  
This earth by right belongs to toilers,  
And not to spoilers of liberty.*

The master class is small,  
But they have lots of gall;  
When we unite to gain our right,  
If they resist we'll use our might;  
There is no middle ground,  
This fight must be one round.  
To victory, for liberty,  
Our class is marching on! [chorus]

Workingfolk, unite!  
We must put up a fight,  
To make us free from slavery  
And capitalistic tyranny;

This fight is not in vain.  
We've got a world to gain.  
Will you be a fool, a capitalist tool,  
And serve your enemy? [*chorus*]

## **Amazing Boss**

(*Tune: Amazing Grace*)

(*by Bill Crum*) (*First appearance, 35th Edition*)

Amazing Boss who hired me  
And told me what to do,  
I've made more crap that he can sell.  
Now I must bid adieu.

The Boss has said that all good things  
Exist for us, somewhere.  
We'd loudly sing our thanks to Boss,  
If we could breathe the air.

Now Boss is sure an SOB  
But he's nobody's clown.  
He'll hire me and fire you  
To keep our wages down.

The time is now to organize  
A Union of our class,  
And teach that turkey honest toil.  
It'll knock him on his ear.

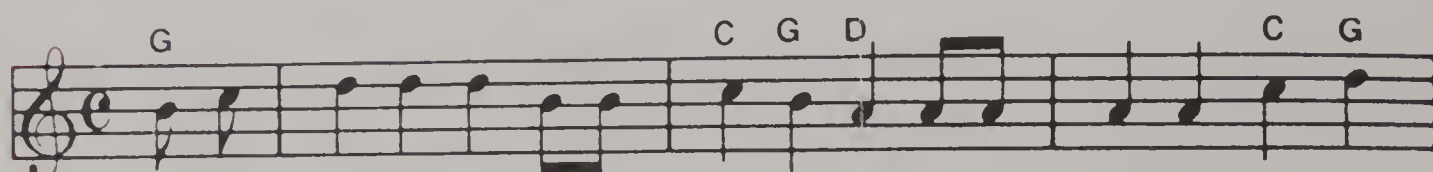
# We Have Fed You All for a Thousand Years

(written by 'An Unknown Proletarian,')

(music by Von Liebich)

(first listed printing, *Industrial Union Bulletin*)

(April 18, 1908)



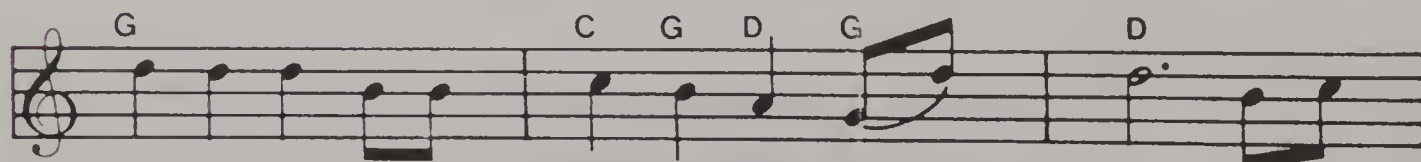
We have fed you all for a thousand years And you hail us still un-



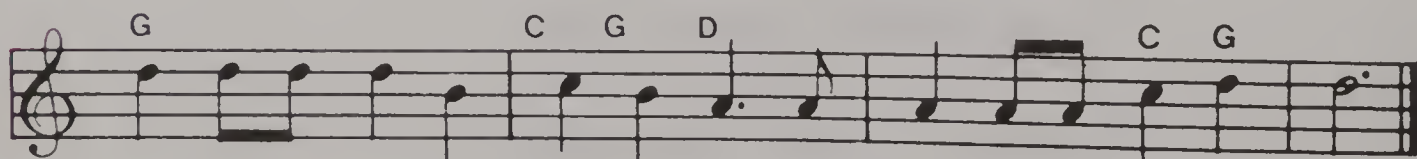
fed. Though there's nev-er a dol-lar of all your wealth But



marks the work-ers' dead. We have yield-ed our best to



give you rest And you lie on crim - son wool. And if



blood be the price of all your wealth, Good God! We have paid in full!

There is never a min blown skyward now  
But we're buried alive for you.

There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now  
But we are its ghastly crew.

Go reckon our dead by the forges red  
And the factories where we spin.



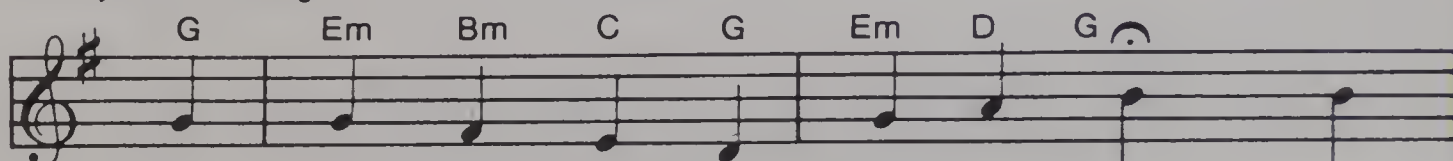
If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,  
Good God! We have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years —  
For that was our doom, you know,  
From the days when you chained us in your fields  
To the strike a week ago.  
You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,  
And we're told it's your legal share,  
But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,  
Good God! We have bought it fair!

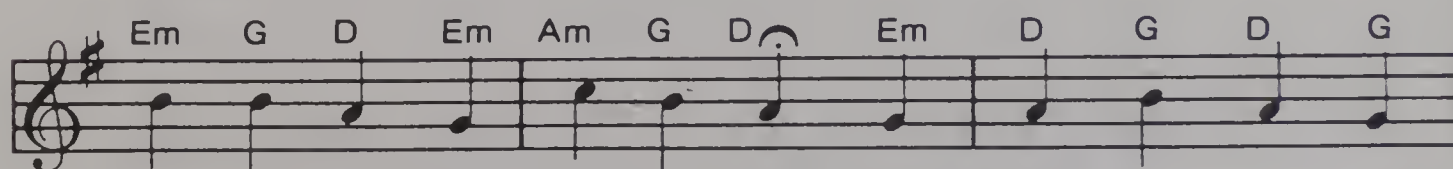
## Wobbly Devology

*(from the Australian IWW)*

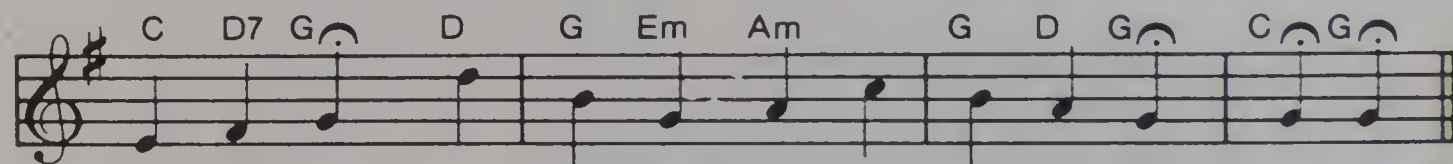
*Firmly—don't drag*



Praise Boss when morn - ing work - bells chime. Praise



him for chunks of o - ver - time. Praise him whose blood - y



wars we fight. Praise him, fat leach and par - a - site. Aw hell!

## Lumberjack's Prayer

(Tune: Doxology)

(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta], about 1920)

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake  
Give us this day a T-Bone steak.  
Hallowed be Thy Holy Name,  
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, hear my humble cry, O Lord,  
And send us down some decent board,  
Brown gravy and some German fried  
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,  
I'm asking you for ham and eggs,  
And if thou havest custard pies,  
I'd like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, Almighty Host,  
I quite forgot the quail on toast.  
Let your kindly heart be stirred  
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know Your holy wish,  
On Friday we must have a fish.  
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale;  
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me, Lord, remove these "dogs,"  
These sausages of powdered logs;  
The bull beef hash and bearded snouts,  
Take them to Hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and pressed beef butts  
Dear Lord, they've damn near ruined my guts;  
The whitewash milk and oleorine  
I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Oh, hear me, Lord, I'm praying still,  
But if you won't our Union will  
Put porkchops on the bill of fare  
And starve no workers anywhere.

### **Answer To The Prayer** (Recitation)

I am happy to say this prayer has been  
Answered — by the "old man" himself.  
He tells me he has furnished plenty for all,  
And that if I'm not getting mine  
It's because I'm not organized  
Sufficiently strong to force  
The master to loosen up.

He tells me He has no knowledge  
Of "dogs," pressed beef butts, etc.  
And that they are probably  
Products of the Devil.

He further informs me that  
The Capitalists are children of His'n,  
And that he absolutely refuses  
To participate in any children's squabbles.  
He believes in fighting it out along  
The lines of Industrial Unionism.

— Yours in faith,  
T-Bone Slim



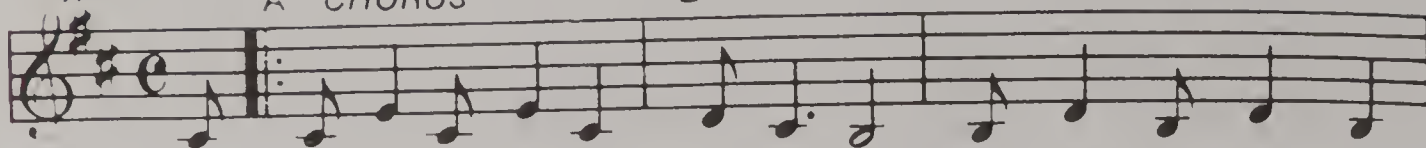
# Make No Mistake

(First appearance, 35th Edition)

Calypso

A CHORUS

E



As long as the boss man's o - ver you, You must do what he



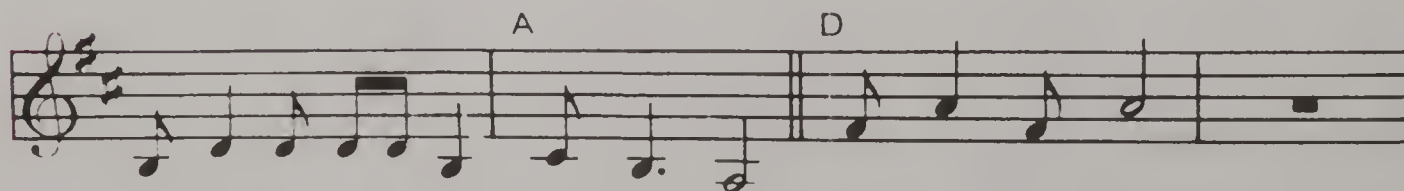
tells you to. You must do what he tells you to, long as the boss man's



o-ver you. But you would be mak-ing a big mis - take



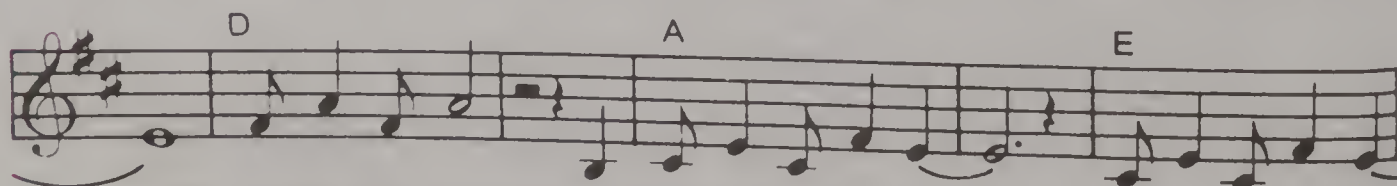
if you think the boss man cannot break. If you think the boss man cannot break



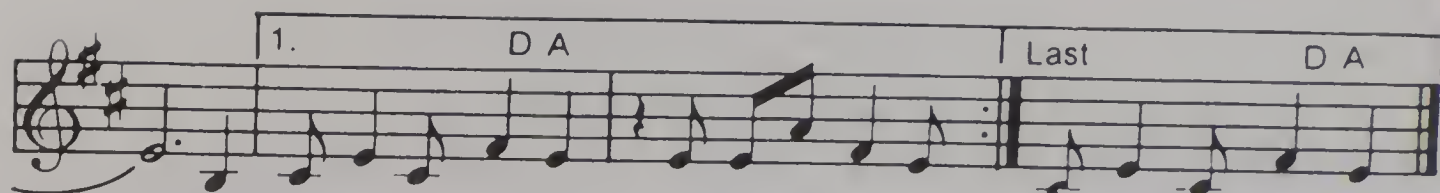
you would be mak-ing a big mis-take. Turn on the lights!



Turn up the po-wer! We are get-ting strong-er, with each pass-ing hour.



We make the news. And they write the sto-ry. We get the blues,



and they get the glo-ry. And so re-mem-ber,

Turn on the lights! Turn up the power!  
 We are getting stronger, with each passing hour.  
 The system is big. You cannot escape.  
 Any way that you reform it, people are in bad shape.  
 [chorus]

Turn on the lights!. Turn up the power!  
 We are getting stronger, with each passing hour.  
 The Capitalist is still at the reigns,  
 But he can't stay in the saddle 'cause he's having labor  
 pains. [chorus]

## Prices Rise

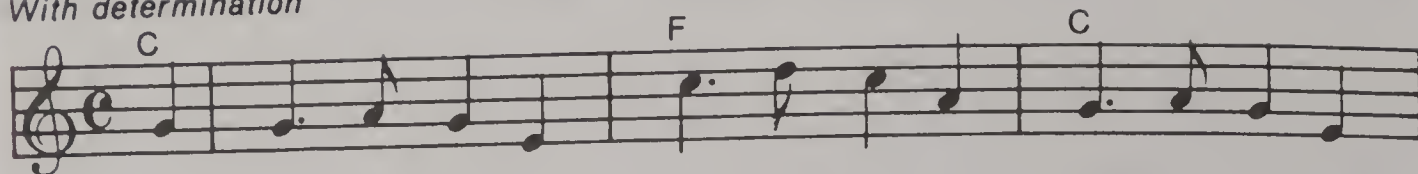
(Tune: Three Blind Mice, sung as a round)  
 (Canadian) (First appearance, 35th Edition)

Prices rise. Prices rise.  
 See how they mount! See how they mount!  
 They've raised the price of your daily bread,  
 And given you cruisers and guns instead,  
 For they know it won't trouble you when you're dead  
 That prices rise.

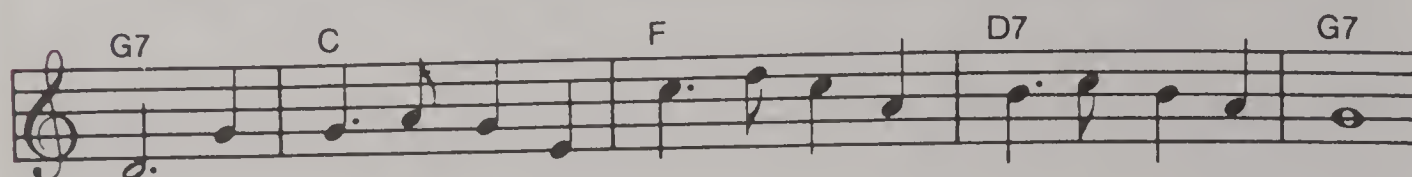
# Hold the Fort

(8th Edition, 1914)

With determination

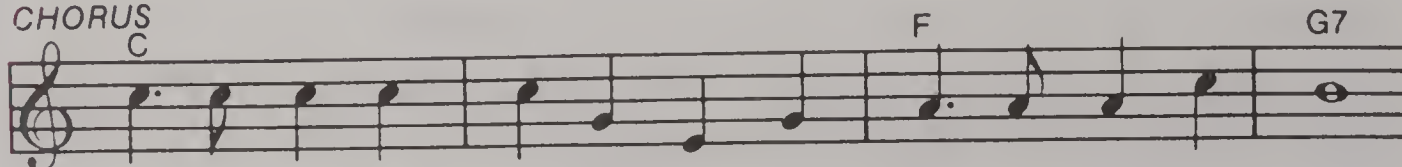


We meet to - day in free - dom's cause and raise our voi - ces

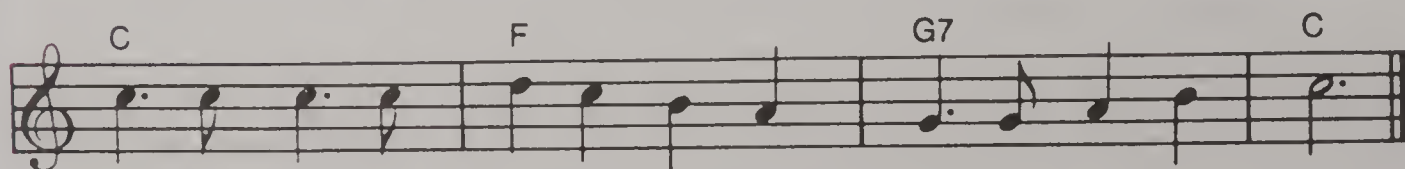


high; We'll join our hands in u - nion strong to bat - tle or to die.

CHORUS



Hold the fort for we are com - ing, U - nion - ists be strong.



Side by side we bat - tle on - ward, vic - to - ry will come.

Look my comrades, see the union  
Banners waving high.  
Reinforcements now appearing,  
Victory is nigh. [chorus]

See our numbers still increasing;  
Hear the bugles blow.  
By our union we shall triumph  
Over every foe. [chorus]

Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But we will not fear,  
Help will come whene'er it's needed,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer. [chorus]



# All Hell Can't Stop Us

(Tune: Hold The Fort)

(by Ralph Chaplin, written in Leavenworth)  
(15th Edition)

Now the final battle rages;  
Tyrants quake with fear.  
Rulers of the New Dark Ages  
Know their end is near.

[Chorus]

*Scorn to take the crumbs they drop us,  
All is ours by right!  
Onward, folks! All hell can't stop us!  
Crush the parasite!*

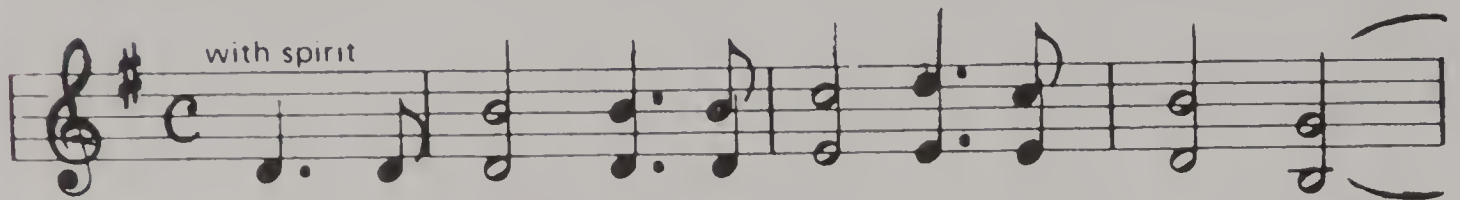
With a world-wide revolution  
Bring them to their feet!  
They of crime and persecution—  
They must work to eat! [chorus]

Tear the mask of lies asunder,  
Let the truth be known.  
With a voice like angry thunder  
Rise and claim your own! [chorus]

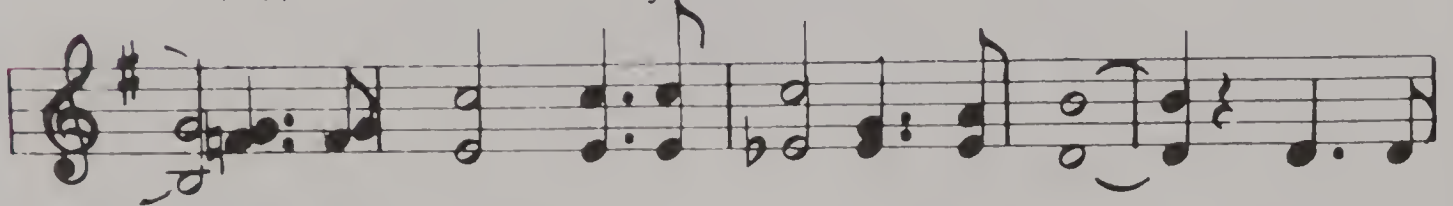
Down with greed and exploitation!  
Tyranny must fall!  
Hail to Toil's emancipation!  
Labor shall be all. [chorus]

# THE REBEL GIRL

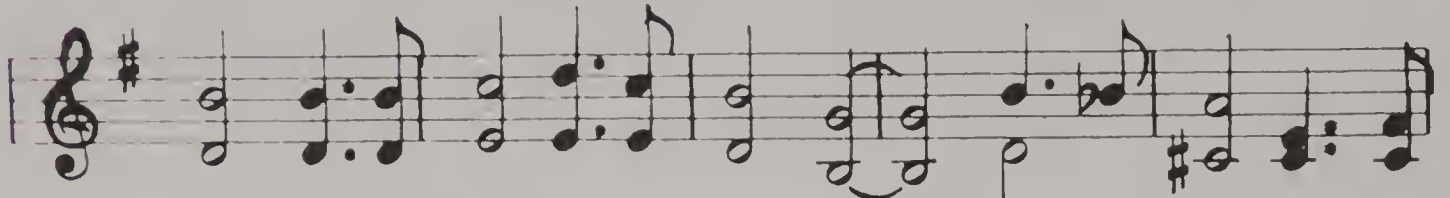
*(words and music written by Joe Hill in jail, February 1915)*



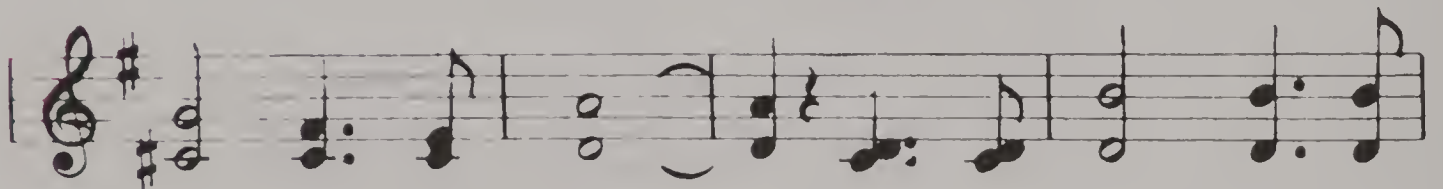
There are wo - men of man - y de - scrip - tions--  
Yes, her hands may be hard-en'd from la - bor--



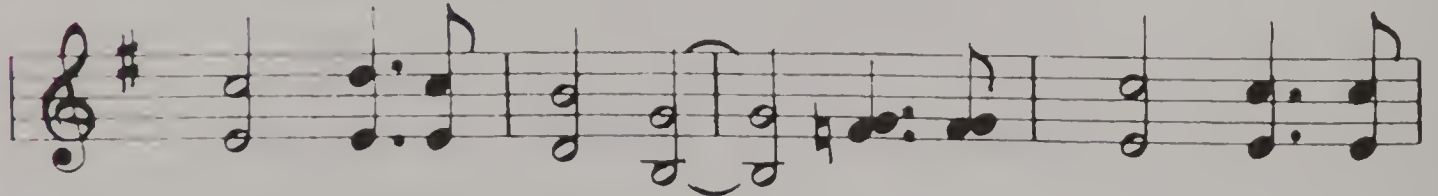
-- In this queer world as eve-ry - one knows-- Some are  
-- And her dress may not be ver-y fine-- But a



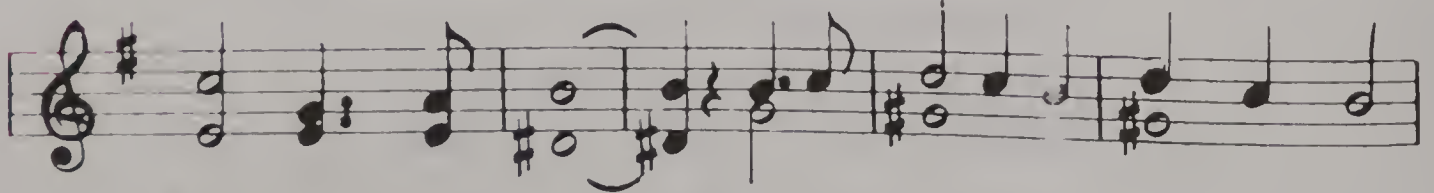
liv - ing in beau-ti - ful man-sions-- And are wear-ing the  
heart in her bos - om is beat-ing-- That is true to her



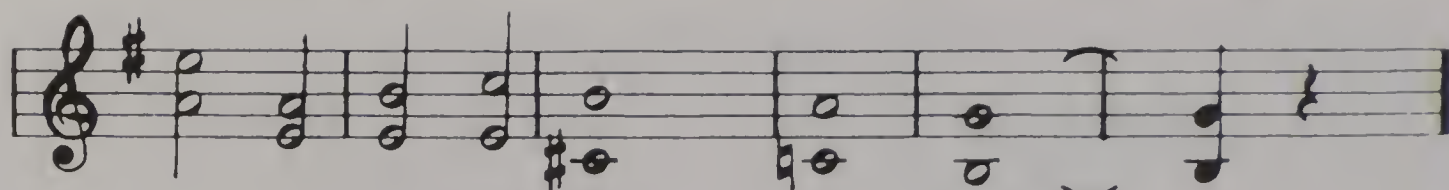
fin - est of clothes There are blue blood - ed  
class and her kind -- And the graft - ers in



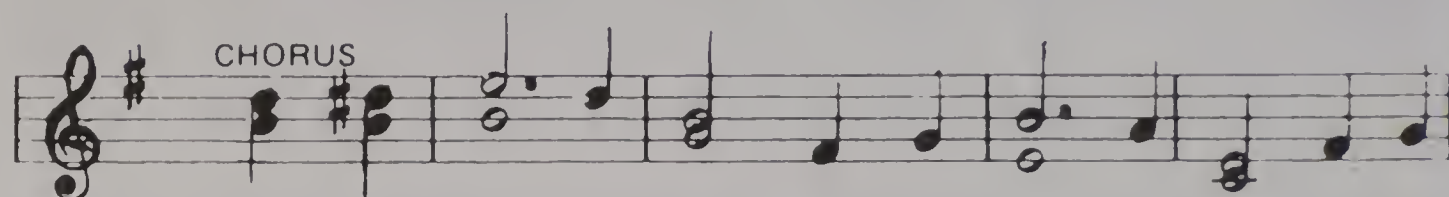
queens and prin-cess - es -- Who have charms made of  
ter - ror are tremb-ling -- When her spite and de -



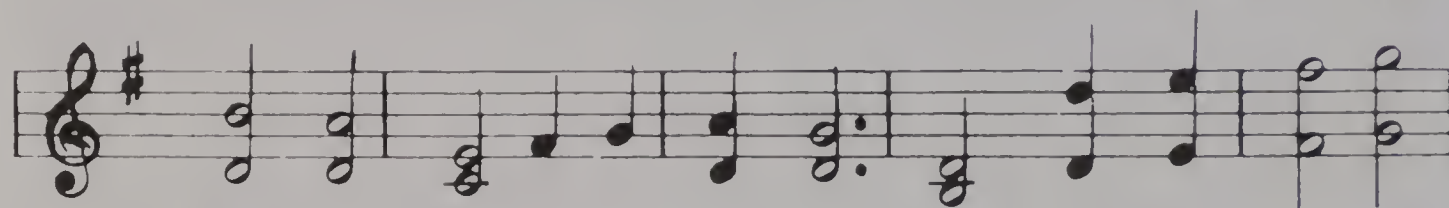
dia-monds and pearl-- But the on-ly and tho-rough-bred  
fi - ance she'll hurl-- For the on-ly and tho-rough-bred



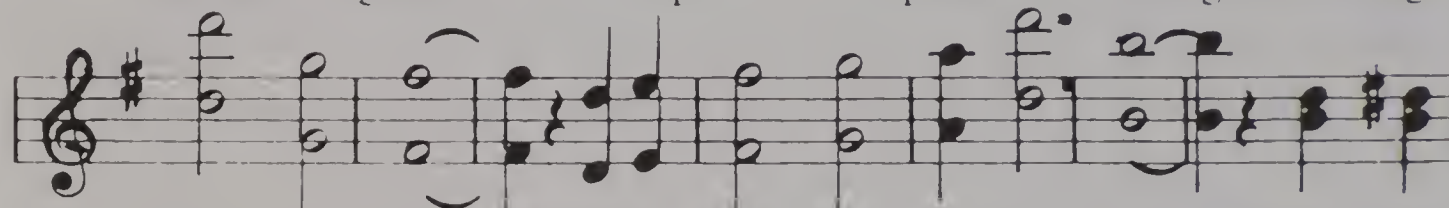
la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. - - - -  
la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl. - - - -



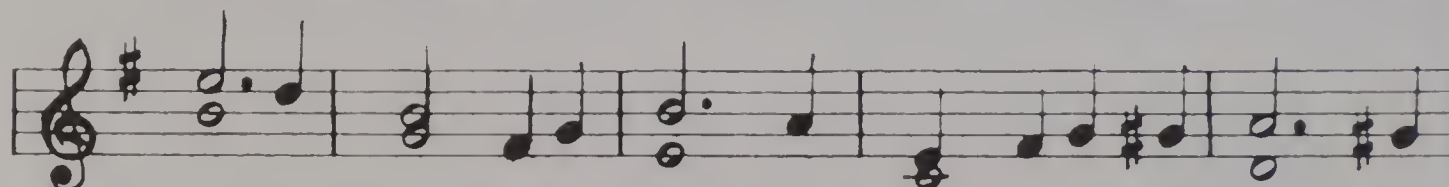
That's the Reb - el Girl, That's the Reb - el Girl, To the



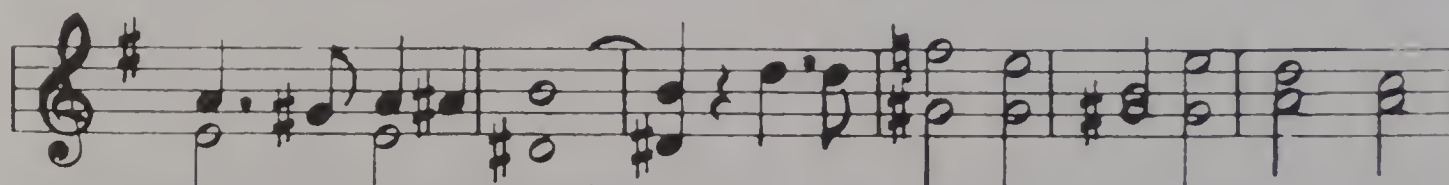
work - ing class she's a pre - cious pearl She brings cour - age



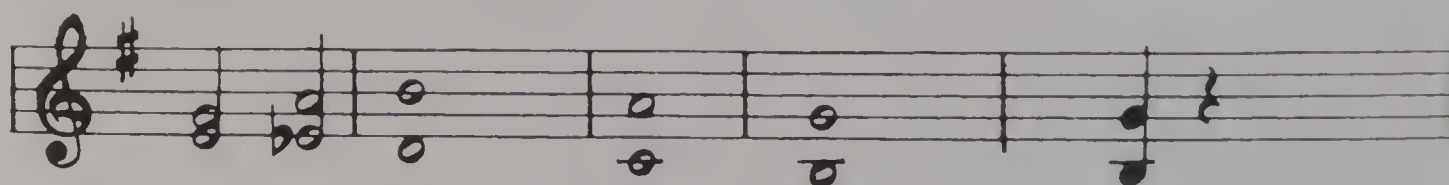
pride and joy To the fight - ing Reb - el Boy — We've had



girls be - fore but we need some more in the In - dust - rial



Work - ers of the World — — — For it's great to fight for free - dom



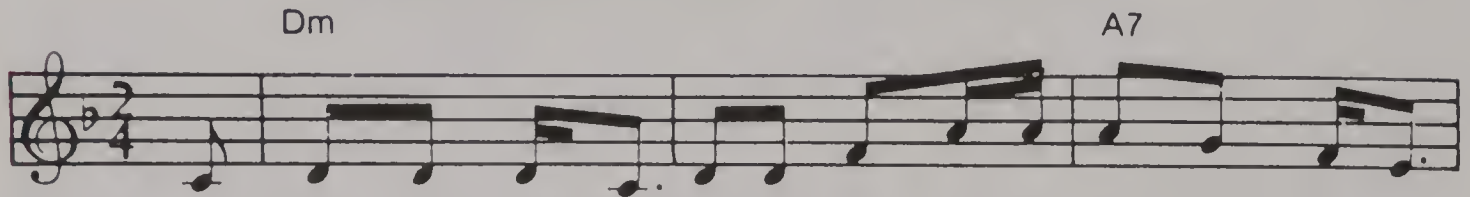
With a Reb - - el Girl. — — — — —



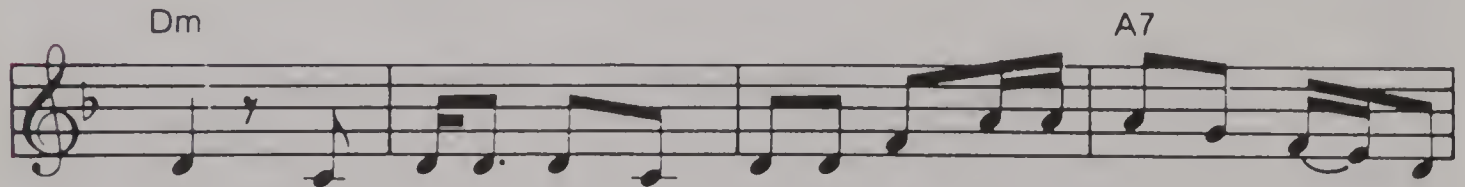
# Still Ain't Satisfied

(by Bonnie Lockhart, used by permission)

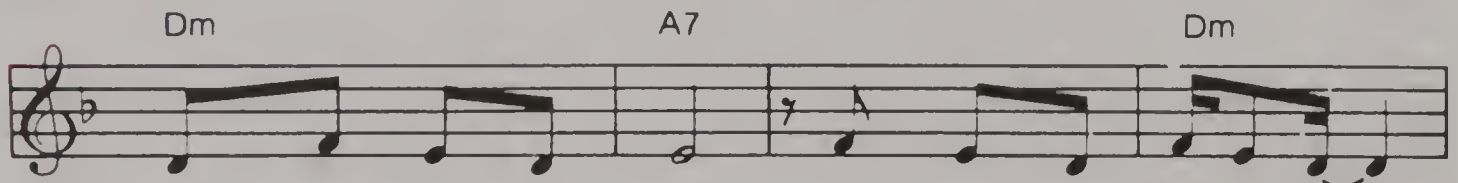
(First appearance, 35th Edition)



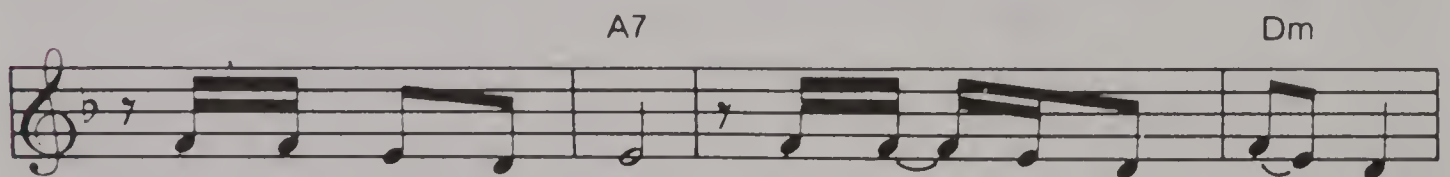
Well, they got wom - en on T. V., but I still ain't sat - is -



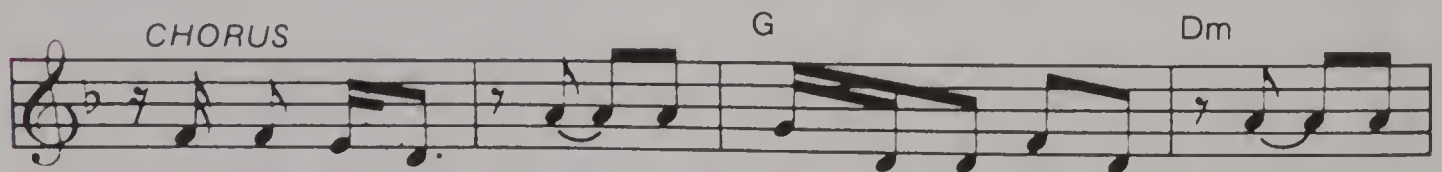
fied. 'Cause co - op - ta - tion's all I see, and I still ain't sat - is -



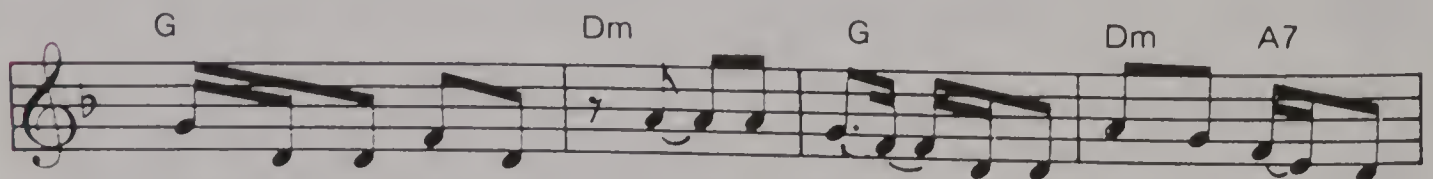
fied. They call me "ms." they sell me blue jeans,



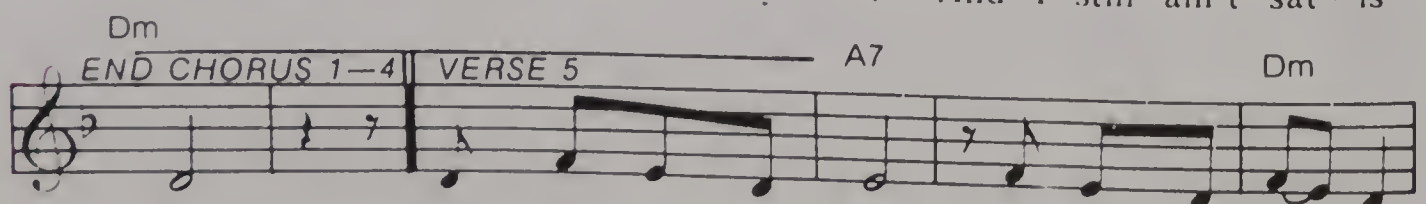
Call it "Wom-en's Lib," They make it sound ob - scene.



And I still ain't, woa they lied, And I still ain't, woa they



lied, And I still ain't, woa they lied, And I still ain't sat - is -



fied. fied. I've got some pride, I won't be lied to.

A7                      Dm                      LAST CHORUS

I did de - cide      That half - way won't do.      And I still ain't.

G                      Dm                      G

woa they lied. And I still ain't.      woa they lied. And I still ain't.

Dm                      G                      Dm                      A7                      Dm

woa they lied.      and I still ain't sat - is      fied

Well, they got women prison guards,  
but I still ain't satisfied.

With so many still behind bars,  
and I still ain't satisfied.

I don't plead guilt, I don't want no bum deal.

I don't want crumbs, I want the whole meal. [*chorus*]

They give out pennies here and there,  
but I still ain't satisfied,

To set up centers for child care,  
and I still ain't satisfied.

And while we work at slave wages,

They brainwash our kids at tender ages. [*chorus*]

Well, this world sure don't look my way,  
and I still ain't satisfied.

'Cause women get raped every day,  
and I still ain't satisfied.

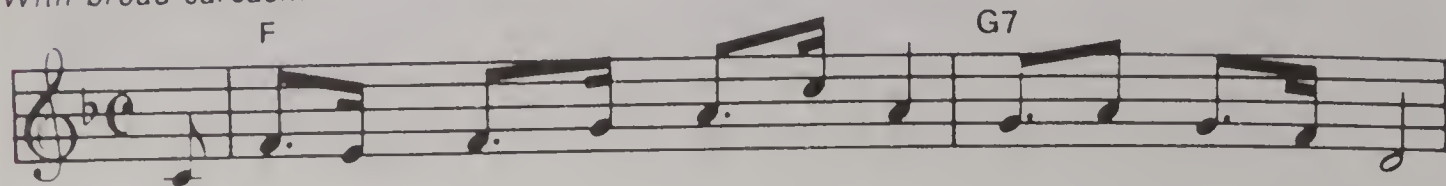
They say, "OK, we'll give you a street light."

But they get uptight when we learn how to street fight.  
[*chorus*]

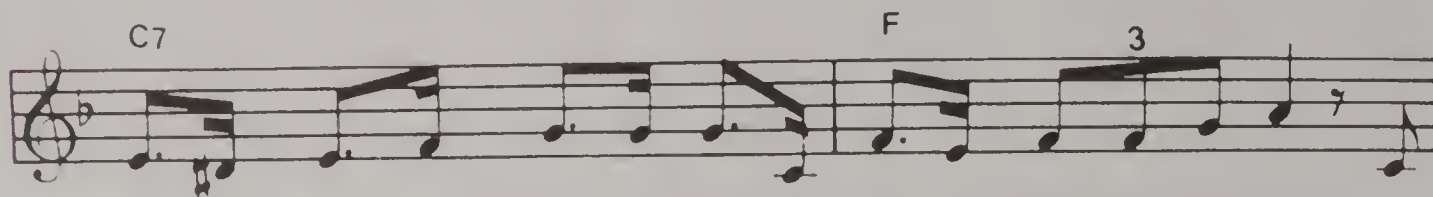
# Put It on the Ground

(Words by Ray Glaser, music by Bill Wolff)  
(First appearance, 35th Edition)

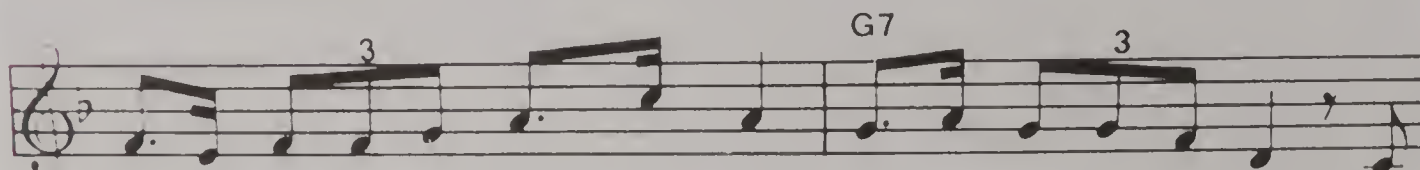
With broad sarcasm



Oh, if you want a raise in pay, all you have to do,



Go and ask the boss for it, and he will give it to you, Yes,

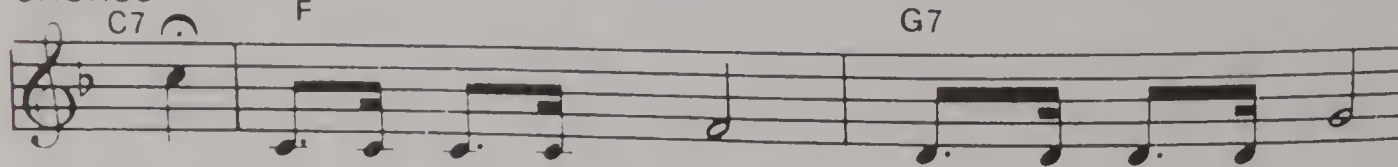


he will give it to you my friend, he will give it to you, A



raise in pay with- out de- lay, Oh, he will give it to you.

CHORUS



Oh, put it on the ground, spread it all a - round



Dig it with a hoe, it will make your flow - ers grow.



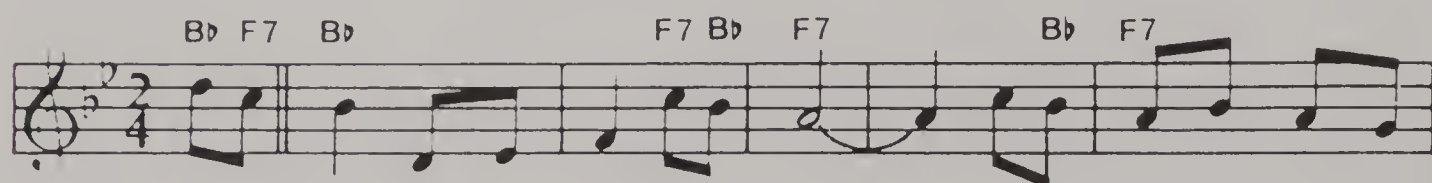
For men who own the industries,  
I'm sheddin' bitter tears;  
They haven't made a single dime  
In over thirty years;  
In over thirty years, my friend,  
In over thirty years;  
Not one thin dime in all that time,  
In over thirty years...Ohhh... [chorus]

It's fun to work on holidays,  
Or when the day is done;  
Why should they pay us overtime  
For having so much fun?  
For having so much fun, my friends,  
For having so much fun,  
Pay overtime would be a crime  
For having so much fun...Ohhh... [chorus]

The men who own the industries,  
They own no bonds and stocks,  
They own no yachts and limousines,  
Or gems the size of rocks.  
They own no big estates with pools,  
Or silken B.V.D.'s,  
Because they pay the working folk  
Such fancy salaries...Ohhh... [chorus]

# Popular Wobbly

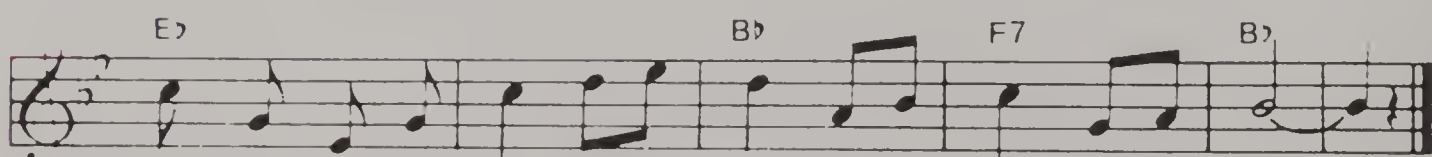
(Tune: They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me)  
(by T-Bone Slim [Valentine Huhta]) (1920 Edition)



I'm as mild-man-nered as I can be, And I've nev-er done them



harm that I can see; Still on me they put a ban and they



threw me in the can. They go wild, sim-ple wild o-ver me.

They accuse me of rascality  
But I can't see why they always pick on me;  
I'm as gentle as a lamb, but they take me for a ram,  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Oh the "bull" he went wild over me,  
And he held his gun where everyone could see;  
He was breathing rather hard when he saw my union card,  
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

Then the judge, he went wild over me,  
And I plainly saw we never could agree;  
So I let the man obey what his conscience had to say,  
He went wild, simply wild, over me.

Oh the jailer, he went wild over me,  
And he locked me up and threw away the key;  
It seems to be the rage, so they keep me in a cage,  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

They go wild, simply wild, over me,  
I'm referring to the bedbug and the flea;  
They disturb my slumber deep, and I murmur in my sleep,  
They go wild, simply wild, over me.

Will the roses grow wild over me  
When I'm gone into the land that is to be?  
When my soul and body part in the stillness of my heart,  
Will the roses grow wild over me?

## **Blanket Stiff**

*(Recitation) (1910 Edition)*

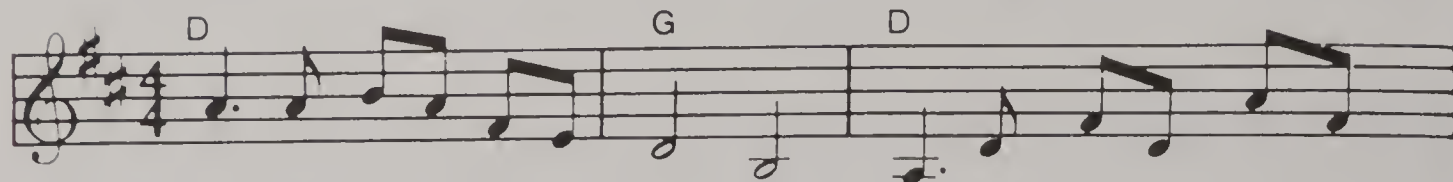
He built the road.  
With others of his class he built the road.  
Now o'er it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job, spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in hell he built the road.



# Dump the Bosses Off Your Back

(Tune: Take It To The Lord In Prayer)

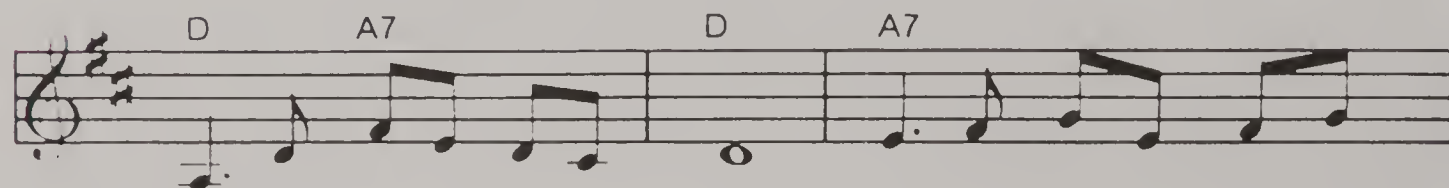
(by John Brill) (9th Edition, 1916)



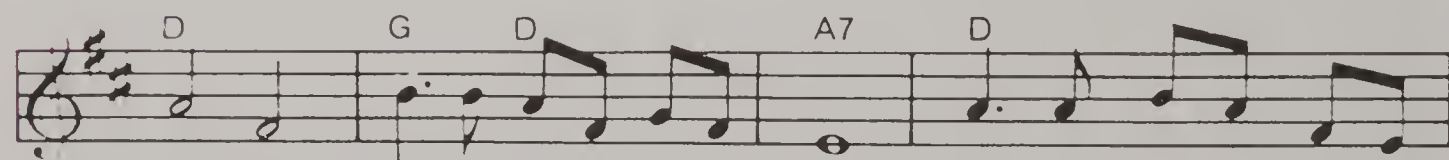
Are you cold, for - lorn and hun - gry? Are there lots of things you



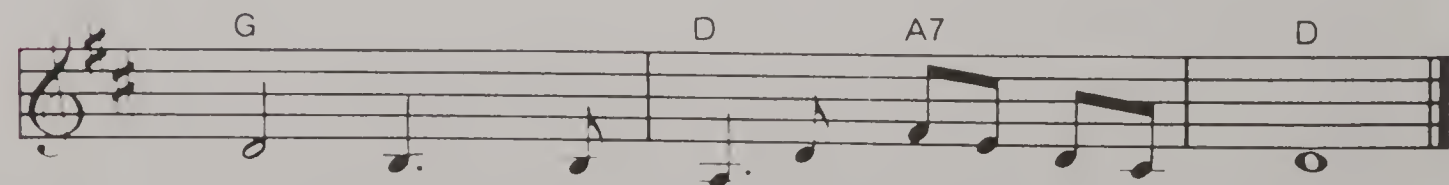
lack? Is your life made up of mis - 'ry? Then



dump the bos - ses off your back! Are your clothes all torn and



tat - tered? Are you liv - ing in a shack? Would you have your trou - bles



seat - tered? Then dump the bos - ses off your back!

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,

And dump the bosses off you back?

All the agonies you suffer

You can end with one good whack —

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —

And dump the bosses off your back.

## **Outa Work Blues**

*(by Carlos Cortez) (34th Edition, 1973)*

Well it's a long time on the street  
And the rockin' chair money's all gone,  
It's a long time on the street  
And the rockin' chair money's all gone.  
I'm down to rollin' my own  
And pickin' butts off the lawn.

Went to the employment office  
To see what I could find,  
I went to the employment office  
To see what I could find.  
Six hundred other people there  
Same thing on their mind.

Told the interviewer  
I'd do anything but shovel crap,  
I told the interviewer  
I'd do anything but shovel crap.  
He told me he was sorry,  
There was only one opening for that.

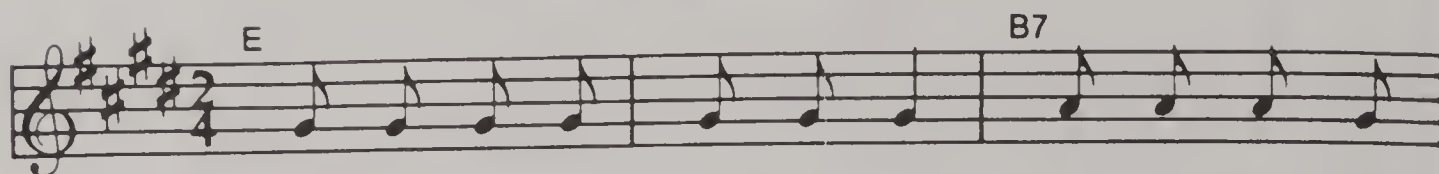
When I was drawing compensation  
They'd hang any job on my neck,  
Yes, when I was drawing compensation  
They'd hang any job on my neck.  
But now that old rockin' chair's busted  
They won't let me past the first desk.

President said on television  
That things was mighty fine,  
The president said on television  
That things was mighty fine.  
Man at the supermarket tells me  
No groceries sold on time.

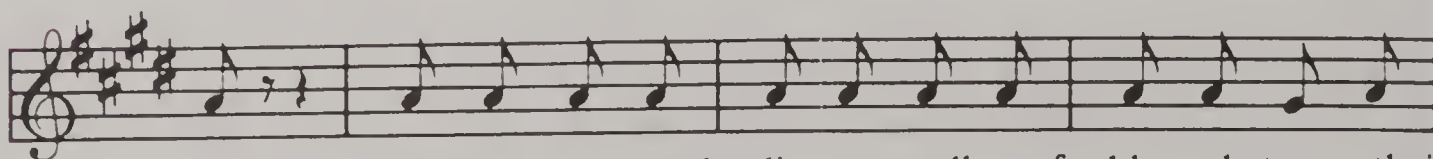
# Fifty Thousand Lumberjacks

(Tune: Portland County Jail)

(13th Edition, 1917)



Fif - ty thou - sand lum - ber - jacks,      fif - ty thou - sand  
CHORUS "Such a lot of dev - ils," that's what the pa - pers



packs, Fif - ty thou - sand dir - ty rolls of blan - kets on their  
say — "They've gone on strike for shor-ter hours and some in-crease in



backs, Fif - ty thou - sand minds made up to strike and strike to  
pay. They left the camps the la-zy tramps, they all walked out as



win; For fif - ty years they've packed a bed, but ne - ver will a - gain.  
one; They say they'll win the strike or put the boss-es on the bum.

Fifty thousand wooden bunks full of things that crawl;  
Fifty thousand restless men have left them once for all.  
One by one they dared not say, "Fat, the hours are long."  
If they did they'd hike — but now they are fifty thousand  
strong. [chorus]

Take a tip and start right in; plan some cozy rooms,  
Six or eight spring beds each, with towels, sheets, and  
brooms.

Shower baths for men who work keep them well and fit.  
A laundry, too, and drying room would help a little bit.  
[chorus]



# Joe Hill

(Tune: John Hardy)

(by Phil Ochs) (First appearance, 35th Edition)

Moderately

Joe Hill came o - ver from Swe - den's shore

look - ing for some work to do; And the Stat - ue of

Lib - er - ty waved him by as Joe come a - sail - ing through.

Joe Hill; as Joe come a - sail - ing through.

Oh, his clothes were coarse, and his hopes were high,  
As he headed for the Promised Land.  
And it took a few weeks on the out-of-work streets  
Before he began to understand, before he began to  
understand.

So he headed out for the California shore.  
There things were just as bad.  
So he joined the Industrial Workers of the World,  
'Cause the Union was the only friend he had,  
'cause The Union was the only friend he had.

The strikes were bloody; the strikes were black,  
As hard as they were long.  
In the dark of the night, Joe would stay awake and write.  
In the morning he would wake them with a song,  
    in the morning he would wake them with a song.

He wrote his words to the tunes of the day,  
To be passed along the union vine.  
And the strikes were led; and the songs were spread.  
And Joe Hill was always on the line,  
    and Joe Hill was always on the line.

Then in Salt Lake City, a murder was made.  
There was hardly a clue to find.  
Yes, the proof was poor but the sheriff was sure  
That Joe was the killer of the crime,  
    that Joe was the killer of the crime.

Strange are the ways of the western law;  
Strange are the ways of fate.  
For the government crawled to the mine owners call,  
And the judge was appointed by The State,  
    and the judge was appointed by The State.

Now Utah justice can be had,  
But not for a Union Man  
And Joe was warned by some early morn  
There'd be one less singer in the land,  
    there'd be one less singer in the land.

For thirty-six years he lived out his days,  
And he more than played his part.  
For the songs that he made, he was carefully paid  
By a rifle bullet buried in his heart,  
by a rifle bullet buried in his heart.

Yes, they lined Joe Hill up against the wall,  
Blindfold over his eyes.  
It's the life of the rebel that he chose to live;  
It's the death of the rebel that he died,  
it's the death of the rebel that he died.

### *Joe Hill's Last Will*

*(Written in his cell November 18, 1915,  
on the eve of his execution)*

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
“Moss does not cling to a rolling stone.”  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

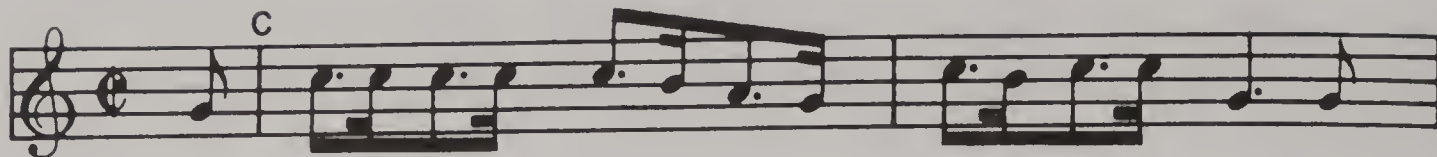
—Joe Hill.



# Casey Jones the Union Scab

(Tune: Casey Jones)

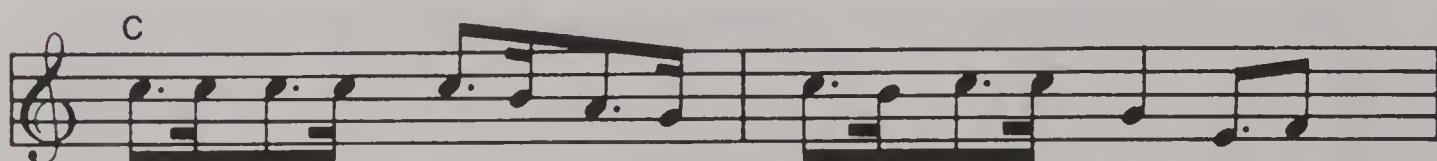
(by Joe Hill) (1912 Edition)



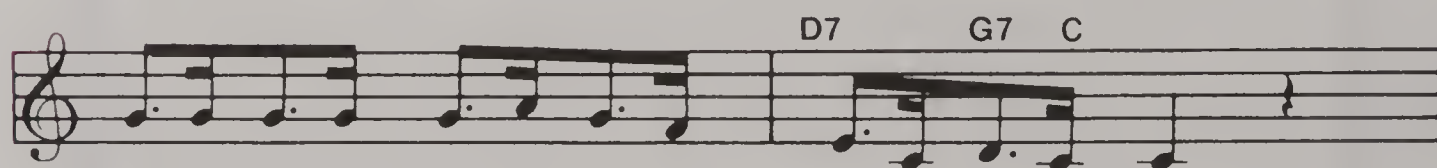
The work-ers on the S. P. line to strike sent out a call; But



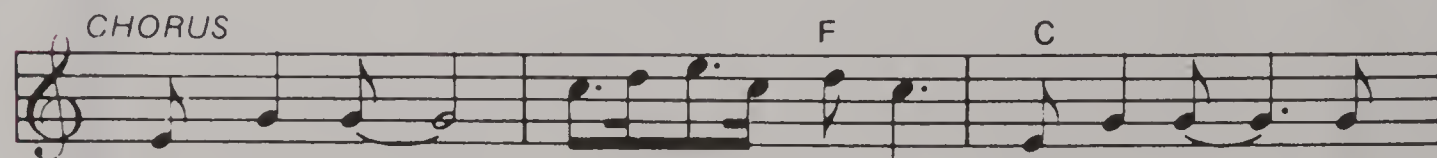
Ca-sey Jones, the en-gi-neer, he would-n't strike at all; His



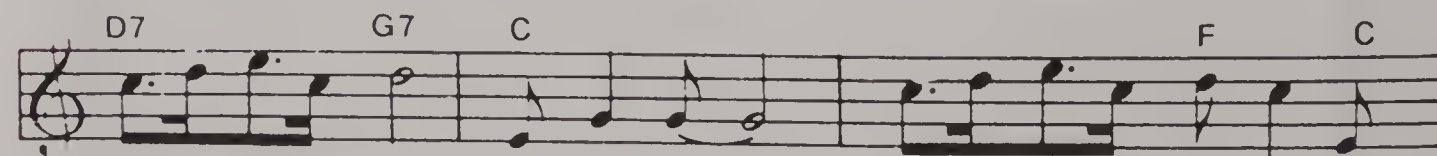
boil-er it was leak-ing, and its driv-ers on the bum, And his



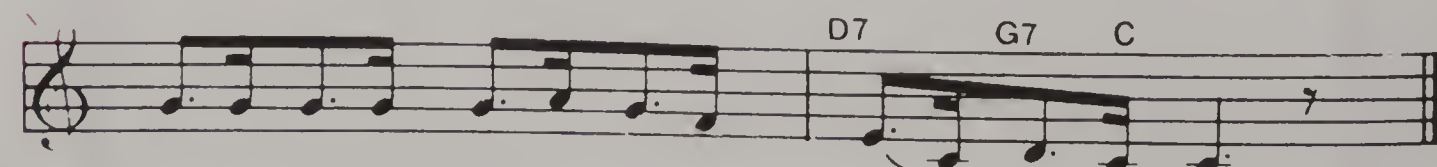
en-gine and its bear-ings, they were all out of plumb.



Ca-sey Jones kept his junk pile run-ning; Ca-sey Jones was



work-ing doub-le time; Ca-sey Jones got a wood-en med-al, For



be-ing good and faith-ful on the S. P. line

The workers said to Casey: "Won't you help us win this strike?"

But Casey Said: "Let me alone, you'd better take a hike."

Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off the worn-out track,

And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

*Casey Jones hit the river bottom;  
Casey Jones broke his blooming spine;  
Casey Jones was an Angeleno,  
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.*

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly Gate,  
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled the S.P. freight."

"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians went on strike;

You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

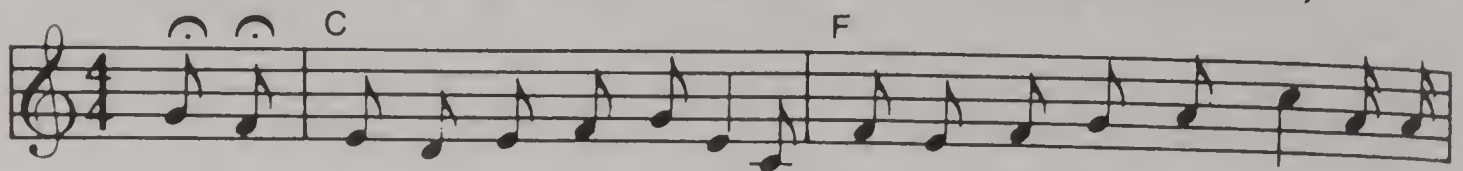
*Casey Jones got a job in heaven;  
Casey Jones was doing mighty fine;  
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,  
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.*

The angels got together and they said it wasn't fair  
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.  
The Angel Union No. 23, they sure were there,  
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

*Casey Jones went to Hell a-flying;  
"Casey Jones," the Devil said, "Oh fine;  
Casey Jones, get busy shoveling sulphur—  
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line."*

# Where the Fraser River Flows

(by Joe Hill, written on strike picket, Fraser River Strike Camp, British Columbia) (1912 Edition)



Fel-low Work-ers, pay at-ten-tion to what I'm going to men-tion, For it



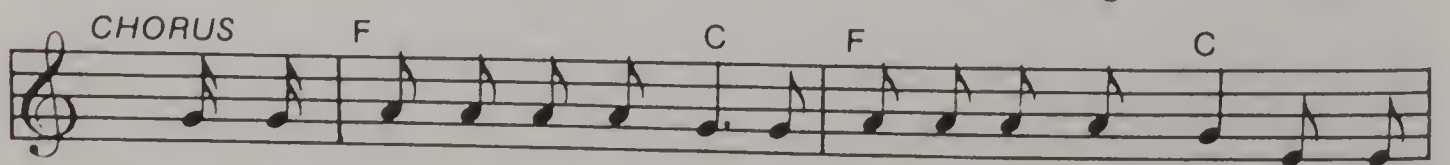
is the clear con-ten-tion of the work-ers of the world, That



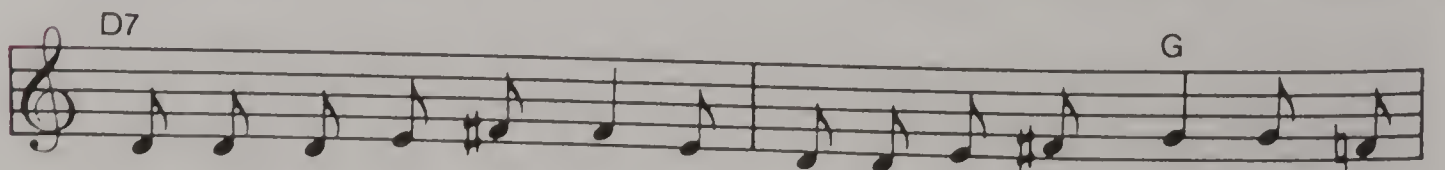
we should all be read-y, true- heart-ed, brave and stead-y, To



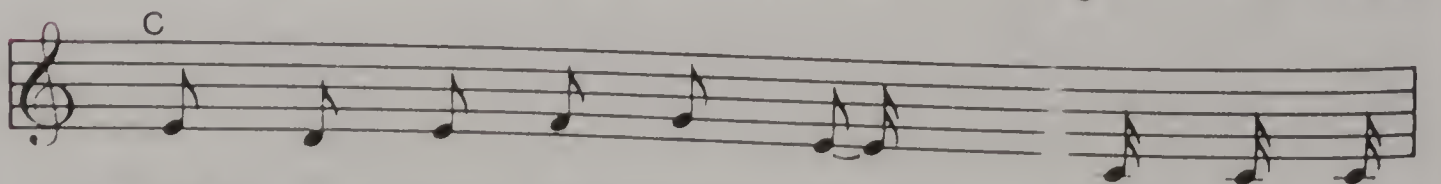
ral- ly 'round the stand-ard when the Red Flag is un-furled.



Where the Fra-ser Riv-er flows, ev-'ry fel-low work-er knows, They have

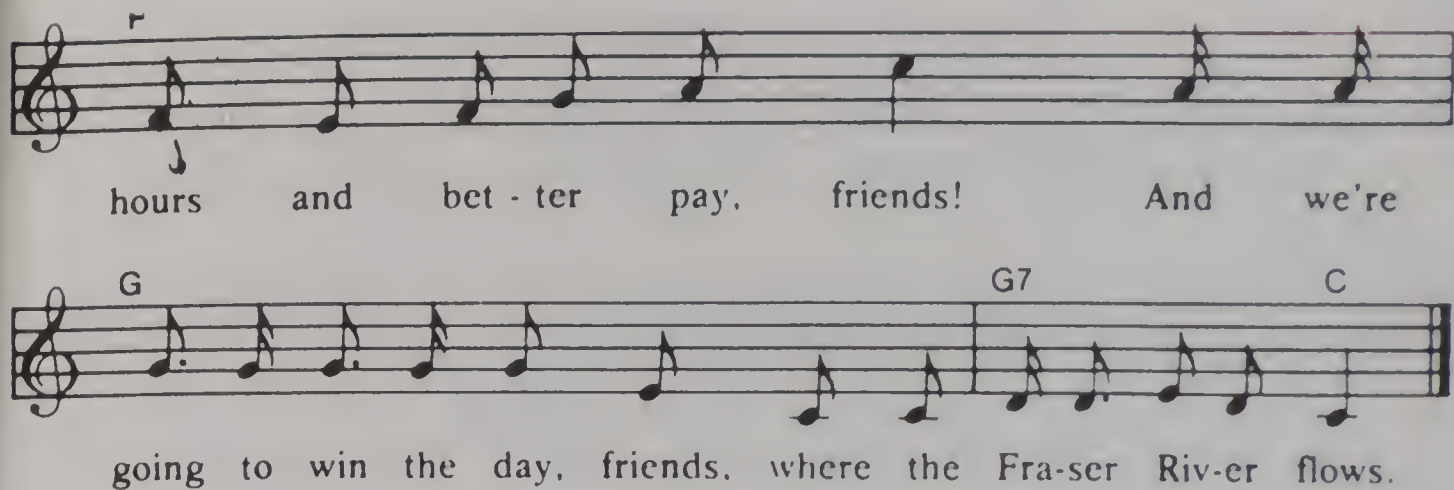


bul-lied and op-pressed us, but still our U-nion grows. And we're



going to find a way, friends, for short - er





For these gunny-sack contractors have all been dirty  
actors,  
And they're not our benefactors, as each fellow worker  
knows.  
So we've got to stick together in fine or dirty weather,  
And we will show no white feather where the Fraser  
River flows. [*chorus*]

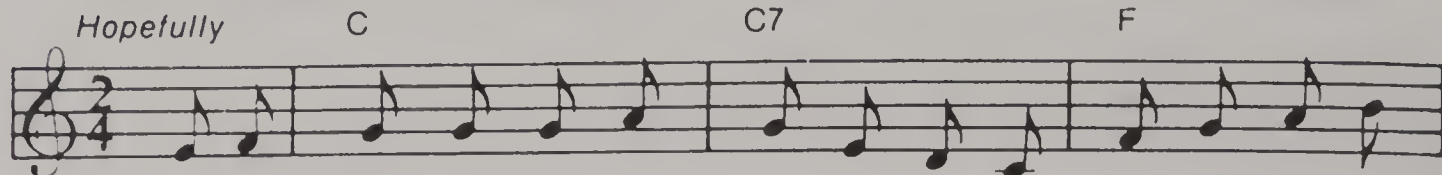
Now the boss the law is stretching, bulls and pimps  
he's fetching,  
And they are a fine collection, as Jesus only knows.  
But why their mothers reared them and why the devil  
spared them  
Are questions we can't answer, where the Fraser River  
flows. [*chorus*]

# Commonwealth of Toil

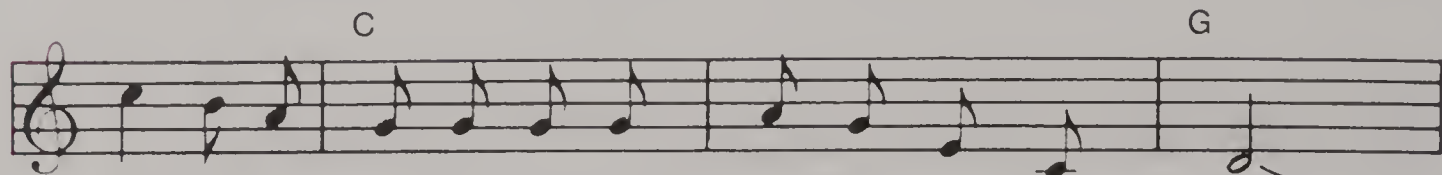
(Tune: Nellie Gray)

(by Ralph Chaplin) (14th Edition, April 1918)

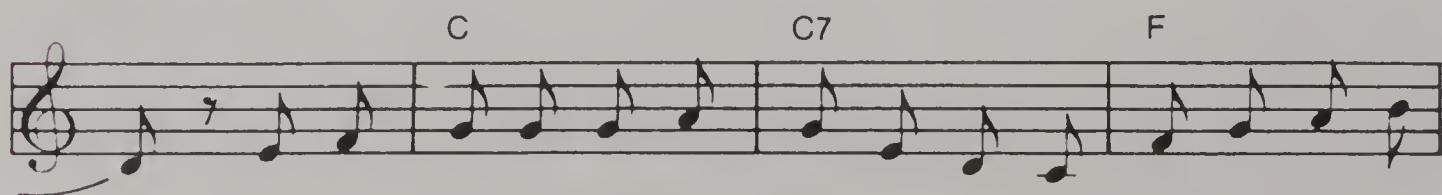
Hopefully



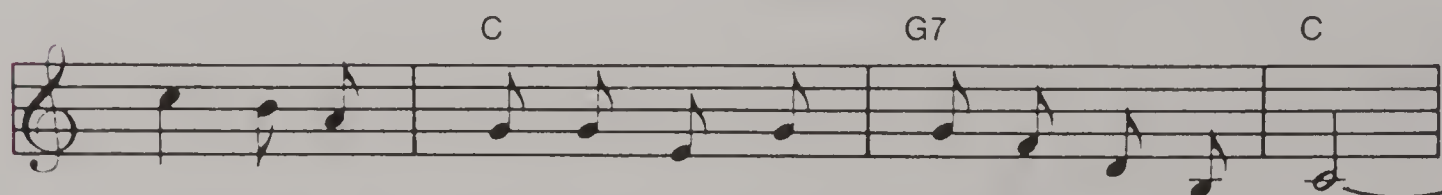
In the gloom of migh - ty ci - ties, 'Mid the roar of whir - ling



wheels, we are toil - ing on like chat - tel slaves of old,

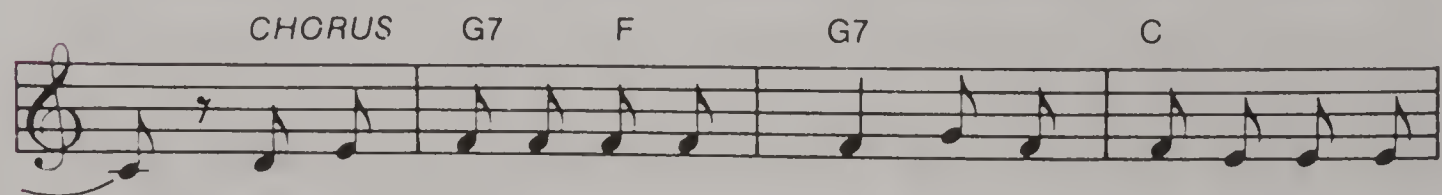


And our mas - ters hope to keep us e - ver thus be - neath their

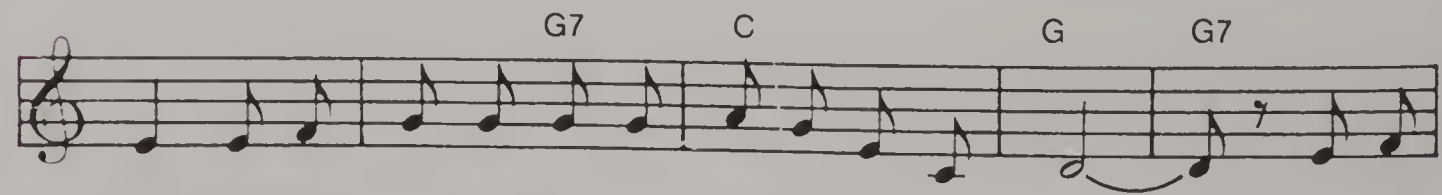


hec and to coin our ve - ry life - blood in - to gold.

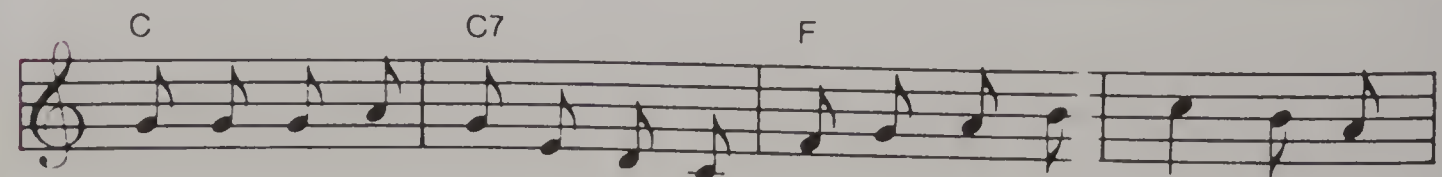
CHORUS



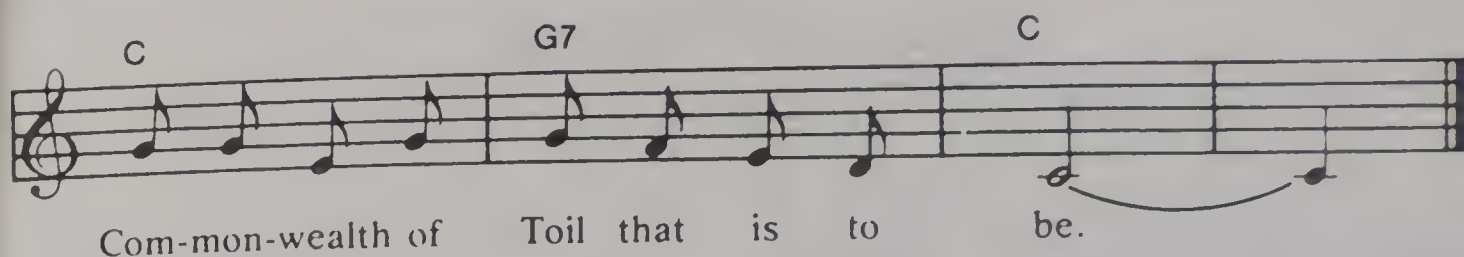
But we have a glow - ing dream of how fair the world will



seem, when we each can live our lives se - cure and free; When the



earth is owned by la - bor and there's joy and peace f all In the



They would keep us cowed and beaten  
Cringing meekly at their feet.  
They would stand between the worker and the bread,  
Shall we yield our lives up to them  
For the bitter crust we eat?  
Shall we only hope for heaven when we're dead? [*chorus*]

They have laid our lives out for us  
To the utter end of time.  
Shall we stagger on beneath their heavy load?  
Shall we let them live forever  
In their gilded halls of crime  
With our children doomed to toil beneath their goad?  
[*chorus*]

When our cause is all triumphant  
And we claim our Mother Earth,  
And the nightmare of the present fades away,  
We shall live with love and laughter,  
We, who now are little worth,  
And we'll not regret the price we have to pay. [*chorus*]



# Banks of Marble

(by Les Rice) (First appearance, 35th Edition)

C G7 C F

I've trav-eled 'round this coun-try From shore to shin-ing  
2 saw the poor dirt farm - er Plow - ing sod and

C G7 C G7

shore, And it real- ly made me won- der. All the things  
loam I heard the auc-tion ham - mer A- knock-

C 1 & 2 2-5 CHORUS C

I heard and saw. 2.1 But the banks are made of mar-ble  
ing down his home.

G7 C

with a guard at ev-'ry door. And the vaults are

F C G7 C

stuffed with sil- ver that the (farm- er) sweat-ed for.

I saw the seaman standing  
Idly by the shore;  
I heard the bosses saying,  
"Got no work for you no more." [chorus]

I saw the worn-out miner  
Scrubbing coal dust from his back;  
I heard his children crying,  
“Got no coal to heat the shack.” [chorus]

I saw the weary mother  
Working two jobs in one day;  
Low wages at the factory  
And at home, she gets no pay. [chorus]

I see the women working  
In the sweatshops and the store,  
In the office and the factory,  
And at night, they scrub the floor. [chorus]

I've seen my fellow workers  
Throughout this mighty land;  
We will fight to get together  
In the One Big Union grand.

[*Last Chorus*]

*Then we'll own those banks of marble  
And we'll open every door,  
And we'll share those vaults of silver  
That we all have sweated for.*

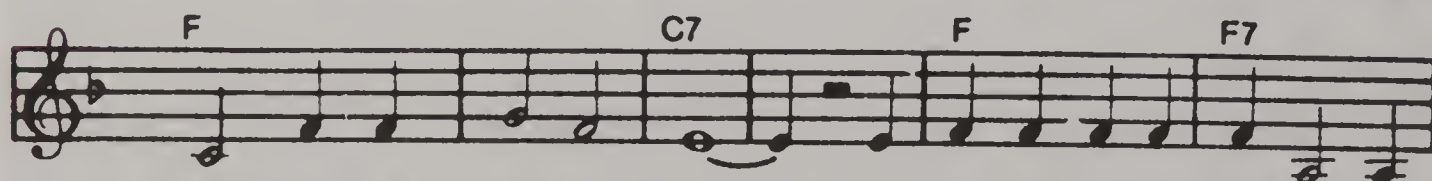
# Nine to Five Song

(Tune: The M.T.A.)

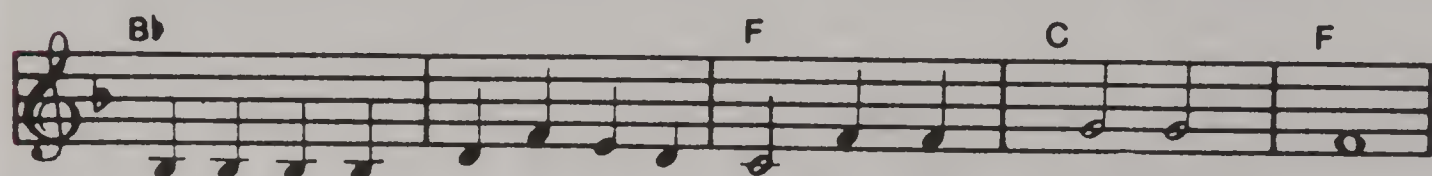
(First appearance, 35th Edition)



Let me tell you the sto-ry of a wo-man named Su-sie who ap-



plied for a job one day. They test-ed her for typ-ing, for

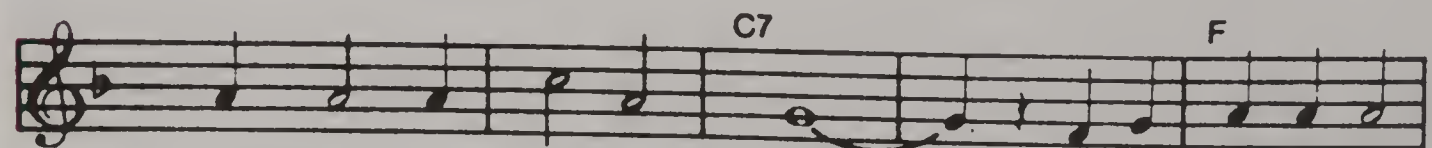


short-hand and speed writ-ing, and they gave her the low-est pay.

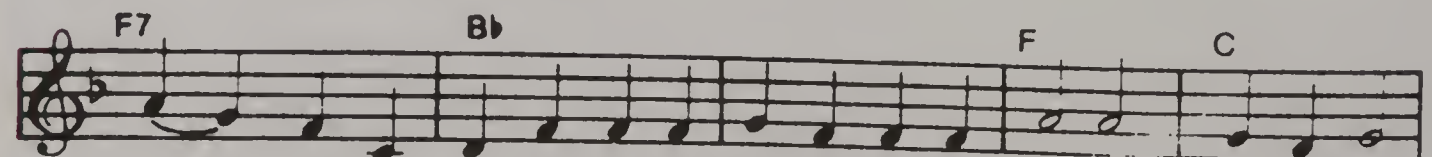
## CHORUS



We type and file 9 to 5, yet we bare-ly stay a- live,

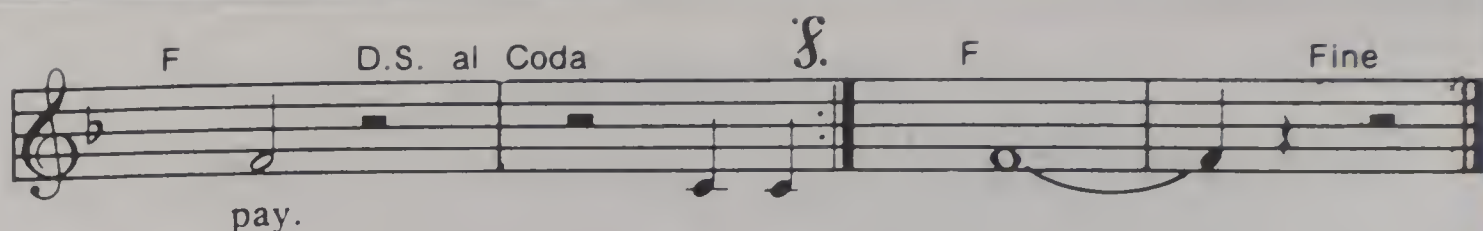


work-ing from day to day. Well we've done a day's



work in the of- fi- ces of Bos-ton and it's time we got a day's





Well, then Susie did the filing  
     and she kept the correspondence  
 And she answered the telephone;  
 Though the boss might be a doubter,  
 Still he couldn't do without her,  
 Wouldn't even call a taxi on his own. [chorus]

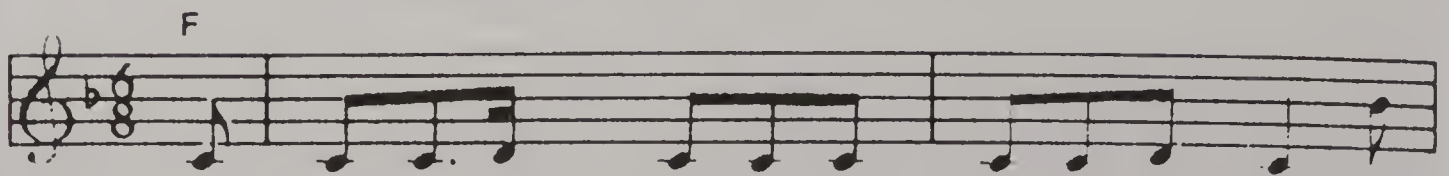
Susie asked for a promotion  
     and she sure caused a commotion;  
 He just looked at her in disbelief.  
 But the raises they've been giving  
     sure don't match the cost of living  
 Though the boss is still eating beef. [chorus]

So Susie got together  
     all the women in the office  
 And they started to organize;  
 If you thought women wouldn't fight  
     for a basic worker's right,  
 Then you're in for a big surprise! [chorus]

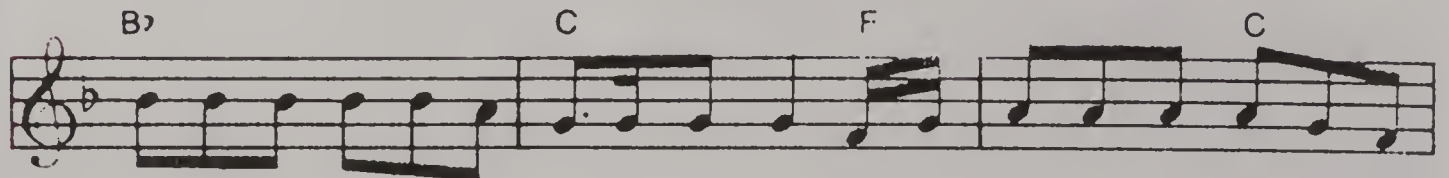
Now, you women of Boston,  
     don't you think that it's a crime  
 That we suffer while employers thrive?  
 Women's work is never done,  
 Fighting back has just begun  
 For a better life from nine to five! [chorus]

# All Used Up

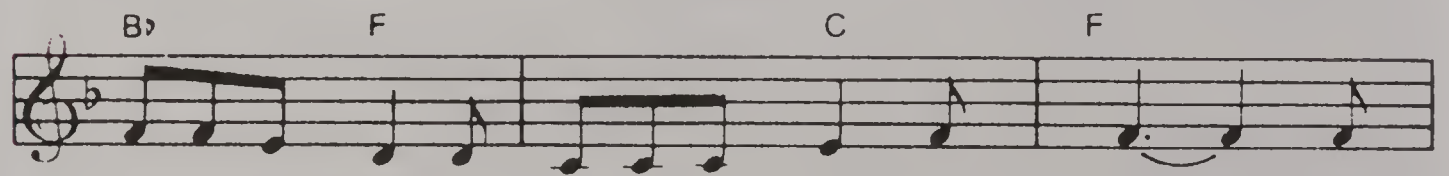
(by U. Utah Phillips) (First appearance, 35th Edition)



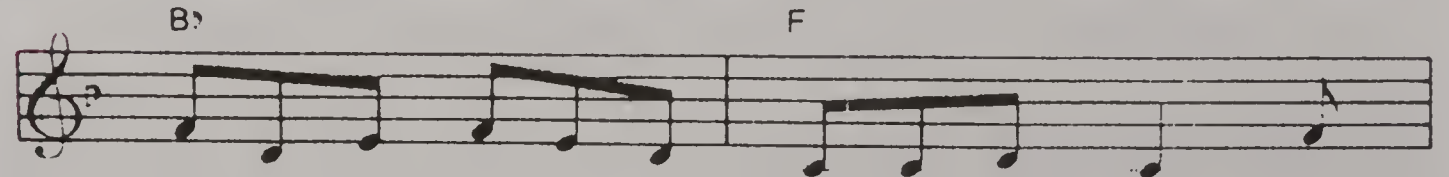
I spent my whole life mak - ing some - bo - dy rich; I



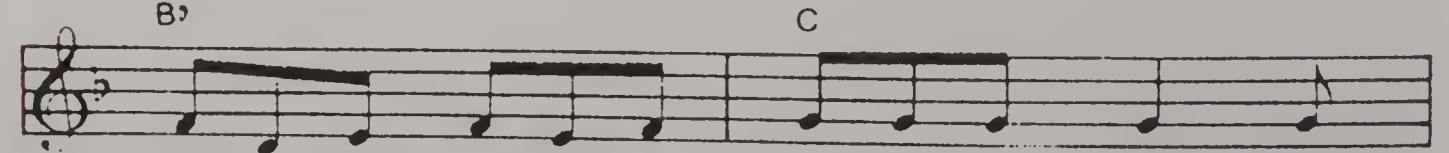
bus - ted my ass for that son-of-a-bitch And he left me to die like a



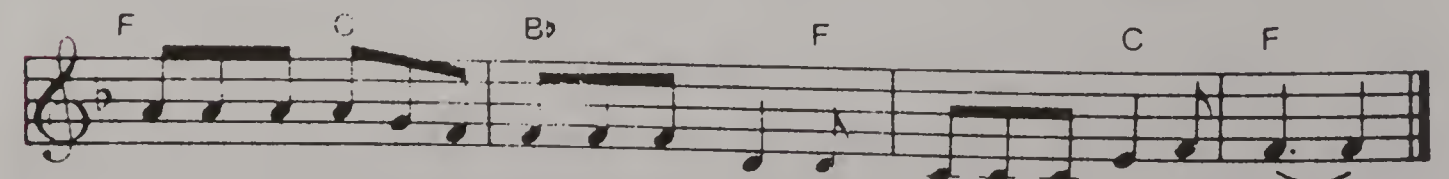
dog in a ditch. And told me I'm all used up. He



used up my la - bour, he used up my time. He



plun - dered my bo - dy and squan - dered my mind And



gave me a pen-sion of hand-outs and wine And told me I'm all used up.

My kids are in hock to a God you call work,  
Slaving their lives out for some other jerk;  
My youngest in Frisco just made shipping clerk  
And he don't know I'm all used up.  
Young people reaching for power and gold  
Don't have respect for anything old  
For pennies they're bought and for promises sold,  
Someday they'll all be used up.

They use up the oil, they use up the trees  
They use up the air and they use up the sea;  
Well how about you, friend, and how about me?  
What's left when we're all used up?  
I'll finish my life in this crummy hotel,  
It's lousy with bugs and my God what a smell,  
But my plumbing still works and I'm clear as a bell,  
Don't tell me I'm all used up.

Outside my window the world passes by,  
It gives me a hand-out and spits in my eye,  
And no one can tell me 'cause no one knows why  
I'm livin' but I'm all used up.  
Sometimes in my dreams I sit by a tree;  
My life is a book of how things used to be,  
And kids gather 'round and they listen to me,  
And they don't think I'm all used up.

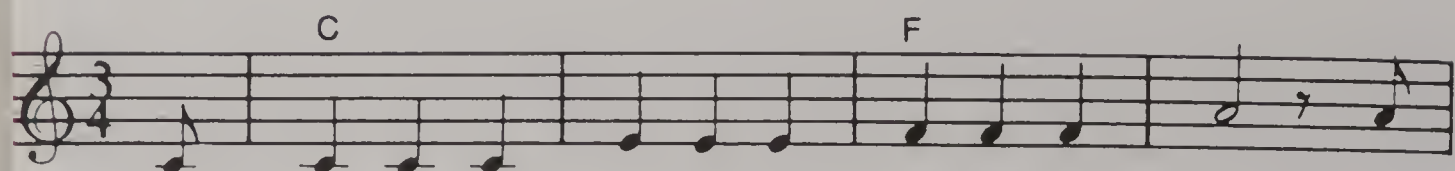
And there's songs and there's laughter and things I can do,  
And all that I've learned I can give back to you;  
I'd give my last breath just to make it come true—  
No, I'm not all used up.

They use up the oil and they use up the trees  
They use up the air and they use up the sea;  
Well, how about you, friend, and how about me?  
What's left when we're all used up?

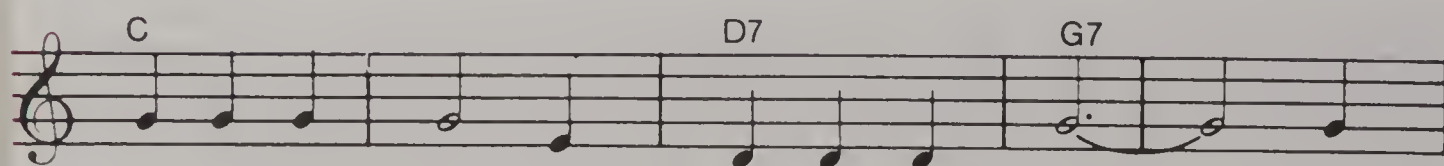


# Larimer Street

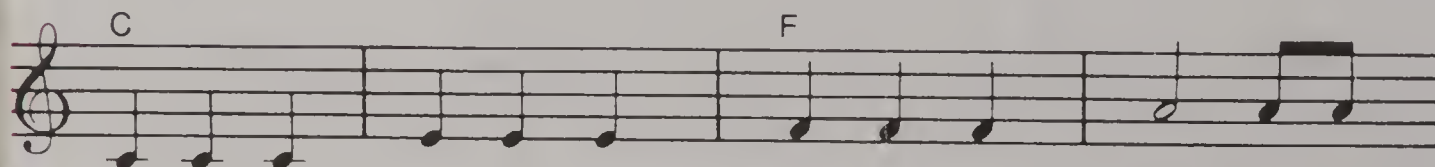
(by U. Utah Phillips) (34th Edition, 1973)



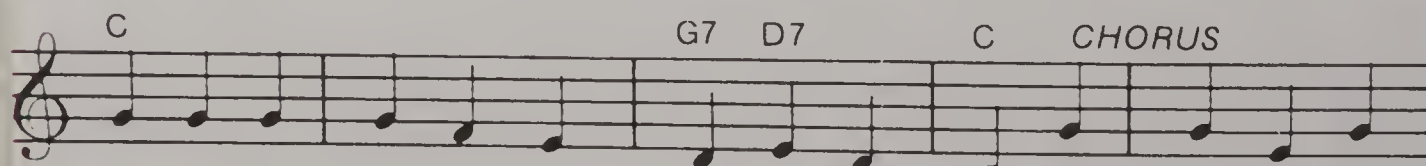
Your bull-do-zers roll-ing through my part of town, The



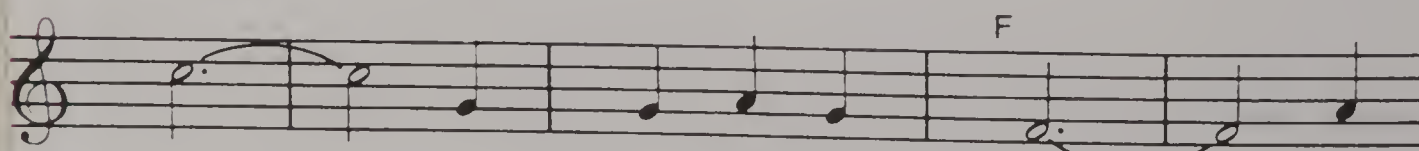
i - ron ball swings and knocks it all down. You



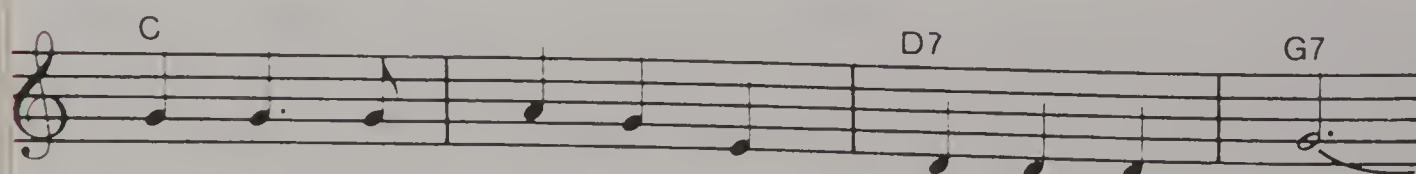
knocked down my flop-house, you knocked down my bars & you



black-topped it o - ver to park all your cars. And where will I



go? And where can I stay? You



knocked down the skid road and hauled it a - way.

I'll flag a fast rat - tler and ride it on down,  
 boys, they're run-ning the bums out of town.

Old Maxie the tailor is closing his doors,  
 There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores;  
 You knocked down my pawn shop and the big harbour  
 light,  
 And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night. [ch.]

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,  
 And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet;  
 My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,  
 But you built a new hall for the stock-market trade. [ch.]

Now I'm finding out there's just one kind of war:  
 It's one going on 'tween the rich and the poor.  
 I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,  
 But the upper and middle can all kiss my ass. [chorus]

# Mister Block

(Tune: It Looks To Me Like A Big Time Tonight)

(by Joe Hill) (1913 Edition)

Freely

C

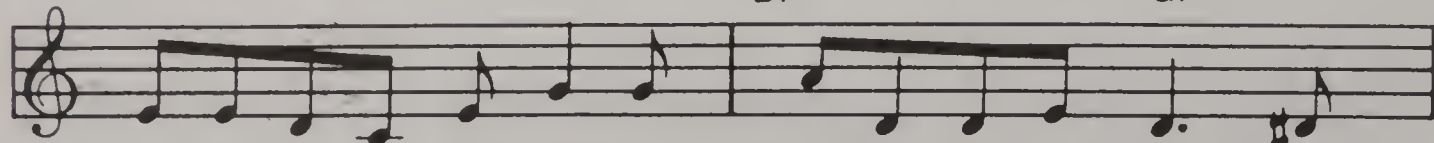
F



Please give me your at-ten-tion, and I'll in-tro-duce to you, A

D7

G7



man that is a cred - it to "Our Red, White and Blue"; His

C

F

C



head is made of lum-ber, and sol-id as a rock; He

D7

G7

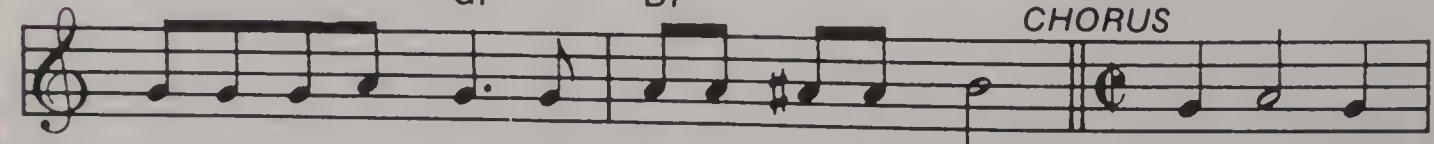


is a com-mon work-er and his name is Mis-ter Block. And

G7

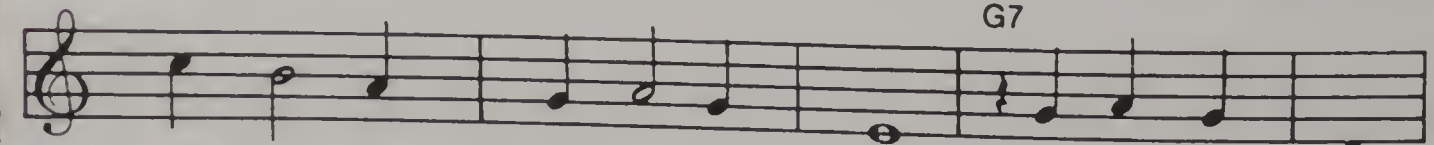
D7

CHORUS



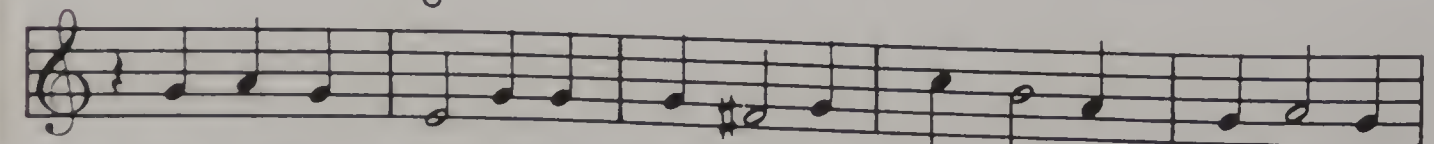
Block he thinks he may be Pres - i - dent some day. Oh, Mis-ter

G7



Block, you were born by mis - take, you take the cake,

C



you make me ache. Tie a rock on your block and then jump in the





lake; Kind- ly do that for Lib - er - ty's sake

Yes, Mr. Block is lucky; he found a job, by gee!  
The shark got seven dollars, for job and fare and fee.  
They shipped him to a desert and dumped him with his  
truck,  
But when he tried to find his job, he sure was out of luck.  
He shouted, "That's too raw,  
I'll fix them with the law." [chorus]

Block hiked back to the city, but wasn't doing well.  
He said, "I'll join the union—the great A.F.of L."  
He got a job next morning, got fired in the night,  
He said, "I'll see Sam Gompers and he'll fix that  
foreman right."

Sam Gompers said, "You see,  
You've got our sympathy." [chorus]

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
The "comrade" got elected, he happy was for fair,  
But after the election he got an awful shock:  
A great big Socialist Bull did rap him on the block.  
And Comrade Block did sob,  
"I helped him to his job." [chorus]

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state:  
He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
He said, "Oh, Mr. Peter, one word I'd like to tell:  
I'd like to meet the Astorbilts and John D. Rockefell."  
Old Pete said, "Is that so?  
You'll meet them down below." [chorus]

## **This Little Scab**

*(Tune: This Old Man)*

*(by members of Chicago Branch IWW and Local 329,  
Service Employees International Union, on the August-  
ana Nursing Home picket line, winter of 1975-76)*

*(First appearance, 35th Edition)*

This little scab, s/he plays one,  
S/he is scabbing just for fun.

[Chorus] *With a knick-knack paddy-whack  
Throw a scab a stone.*

*This little scab is going home!*

This little scab, s/he plays two,  
Is there nothing s/he won't do? [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays three,  
Scab on you and scab on me. [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays four,  
Helps boss keep the workers poor. [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays five,  
This time s/he gets out alive. [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays six,  
Scabbing's how s/he gets her/his kicks. [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays seven,  
This little scab won't go to heaven. [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays eight,  
Hurry scab or you'll be late. [chorus]

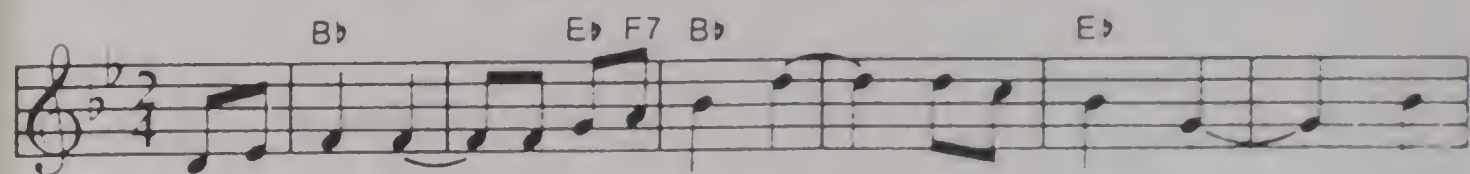
This little scab, s/he plays nine,  
Walked across our picket line. [chorus]

This little scab, s/he plays ten,  
This little scab won't scab again. [chorus]



# It's a Long Way Down to the Soupline

(Tune: Tipperary) (by Joe Hill)



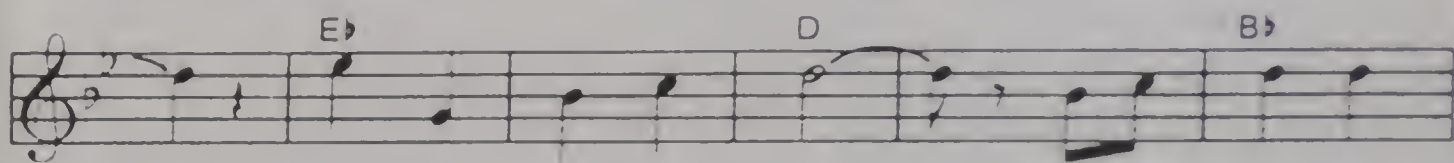
It's a long way down to the soup - line. It's a long way to



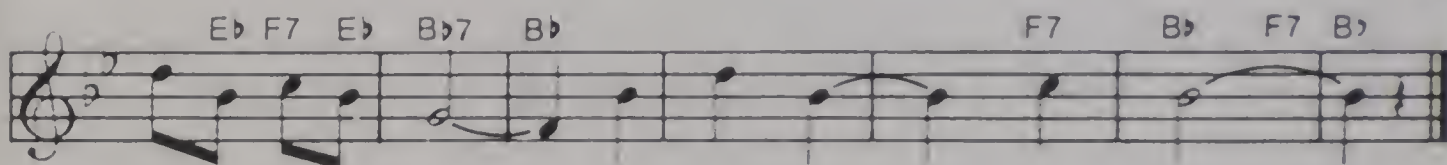
go. It's a long way down to the soup - line. And the



soup is thin I know. Good - bye, good old pork chops.



Fare - well beef - steak rare; It's a long, long



way down to the soup - line. But my soup is there.

# It's a Good Thing to Join a Union

(Tune: Tipperary) (First appearance, 35th Edition)

It's a good thing to join the Union. It's a good thing to do.  
It's a good thing to join the Union,  
'Cause it will help you.

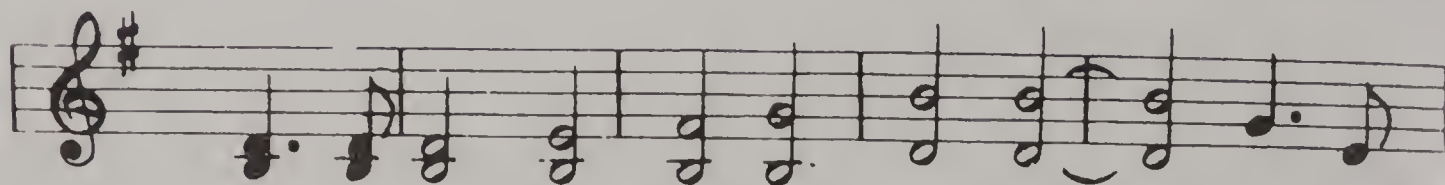
Good by to unfair wages, Farewell long hours, too!  
It's a good, good thing to join the Union,  
'Cause it will help you.



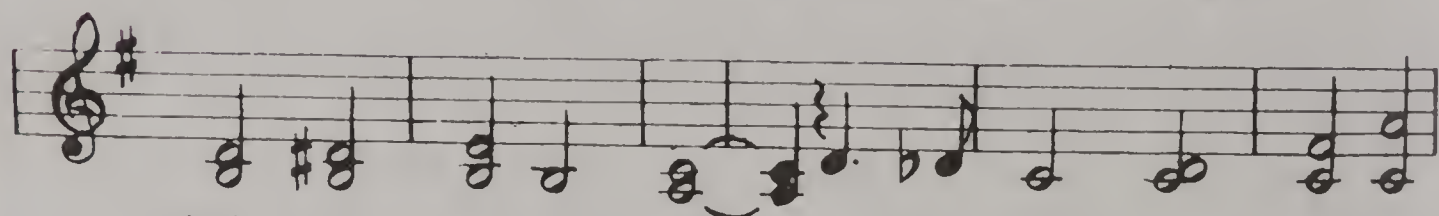
*Marching-Song dedicated to all class-conscious workers - everywhere*

# Workers of the World Awaken

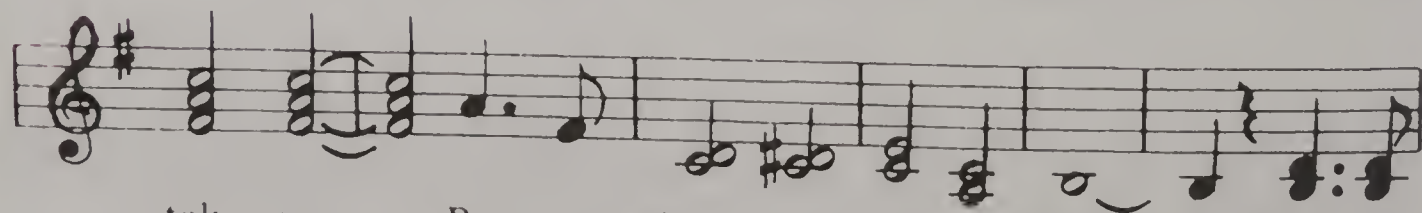
Words & Music by JOE HILL



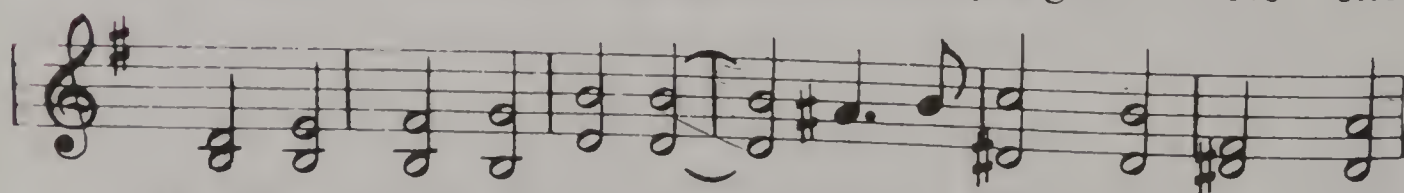
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en      Break your  
If the work-ers take a no - tion      They can  
Join the Un - ion Fel - low Work-ers      Men and  
Work-ers of the World a - wak - en      Rise in



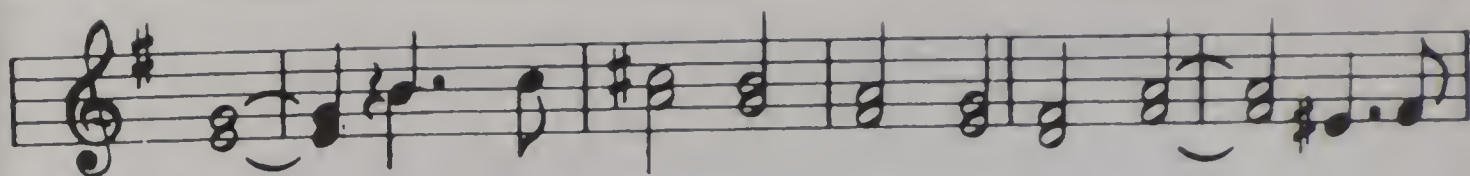
chains, de - mand your rights All the wealth you make is  
stop all speed-ing trains Ev - ery ship u - pon the  
wo - men side by side We will crush the greed-y  
all your splen-did might Take the wealth which you are



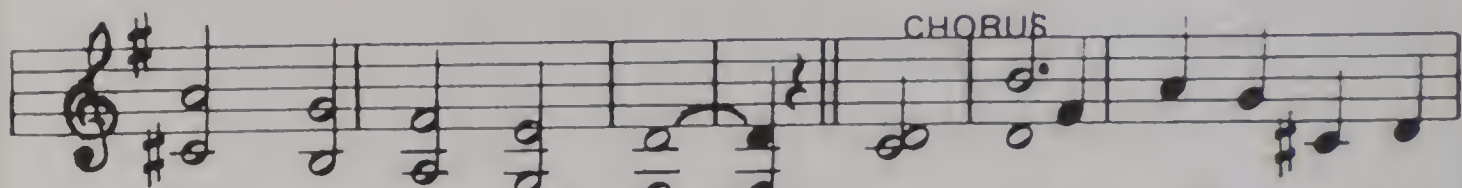
tak - en      By ex - ploit ing par - a - sites.      Shall ye  
o - cean      They can tie with might-y chains      Ev - ery  
shirk-ers      Like a sweep-ing surg-ing tide      For u -  
mak - ing      It be - longs to you by right      No one



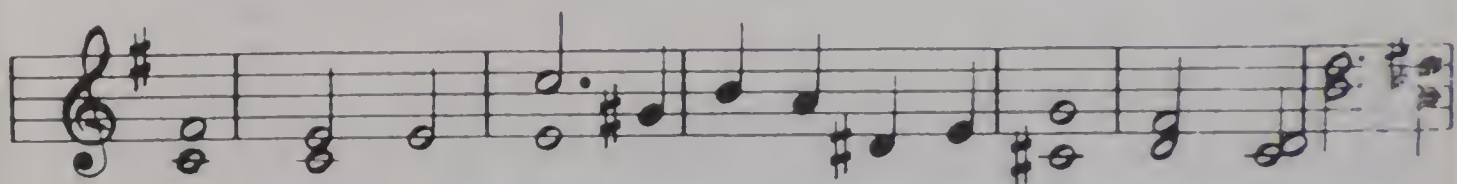
kneel in deep sub-mis - sion From your cra - dle to your  
wheel in the cre-a - tion Ev - ery mine and ev - ery  
nit - ed we are stand-ing But di - vid - ed we will  
will for bread be cry - ing We'll have Free-dom, Love and



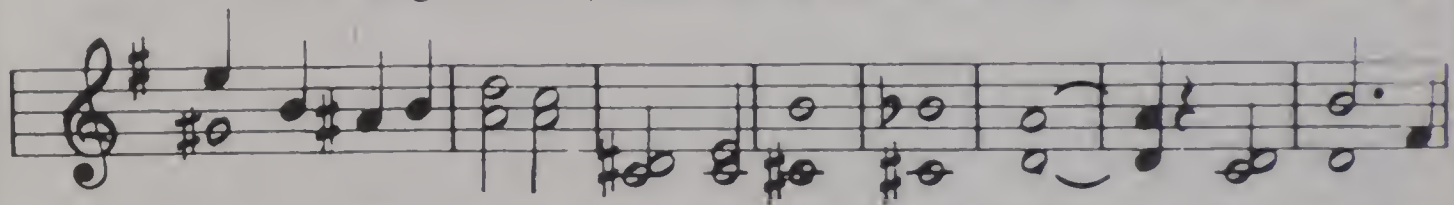
graves Is the height of your am-bi - tion To be  
mill Fleets and ar - mies of the na - tion Will at  
fall Let this be our un - der-stand-ing All for  
Health When the Grand Red Flag is fly - ing In the



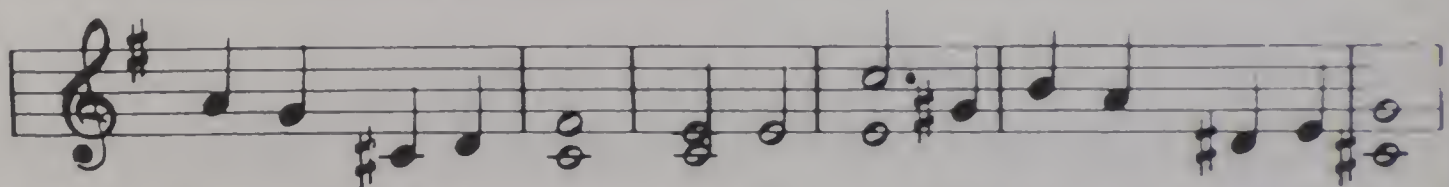
good and will - ing slaves. A-rise ye pris'-ners of star-  
their com-mand stand still.  
One and One for A'!.  
Work-ers Com - mon - wealth.



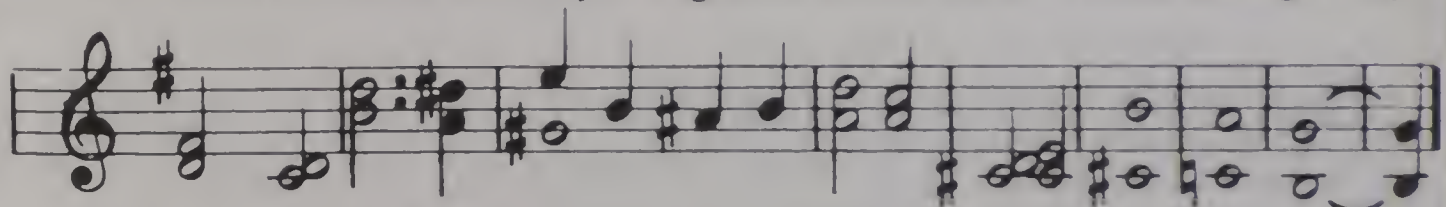
va - tion Fight for your own E-man-ci - pa - tion, U-nite ye



slaves of ev'-ry na-tion In One Un - ion Grand.-- Our lit - tle



ones for bread are cry - ing And mil-lions are from hun-ger dy-



ing, The end the means are jus-ti-fy-ing 'Tis the fin - al stand.-



# There is Power in the Union

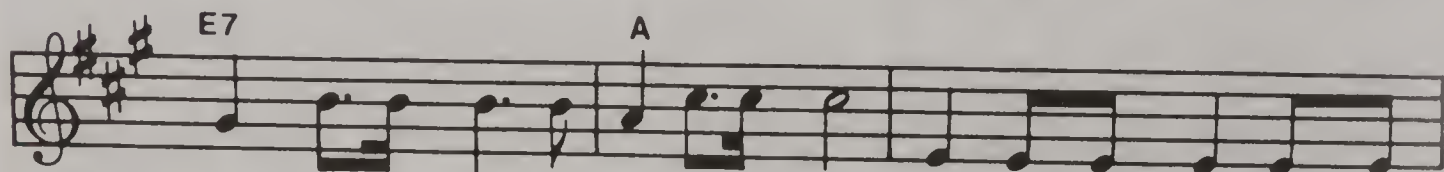
(Tune: There Is Power In The Blood)

(by Joe Hill) (1913 Edition)

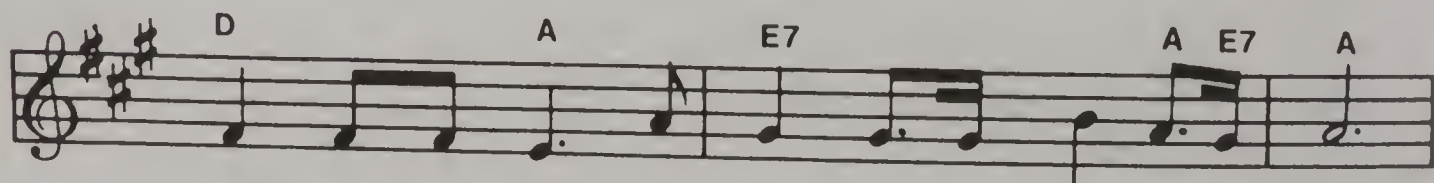
Lively



Would you have free - dom from wage slav - er - y, Then

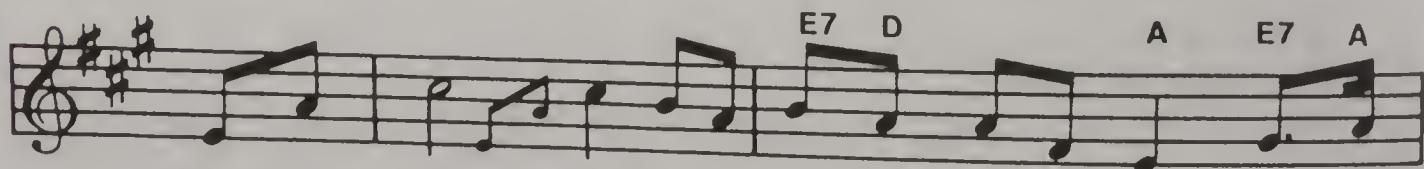


join in the grand In - dus - tri - al band; Would you from mis - 'ry and

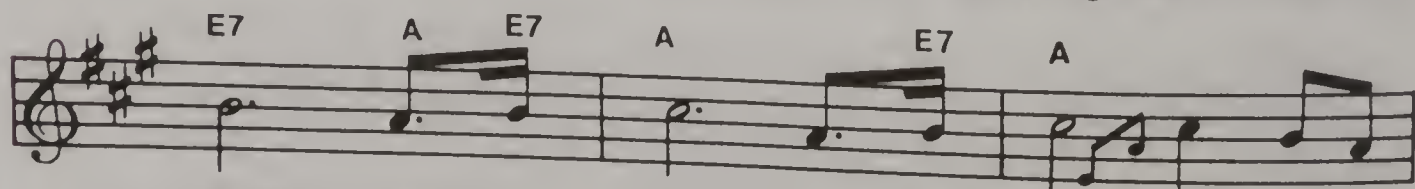


hun - ger be free, Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

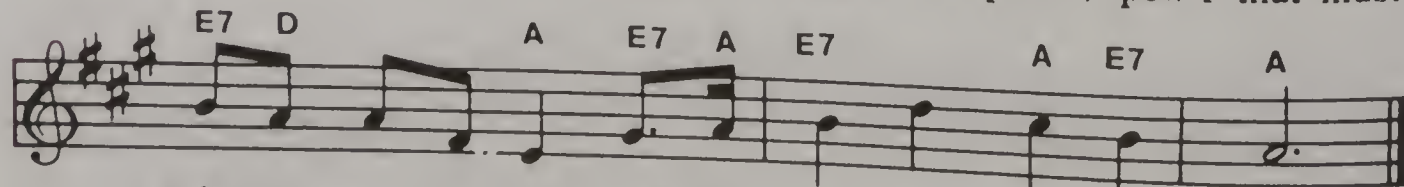
CHORUS



There is pow'r, pow'r In a band of work - ing - folk, When they



stand hand in hand; That's a pow'r, pow'r that must



rule in ev - 'ry land: One In - dus - tri - al U - nion Grand.



Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back? [chorus]

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb,"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, lend a hand. [chorus]

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. [chorus]

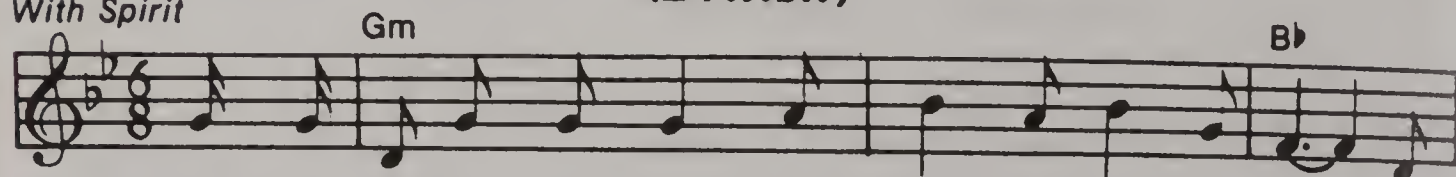
Come, all ye workers, from every land.  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share. Lend a hand. [chorus]

# When the People Have Burst Their Chains

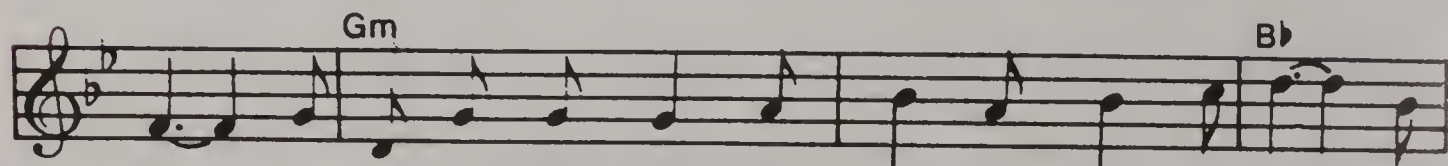
(Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home)

(British)

With Spirit



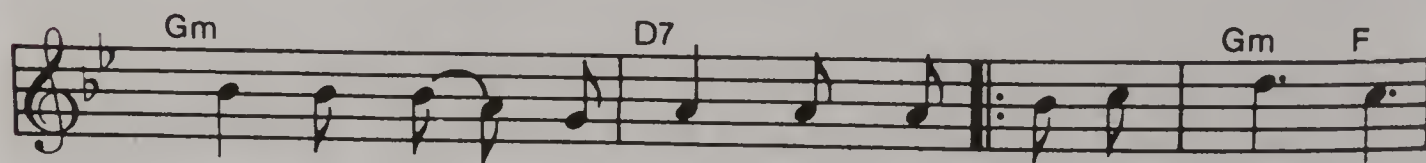
When the peo-ple have burst their chains at last Hoo-rah! Hoo-



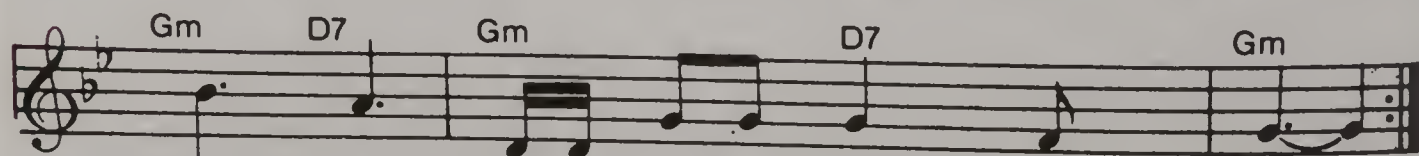
rah! The gol-den age will have come to pass Hoo-rah! Hoo-



rah! No child will starve and no sol-dier die And we'll



all be free be - neath the sky, And no kings will



rule when The peo-ple have burst their chains.

When the workers begin to organize  
Hoorah! Hoorah!

The boss will be in for a big surprise  
Hoorah! Hoorah!

With workers' hearts and workers' arms  
We'll seize the factories and the farms  
And we'll all be free

When the workers have organized.

## ***PREAMBLE OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD***

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



## ***WHAT IS THE IWW?***

It is a union open to wage and salary workers in all industries, and members of the working class in all countries. Its aim is to enable workers to resist being used against each other either to undermine each other's jobs in peace or kill each other in war. Its hope is to make this planet a good place for all of us. We seek to build a new world in the shell of the old through direct control of industry by workers on the job.

The IWW was founded in 1905 by unions in North America concerned mainly at that time with industrial organizing to prevent each trade union from being used against the others. Its history has been a notable one of skirmishes mainly in industries and occupations where unionism at the time had not become taken for granted. In these areas it has left behind enduring improvements in job safety and in other working and living conditions. We have been particularly concerned with workers outside of the traditional unions — women, Third World, low-skilled and low-paid workers. The IWW has always resisted discrimination whether for sex or color or language or religion. Its membership has always included a substantial number of workers active in other unions who see the need for the IWW and greater solidarity between unions and between workers everywhere.

To co-operate with us, look up the IWW in your locality or write the IWW, Room 202, 3435 N. Sheffield, Chicago, IL 60657 for free literature and an address in your area.

Together we can do things we can't do alone.

Harbinger  
Publications Inc



Columbia SC  
IU 450

# ***Canadian I.W.W. Songbook***



**to fan the flames of discontent**



## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

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# The Canadian Wobbly Songbook

is dedicated to all musicians who  
lend their skills to the picket line.



First Edition, May 1, 1990



compiled & edited by  
Jerzy (George) Dymny  
published by the  
**Industrial Workers Of The World**  
11 Andrews Ave  
Toronto, Ontario  
M6J 1S2

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\* \* \* \* \*

Because even the best songwriters often do not have the time or skills to transcribe their original songs into music only the editor and his computer programme are responsible for any errors in transcription. If you want your song to be in the next edition of this songbook, please have original music transcribed and submit chords with the words also. This song book is most useful on a picket line if all the music possible is included. The final choices of songs were made by a Wobbly committee vote. If the person who's song was being considered was present, they abstained from voting. A second edition will be produced as soon as enough songs are submitted by Canadian labour songwriters. If you songwriters also want to join the IWW and help continue the songbooks, please do it!



# Africville

Words & music by *Faith Nolan*

© *Multicultural Women In Concert* 1986

C A7 D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7

What

C A7 D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7

happened to Africville? What happened to Africville?

Verse: Bb F Bb F

Now, I met a woman who spent her life living there. Now that Africville is gone she's in a highrise somewhere

Bb F G7 Ab G7

Out a highrise window I see her face she was so out of view she was out of place

C A7 D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7

What happened to Africville? What happened to Africville?

Africville tells of an independent Black community which existed on the fringe of Halifax from 1840 to 1969, and how its government relocated the people to the detriment of Africville's residents.

What happened to Africville?

C A7 D7 G7

What happened to Africville?

C A7 D7 G7

Now I met a woman who spent her life living there

Bb F

Now that Africville's gone she's in a highrise somewhere

Bb F

Out a highrise window I see her face

Bb F

She was so out of view she was out of face

G7 Ab G7

What happened to Africville?

What happened to Africville?

Joey's in Toronto family left him

Daughter's gone insane can't make it

Oh left that community, now they're on their own

And it's so cold up here when you're on your own

What happened to Africville?

What happened to Africville?

All the people just torn from the land

Left alone without family or friends

The pure water ain't by their side

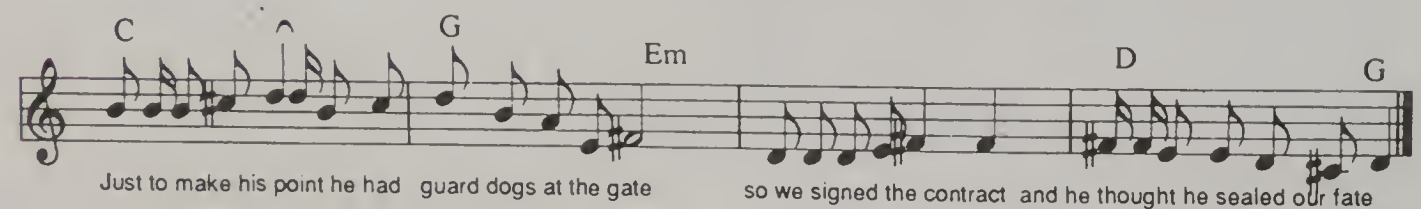
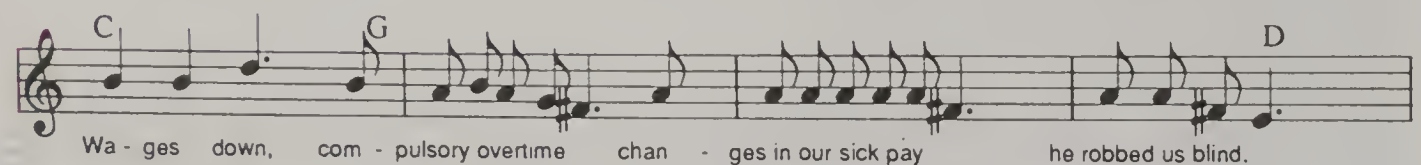
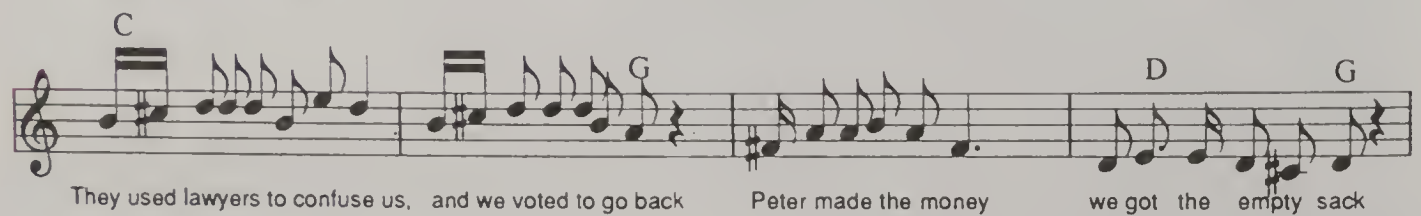
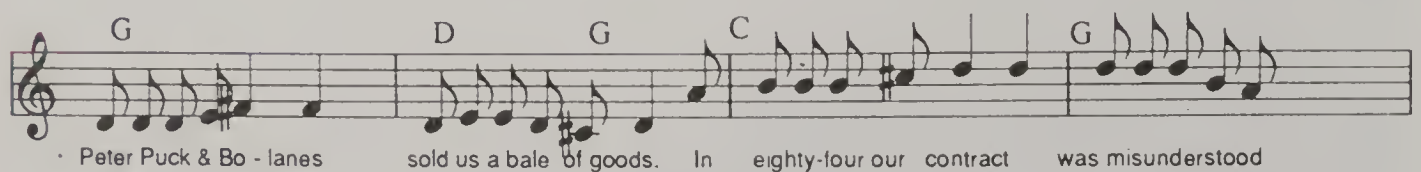
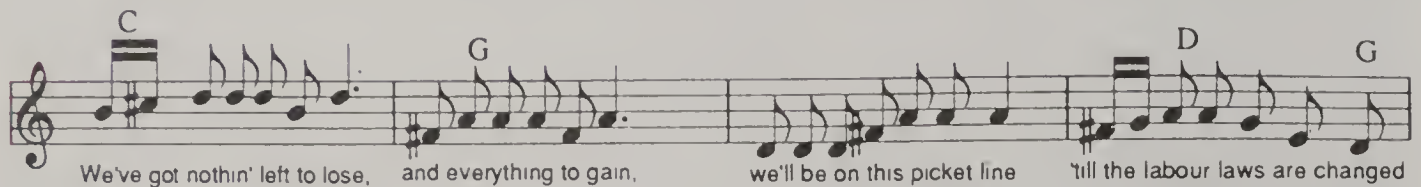
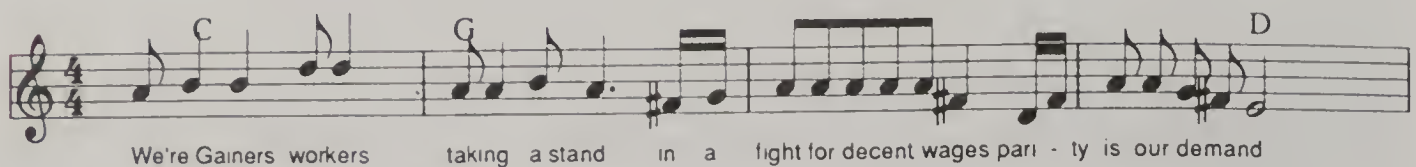
They've got to find someplace to hide

What happened to Africville?

What happened to Africville?

# Battle of 66 Street

## *Music & lyrics by Arlene Mantle*





*Chorus:*

He had himself a circus, with scabs lined down the street,  
Everything that he could do to ensure our defeat.  
In '84 he gave a party and said he was our friend,  
Now it's '86 and we're on the line again.  
We get the lowest wages in the industry,  
Although production's tripled there's no benefits I see.  
Our vision care and pension plan he took away from me,  
He hoped without our glasses, we just wouldn't see.

*Chorus:*

No sooner were we out the gate than the scabs came busting in.  
For three long days we held them off 'cause we knew it was a sin.  
The government said it's legal and we can't protect our jobs,  
Oh, what good's our union if it can't use its claws.  
To withhold our labour is every workers right;  
In the past so many for this right have had to fight.  
Rees, Debensky, Ponting and all the Tory clan,  
Have put an end to labour rights in our Alberta land.

*Chorus:*

Come down to 66 Street today and you may find,  
The riot squad in action trying to turn our rights aside.  
The most absurd injunctions have been used on us today,  
We can't use a bullhorn, we can't even pray.  
But our numbers are growing, our families and friends,  
Churches and community are with us 'till the end.  
And in our legislature we're hearin' our new voice,  
Next time around, it'll be the workers' choice.

*Chorus:*

# Box Factory

*Words & music by Faith Nolan, Toronto*

Em C Slow ballad

We'd go to lunch for a half hour

D Em

The boss would use our time to lecture us on power

Em C

He said you'd better move faster or your job will soon be gone

D Em

He'd lie and drone o- on and on

Chorus: B7 Em

There's no union to help me fight a- any way

B7 Em

There's no union in this sweat -shop place.

© Multicultural Women In Concert

|                                   |       |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| I worked in a box factory         | Em C  |
| from six a.m. 'till three         | D Em  |
| only nineteen and in tip top form | Em C  |
| And I'd be tired every morn       | D Em  |
| I'd be tired every morn           | B7 Em |
| I'd be tired every morn           | B7 Em |

We'd go to lunch for a half hour  
 The boss would use our time to  
 lecture us on power  
 He said you better move faster  
 or your job will soon be gone  
 He'd lie and drone on and on

Chorus:

There's no union to help me fight anyway  
 There's no union in a sweat shop place.

Back to the machine and  
 where it and I would race  
 moving along at a hell of a pace  
 I'd talk to other workers most turned away  
 You'll lose your job  
 if you complain they'd say

I'd go to the washroom  
 and let the tears flow  
 tired and angry standing up alone  
 I needed money for food and rent  
 The price of dignity  
 was the money I spent



## The Corporate Rag

*Rick Fielding, Toronto, 1989*

*Amazing as it may seem, in the long gone past Rick actually worked for Gulf Oil, Sunoco & the Bank of Montreal three, four and seven weeks respectively.*

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Well, now, it doesn't matter if you're smart or dumb, | A7 _ _ _     |
| Just remember the corporate rule of thumb,            | D7 _ _ _     |
| Who's ever one step on the ladder above,              | G7 _ _ _     |
| You kiss'em on the butt'nd he's bo-und to love it.    | C _ _ _      |
| If the boss can see that you're an up-and -comer,     | A7 _ _ _     |
| You'll never have to march to a different drummer,    | D7 _ _ _     |
| Awake or asleep, you'll be one of the sheep,          | F F#dim C A7 |
| When you're dancin' to the corporate rag.             | D7 G7 C      |

But if you don't drive a car that is regulation,  
You'll never move up in a big corporation,  
The right kinda shoes, the right kinda tie,  
The right kinda funeral when you die,  
Drink the right kinda scotch, but you'll be a dead loss,  
If the woman that you marry won't sleep with your boss,  
Don't be a fool, play it by the rules,  
You'll be dancin' to the corporate rag.

And when you get back from your corporation,  
In time to get busy with your home renovation,  
Redo the kitchen, put a pool in the den,  
Knock a hole in the roof and put a skylight in.  
Add another storey and tear down a wall,  
Buy yourself a painting that matches your hall,  
When you gotta compete with the rest of the street,  
You're dancin' to the corporate rag.

Now corporate kids, little lass and laddie,  
Xerox copies of their mommy and their daddy,

Video heads and computer brains,  
With Exxon oil runnin' through their veins,  
When they grow up there won't be a tree to be seen,  
Money's goin' t' be the only thing that's green,  
So thanks to you they'll be robots too,  
Dancin' to the corporate rag.

And after we've wrecked the environment,  
Mulroney and his cronies in the government,  
With a big oil slick greasin' the skids,  
They'll sell us all out to the highest bid.  
Crawl into bed with the united snakes,  
If we lose a few jobs, well, them's the breaks,  
But dontcha be fooled, free trade's the rule,  
When you're dancin' to the corporate rag.

Well your mortgage payments a'gotta be met,  
But life insurance is your best bet,  
'Cuz when your heart blows up in that rush hour drive,  
You'll be worth more dead than you were alive.  
And that's what'll happen if you don't slow down,  
You'll be faxin' your data from six feet down,  
Life eternal with the Wall Street Journal,  
When you're dyin' to the corporate rag.

But dontcha be a'worryin' about your soul,  
As long as you're a'reachin' that profit goal,  
Honesty's a value that's lo-ong forgotten'  
Just do your part to keep the system rotten.  
But if your brain's not dead, you've started learnin',  
The corporate wheel might just stop turnin',  
So don't be a fool, you could change the rules,  
And stop dancin' to the corporate rag.

Said don't be a fool, just change them rules,  
Don't dance to that corporate rag.



# Are You A Scabby?

Words by Colby Peters & Dave Bostock.

Tune: "Are You From Dixie?"

|  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| Hello there stranger, how do you do?             | G | - |
| I've got something to say to you.                | G | - |
| Don't be surprised, I recognized                 | D | - |
| I know a scab by the look in his eyes.           | A | D |
| We've been out walking this picket line          | G | - |
| We all need a job but you're doin' mine.         | G | - |
| The boss he is laughin', the injunction is read. | D | - |
| If there was any justice, you'd all be dead.     | A | D |

Chorus:

|  |       |      |
|--|-------|------|
| Are you a scabby? I said a scabby.                             | G     | C    |
| Do you lick the bottom of management's shoes?                  | G     | -    |
| Are you a scabby? I said a scabby.                             | G     | C    |
| Do you wear knee pads when the boss calls on you?              | A     | D    |
| Will you wash the floor and scrub the toilet with your tongue? | G     | - G7 |
| And beg for more when all the dirty work is done.              | C     | - G  |
| Are you a scabby? Then listen scabby,                          | G     | C    |
| 'Cause the Union's gunning for you.                            | G D G |      |

You've got the boss but we've got the might.  
 You've got the law but we've got the right.  
 First we were locked out, some of us knocked out,  
 But you blackleg scum you were only bought out.  
 Go back to work get down on your knees,  
 The boss is coming, he's hard to please.  
 You fawn and caress him, you bow and you stoop,  
 You're enough, by God, to make a maggot puke.  
 Chorus:



## Dear David

*Tune: Dear Abbey by J.Prine. Words: Jane Bennett,  
Curt Heckaman, Bruce MacDougall & Frank Pimentel.*

Dear David, Dear David, my rooming house stinks, D D7 G D  
The landlord's a bastard and the roofing's in chinks. D E A  
There's cockroach and bed lice infesting my room, D D7 G D  
It's a wonder the landlord don't charge them rent too. D A D  
Signed; Frustrated. G A D

Chorus: Frustrated, Frustrated, you sure got your nerve,  
I serve all the rich and they can't be disturbed.  
So put up and shut up or you'll end up done,  
My welfare department's got you on the run.

Dear David, Dear David, I'm standing in line,  
For canned beans and stale bread; I fart all the time.  
My friends all avoid me, I smell like the dead,  
It's getting so no one will give me a bed.  
Signed; Unrested.

Chorus: Unrested, Unrested, you sure got your nerve...

Dear David, Dear David, my worker's a jerk.  
He says I'm just lazy, won't get out and work.  
He says I'm not loving, no good for my child,  
If you don't do something I think I'll go wild.  
Signed; Depressed.

Chorus: Depressed, Depressed, you....

Dear David, Dear David, you got you your dome,  
Would you mind now and try finding me a new home.  
It ain't for hard looking; I've pounded the street,  
'Cause there sure ain't no room under baseball fans' feet.  
Signed, Frustrated.

Chorus: Frustrated, Frustrated....

Ends with: Signed; Dear David.

## Developer's Rag

*Tune: I Believe I'm Fixin' To Die Rag. Words: Jerzy Dymny,  
June 22/86 for the Bread, Not Circuses, Coalition, Toronto*

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| Come on all you big, strong men,            | G   |
| Beer drinkers lift you arms again.          | C   |
| The Dome needs your money, it wants it now, | G   |
| So eat a Big Mac and wash it down.          | C   |
| Don't say there's no room for your feet,    | A D |
| You're just s'posed to line up and eat.     | G C |

### Chorus:

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| And it's 1, 2, 3, what're we waiting for?   | D7 G7 C |
| Don't ask me I don't give a damn!           | G       |
| Let's grab the people's land!               | C       |
| And it's 5, 6, 7, open up the public purse. | D7 G7 C |
| We've got to con the people today,          | A D     |
| Whoopee they're all going to pay!           | G C     |

Opera lovers we gotta move fast,  
Grab the people's land while it lasts!  
Don't worry 'bout housing, we'll fix that soon,  
Verdi's more chic than affordable rooms!  
Tell'em people are better off in the sticks,  
'Cause we know they're all cultural hicks.

### Chorus:

C'mon Bronfmans, don't be slow,  
In Olympic finance you gotta go, go!  
Tie the Mayor to you pocket book,  
And make those newspapers swallow your hook.  
If they sell their land for condos now,  
They'll never ask what it's all about.

### Chorus:

There was Expo in B.C. in '86,  
Sleazy Van Der Zalm, he put in the fix.  
People got moved, lost homes and died,  
Business kept the profits and we lied and lied.  
Now Li Ka Sheng's bought it all for a song,  
And none of us think that it's wrong. **Chorus:**

## Hey, Ms. Social Worker

Words: Jerzy Dymny Dec.'85, tune: Mr. Tambourine Man

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Hey, Ms. Social Worker play your song for me         | G A D G |
| I'm not working and there is no place I'm going to   | D G D   |
| Hey, Ms. Social Worker play your song for me         | G A D G |
| Through this jungle of bureaucracy I'm followin' you | D G A D |

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| I'm ready to go anywhere just to get some help today   | G A D G |
| My kid needs legal aid, my rent has to get paid        | D G D G |
| Cast your bureaucratic spell my way                    | D G     |
| I —— promise to go under it                            | G - A - |
| Yes my kids would like a Christmas tree,               | G A     |
| We don't have food to eat                              | D G     |
| We may be kicked out on the street                     | D G     |
| And our ancient empty government's too dead for caring | D G A - |
| So hey....   |         |

You might remember last September the old man went on the bum  
He's escapin' on the run  
And but for the kids I might be movin' on too  
But I'm so tired of your run around  
You've got me blinded with your jive  
The paperwork's to high and the rules you do connive  
You think everything's a lie  
You think you've got your job so the whole world is your oyster  
So hey.....

But just remember that your government  
Don't give a damn about you either  
Might replace you with a computer  
Don't care if it's you or me here  
If you think about it you'll know you too are just a number  
So please realize and don't dogmatize  
You're being fed a load of crap  
Your job may turn into a trap  
If you got fired would you adapt?  
You're sittin' there today but will you still be there tomorrow?  
So hey....



# Divide And Rule

Words & music by *Faith Nolan, Toronto.*

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Reggae

Di - vide and rule is a po - li - ti - cal tool

When the dollar's bottom drop who the hell to rule ?

Di - vide and rule is a - is a po - li - ti - cal

tool Chorus: F Di - vide and rule us

Di - vide and rule us Di - vide and rule us

Di - vide and rule us Di - vide and rule us

is a po - li - ti - cal tool

Divide and rule is a political tool  
 When the dollar's bottom drop  
 who the hell's to rule?  
 Divide and rule is a political tool.

F  
 Bb  
 F  
 C Bb C

## Chorus:

Divide and rule us (5 times)  
 Is a political tool.

F/ F/ Bb/ Bb/ C  
 Bb - F

Everybody ask me what country am I from  
I say I'm from the world  
They say back where you belong  
What is the difference  
your world or mine the world is one.

**Chorus**

Speak a different language  
your belly hungry just the same  
If a bomb it drop  
it don't know any colour name  
Rich man want politic  
military playin' war games.

Talk about Azania  
but we struggle here  
South Africa must be overcome  
Let us start work here  
Divided we are weak  
Together we have strength I'm sure

**Chorus**

# Fishers Of The Sea

Words: Arlene Mantle, music: Anne Lederman

On a traw-ler tow-ing north to fish the Hamilton banks. She's mak-  
 kin' ice so we hauled her 'round, 'fore she rolled and sank  
 Skipper wants his quo - ta and we're all ne - edin' sleep, That's  
 the life of a traw - ler man haulin' cod - fish from the deep.  
 Chorus: Haul and pull. Will the warp take the strain? Cut and gut thirty  
 thousand pounds, haul and pull a- gain. Ten days away  
 two with your family Kids, they hardly know ya fisher of the sea

Early in the mornin' out Bona Vista way,  
 Chairman checked the cod traps in the waters of the bay,  
 Time, it was good fishin', these days only fair,  
 And if ya hauls in nothin', Buddy, nothin' is your share.



Haul and pull. Will your back take the strain? C#m G#m  
 Winter's comin' on, you'll be back on shore again A E F#m B7  
 Needing four good weeks, good stamps for U.I.C. B7 C#m G#m F#m  
 There's no guarantee for fishers of the sea. E AB7 C#mB7 A

The company has got you working on the incentive plan A E F#m B7  
 Fish plant gives a bonus to the fastest workin' hands E C# F#m B7  
 Twenty years in the cold, her hands are too damn sore A G#m F#m B7  
 She won't see no bonus 'cause she can't catch up no more.  
 A G#m F#m E

Chorus:

Cut and trim, they push the speed some more,  
 Chlorine stings your eyes, skinning machines roar.  
 Tension level rises, will we ever see,  
 A good day's pay for a good day's work for fishers of the sea?

The company counts the profits while workers pay the costs,  
 Mourning friends or family who bin injured or bin lost.  
 To the cruel Atlantic waters, to the fish plants' racing greed,  
 We're callin' out for changes, no longer will we bleed.

Chorus:

We'll haul and pull and take a Union stand,  
 We'll cut and trim and fight for pension plans.  
 it's time we had an income guarantee,  
 Job security for fishers of the sea.

|   |   |        |   |
|---|---|--------|---|
| A   | E | B7     | A |
| Twenty thousand strong every woman every man    |   |        |   |
| A   | E | F#m B7 | E |
| Together we will stand fishers of Newfoundland. |   |        |   |

Arlene Mantle is available for concerts, and song writing sessions with unions or groups working for social change. She performs solo as well as with a band. Phone the Toronto IWW for information.

# Hey, Hey, What About Class?

Words & music by Arlene Mantle, © 1983, P.R.O.Can.

Calypso

It's March the 8th, let's celebrate, Inter-national Women's Day. Let's

fill the street with marching feet, demanding our way

Comin' on strong, to right the wrong, down with Patri - ar - chy.

Let's not lose sight that we're wagin' the fight in a capitalist soci - e - ty Hey, Hey,

what about class? We have to address it, we can't let it pass. Hey, hey,

what about class? We have to address it to - day.

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| We're fighting for the right to a job,        | C             |
| In a capitalist society.                      | C $\bar{G}7$  |
| The right to, a job for who?                  | G7            |
| Are the jobs for you or for me?               | G7 $\bar{C}$  |
| Unemployment and welfare risin',              | C             |
| With the new technology.                      | C $\bar{C}7F$ |
| The poor will soon be all women and children, | C G7          |
| Let's talk about poverty.                     | G7 C          |

Chorus:

|  |      |
|--|------|
| Hey, hey, what about class?                  | F C  |
| We have to address it, we can't let it pass. | G7 C |
| Hey, hey, what about class?                  | F C  |
| We have to address it today.                 | G7 C |

We're fighting for the right to peace,  
 An end to nuclear arms.  
 An end to violence against women,  
 A society free from harm.  
 But the system is rooted in violence,  
 Tearing children from their mothers' arms.  
 Peace, you see, can never be,  
 In a class society.

How about some meetings run by Roberta's rules?  
 Where no-one speaks in rhetoric,  
 And no-one feels a fool.  
 Where the ghettos and the universities,  
 Equally are heard,  
 And patriarchal structures,  
 Are ruled out as absurd.

I dream one day we'll fill the world,  
 Not just this tiny hall.  
 And the voices of women speaking,  
 Will be speaking for us all.  
 From the reservations, the ghettos,  
 Unions and the universities.  
 All women united in a changed society.



# Hit The Street

Words: Jerzy Dymny, Toronto, 1983, '88.

Tune adapted from "Ten Green Bottles"

March

Pick up your pla - cards and let's all hit the street

Can't move them with our words so let's move them with our feet

We're go - nna show the world that this government is a farce,

We've got to take some ac - tion 'cause the world is re - ally ours.

|  |      |
|--|------|
| Pick up your placards and lets all hit the street,             | G-DG |
| Can't move them with our words so let's do it with our feet.   | G-CG |
| We're gonna show the world that government is a farce,         | CGC- |
| We've got to take some action 'cause the world is really ours. | G-DG |

|   |      |
|---|------|
| I went to my doctor to try and stop my pain,                      | G... |
| I asked him to help me, he said I was insane.                     |      |
| He said: "I got me a scalpel and lotsa pretty pills."             |      |
| He said: "Tell what you're feelin' son and I'll send you a bill." |      |

So I went to a lawyer to see if I could fight, G...  
I asked him what my rights were, he cried: "Are you all right?"  
He said: "I got me a lawbook and lotsa funny rules."  
He said: "Tell me what you wanna do and I'll send you a bill."

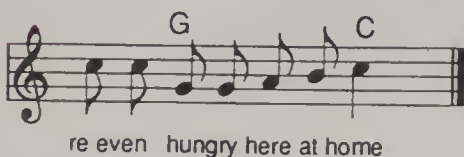
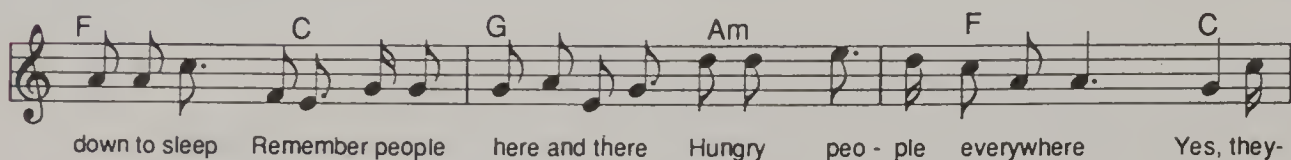
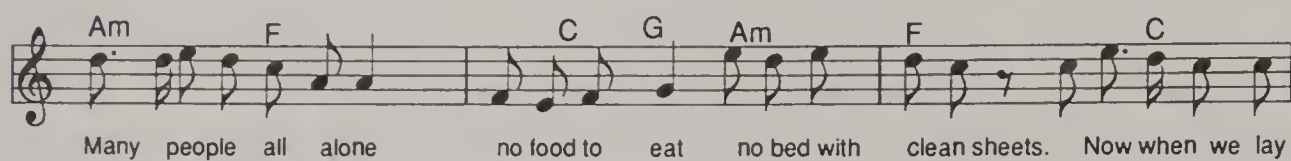
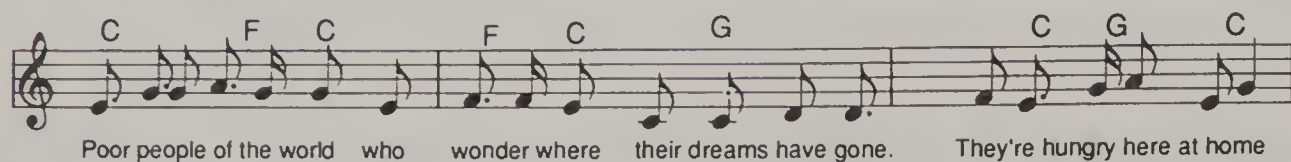
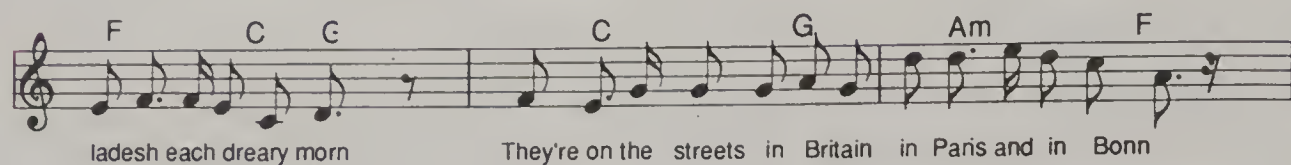
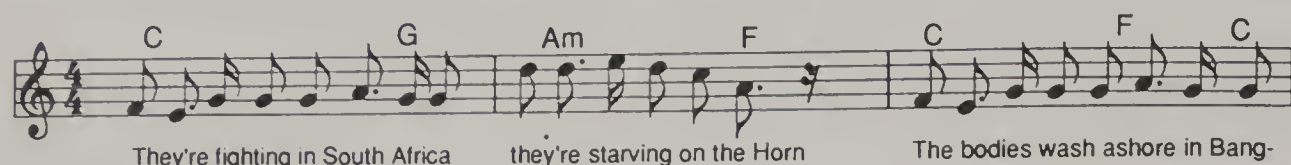
Went to the legislator to see if I should vote, G...  
I asked him what his views were and he slipped me a note.  
It said: "I think that you should lobby to help us here decide,  
But if you really want some action, I can't refuse a bribe."

So I'm coming to the people to see if there is hope, A-E A  
We're up against a system that thinks we are a joke. You say: A-D A  
"We know how to take action and we are quite a crowd, DAD -  
We'll start to do things our way & our children will be proud." A-E A

So pick up your placards and lets all hit the street, A...  
Can't move them with our words so let's do it with our feet.  
We're gonna show the world that government is a farce,  
We've got to take some action 'cuz the world is really ours.

# Hungry Here At Home

Words & music by *Jim Payne* of *St. John's, Newfoundland*



C G Am  
"How's that", you say, "when we've such wealth, we've more than we can  
F  
eat ourselves.

C F C F C G  
There's food enough for all the world that sits on supermarket shelves."

C G An: F  
But food is private property, not in the hands of you and me.

C F C F C G  
We'll just have to do without it if we cannot pay the fee.

C G C  
It's happening here at home,



Chorus:

Many people all alone. No food to eat.

No bed with clean sheets

Now when we lay us down to sleep

Remember people here and there, hungry people everywhere

Yes, they're even hungry here at home.

Am F C G

Am F

C F

C G Am F

C G C

But there's wealthy folks in Africa, millionaires both East and West

Who have no trouble buying food, in fact, they only eat the best.

If prices don't go high enough for those who own the factories

They burn the wheat fields to the ground, bring the people to their knees.

It's happened here at home,

The problem of malnourishment is also one for those who eat.

They may not feel the hunger pains while stuffed on processed foods and sweets.

In the search for perfect taste, nutrients are laid to waste

Packaged products, little cans, for poor consumers in their haste.

It's happening here at home,

"Always there will be the poor", so Christ the christian saviour said,

"Justice will be done for them only after they are dead".

This line's been used for many years to justify torment and tears

Keep the people in their place, condemn them to life in arrears.

It's happening here at home,

The poor who walk on distant shores, the farthest corners of the globe,

The homeless that we see each day walking on our city roads

Are all the victims of the same desperate and deadly game:

Keeping food from hungry people is murder by another name.

It happens here at home,

The vast resources, all the riches, that we have upon this earth

A dollar changes hands for food, what is a famine victim worth?

Clothe the freezing, shelter for the homeless who shall roam no more.

How is it that a world civilized cannot feed the poor?

They're hungry here at home,

© Jim Payne, CAPAC

## Home's Where I'll Stay

*Written at the September, 1989 "No Place Like Home Conference" in Toronto. Words by: Anna, Jarett, Jerzy, Keith, Kevin, Martha, Randolph, Steve, William.*

*Tune: "Home On The Range"*

|  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| Oh, give me a home 'cause I don't want to roam.    | D | G |   |
| From the streets to the shelters each day.         | D | A |   |
| I'm tired and I'm sick of the government's tricks, | D | G |   |
| And I just need a safe place to stay.              | D | A | D |

Chorus:

|  |   |   |   |
|--|---|---|---|
| Home, home's where I'll stay,                      | D | G | D |
| Where the kids and the nieghbours can play.        | D | A |   |
| With a fire in the stove and my slippers and robe, | D | G |   |
| And clean sheets at the end of the day.            | D | A | D |

Oh, give me a home, instead of your Dome,  
And a song, not a new Opera House.  
A rec' centre that's free, no Olympics for me,  
'Cause your plans were drawn up by a louse!  
Home, home's where.....

Oh, give me a home where I feel I belong,  
And a rent that we all can afford.  
Where we all have a voice, equal say, equal choice,  
And fin'ly we're our own landlord.  
Home, home's where.....



## A Load Of Questions

Words by *Harris Taylor*, of the *Starvation Army Band*, *Campbell River, B.C.* Tune: "*Will The Circle Be Unbroken?*"

I was standin' by my window on a cold and cloudy day, E \_ A E  
When the SS boys came callin' for to take my neighbour away. E \_ \_ B7E  
I said: "Tell me officer, please won't you tell me what she's done,  
She's a gentle, caring person, she don't want to hurt no one.

Chorus: And he told me: "Don't ask questions."  
And he told me: "Don't ask why."  
But there's a better home a'waitin',  
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.

When I read the morning papers, I was shocked by what I seen,  
Said that she was a subversive and a threat to security.  
She'd been goin' out to rallies: U.S. Out!, Pro Choice, Refuse the Cruise,  
She's supported gays and unions and now she would pay her dues.  
And they told us....

I was sittin' in my kitchen, I just poured a cup of tea,  
When the SS boys came callin' and this time it was for me.  
Said they'd opened up my letters and they listened to my phone,  
They had evidence against me and were going to search my home.  
And they told me....

Well they took me to the station and they said: "You got one call.  
You had better get a lawyer, 'fore the blade of justice falls."  
And I sat there on the concrete and I stared out through the bars,  
If we'd asked a few more questions, would we now be where we are?  
And they told me....

When I read the morning papers, I was shocked by what I seen,  
For they said I was subversive like the woman who lived next to me.  
And they said I was her neighbour and accomplice to her crime,  
And they thanked the Lord in heaven, that they caught us both in time.  
And they told me...  
We will see you get the first crack  
At the sweet bye and bye.

Here's the moral of this story, here's the last thing I will say.  
Better ask a load of questions before they take your voice away.  
And they'll tell you "Don't ask questions" and they'll tell you "Don't ask why  
If you have faith, there's a better home, awaitin' when you die."



# A Man's Job

Words & music by Eileen McGann, Toronto

I spent some time workin' on the telephone go - in' into houses and puttin' in the lines

I met a lot of people and I saw a lot of lives go by Though not completely unexpected

still I was surprised by the many, many people who'd look me in the eyes & say "What's a pretty girl

like you doin' here? That's a job for a man to do, so why the hell did they give it to you?

Chorus:

Couldn't you find a secre - ta-ri-al job my dear?

Hey, honey watcha doin' in a man's job Don't you know the unem - ploy ment rates high?

A man needs a job but a woman needs a ma To protect her & support her 'till the day that she dies

I worked inside a building of Ontario Housing  
And met a young woman with a two year old child.  
He followed me around and he watched while I stapled and dialed.  
His mother, speaking softly said his father'd up and run  
And he'd taken all their money and left her with a son.  
The government handout is the only way that they can survive.  
She had tried to find a job that was good enough to pay  
For the daycare that her little boy would need when she's away  
But the salaries they offered were not enough to keep them alive.  
But people ask....(chorus)

Another time I went into a pretty little bungalow  
And met a tiny women with three children at her feet.  
She welcomed me in and gave me tea and something to eat.  
Though she wore a lot of makeup, her skill could not erase  
The dark and ugly bruises that blackened half her face.  
And though the weather was hot, she was wearin' a blouse with long  
sleeves.  
She told me that her 'man' was always drunk when he came home  
And she hoped he'd keep on beating her and leave the kids alone.  
She hadn't any money or family and was frightened to leave.  
But next door they asked....(chorus)

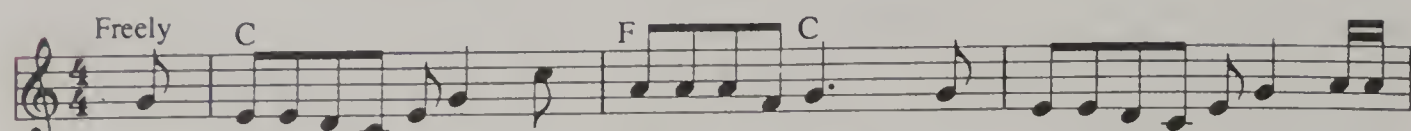
The apartment was small but it echoed as I entered  
All it had inside was a table, bed and chair.  
The old woman smiled at me and she said she was glad I was there.  
She said I haven't much to offer but please come have some tea  
I'm really very lonely now 'cause no one speaks to me.  
I couldn't help but notice that the tea bag she used wasn't new.  
She said her husband had a pension but it's years now since he died  
And she'd never thought of what she'd do - he said he would provide.  
I'm glad you've got a job she said so this will never happen to you.  
But her neighbours asked.....(chorus twice)

# Mister Block

By *Joe Hill* (1913 IWW songbook)


Canadian version by *Ted Dyment*

Freely C F C



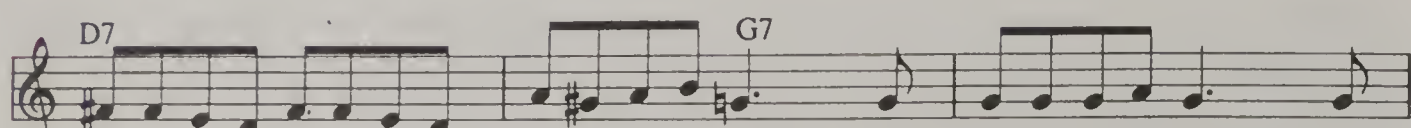
Please give me your attention; I'd like for you to meet, A man that is a credit to our

D7 G7 C F C

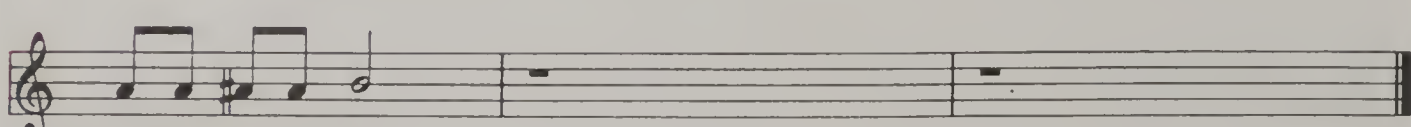


"True North Strong & Free". His head is made of lum-ber and is so-lid as a rock, He

D7 G7

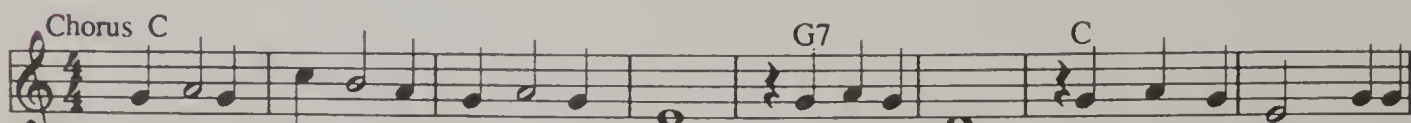


is a com-mon wor-ker and his name is Mis-ter Block. And Block he thinks he may, Be




Prime Minister some day

Chorus C G7 C



Oh, Mister Block you were born by mis - take, You take the cake, you make me ache. Tie a

D7 G7 C



rock on your block and then jump in the lake; Kind-ly do that for Lib-er-ty's sake.



|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Please give me your attention; I'd like for you to meet, | C _ F C   |
| A man that is a credit to our "True North Strong & Free" | C _ D7 G  |
| His head is made of lumber and is solid as a rock,       | C _ F C   |
| He is a common worker and his name is Mister Block.      | D7 _ _ G7 |
| And Block he thinks he may, be Prime Minister some day.  | G7        |

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Oh, Mister Block, you were born by mistake,       | C _ _   |
| You take the cake, you make me ache,              | G7 _ C  |
| Tie a rock on your block and go jump in the lake, | C _ _   |
| Kindly do that for Liberty's sake.                | D7 G7 C |

Yes, Mister Block is lucky; he found a job first try!  
 Throwing 'round asbestos with his wages on the sly.  
 They gave him gloves and filter, even told him of the risk,  
 But when he started coughing blood he found he was dismissed.  
 He shouted, "That's too raw, I'll fix them with the law."

Block hiked back to the city and thought he'd found the key,  
 He said, "I'll join a union of the great big CLC."  
 He got a job next morning, got fired in the night.  
 He said, "I'll file a grievance and they'll fix that shift boss right."  
 Nine months of legal costs, and still his union lost.

Election day he shouted, "A Socialist for Mayor!"  
 The 'comrade' got elected, he was the first to cheer.  
 But after the election he got an awful shock;  
 A great, big Socialistic cop did rap him on the block.  
 And comrade Block did sob, "I helped him get his job!"

Poor Block, he died one evening, I'm very glad to state.  
 He climbed the golden ladder up to the pearly gate.  
 He said, "Oh Mr. Peter, I sure would like to meet,  
 Pocklington and Conrad Black; it would be quite a treat."  
 Old Pete said, "Is that so? You'll meet them down below."

## May Day

Words: J.Dymny, May Day 1989, tune: "Daisy, Daisy"

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| May Day, May Day, that's the real workers' day | D G D   |
| Labour's history says don't give your day away | A D E A |
| We won't go out with the bosses                | G A D   |
| Stuff 'Labour Day' up their asses              | G D     |
| And we'll look sweet when we take the street   | D A D A |
| In the glorious month of May!                  | D A D   |

## Moving Mountains

Written for the premiere of the Laura Sky film of the same name at the Ontario Science Centre, 1981.

Music & lyrics by Arlene Mantle

strident up-tempo

One little push won't make the mountain move. Two little pushes won't make the mountain mov

All women pushing will make the mountain move. Let's move mountains to - get - her

One woman's struggles won't make the mountain move.  
Two women's struggle.....

One woman's anger.....  
One woman's actions....  
One woman's freedom....  
One woman's singing.....

## The NIMBY Boogie

*Words by Kevin Barrett , Toronto, 1988, tune: quick Blues*

I'm a liberal kind of guy  
Open minded... that's no lie  
Gonna make a million before I die  
Anyone can do it if they only try  
Ladder climbing's not so hard  
So get a job - but not in my back yard!

Always lived west of the tracks  
We pay the highest property tax  
Never see poor folks, we just turn our backs  
Please don't confuse me with all the facts  
They say that life for some is hard  
So build your hostel - but not in my back yard!

Everybody has the right  
To earn a living without a fight  
Even the ladies of the night  
Need a few streets in dim red light  
Life for the working girl is hard  
So ply your trade - but not in my back yard!

They came in boatloads across the sea  
Leaving home and family  
Forced to run from their own country  
I say life's a bitch for a refugee  
Give'em a job, they'll work real hard  
Maybe buy a house - but not in my back yard!



# No Contracting Out

Music & lyrics © Phil Vernon, 1986, Vancouver, B.C.

Driving

Chorus: No con - tract ing out! We ain't giving up this time! No  
con - tracting out! You know we're gonna hold the line! This  
coast has seen a hundred years of wor kers in the woods. It's  
hard work and it's danger- ous but mostly it's been good. We've  
built our un - ion from the roots and we say its name with pride but if  
we don't win this bat - tle, then our un - ion's good as died!

Em D Em C D Em

No contracting out! We ain't giving up this time!

Em D Em C D Em

No contracting out! You know we're gonna hold the line!

Verse:

D G D Em D Em

This coast has seen a hundred years of workers in the woods.

D G D Em D Em

It's hard work and it's dangerous, but mostly it's been good.

D G D Em D

We've built our union from the roots and we say its name with pride,

D GD Em D Em

But if we don't win this battle then our union's good as died!

CHORUS: .

Hard times hit the industry and it hit us workers rough.  
The companies, they used the slump to lay ten thousand off.  
Then speed up and technology replaced the workers gone,  
And they used job blackmail to push the ones kept on!

Chorus:

Now in corporate boardrooms the profits are rolling in,  
From cutting costs and workers and the latest market whim.  
But ten thousand more families must fight just to survive.  
'Cause when they say they're cutting costs,  
they're cutting people's lives!

Chorus:

And now the multinationals have mounted their attack.  
They're trying to bust our unions and set our standards back.  
There'll be no job security if they do what they're about,  
And no union agreements, with the work contracted out!

Chorus:

All across this province our people stand in line:  
U.I.C. and welfare and on the picket line.  
But we still have our dignity and we still do the work,  
And if they want to bust our union they have to break us first!

Chorus:

Phil Vernon, Dave Bostock, Colby Peters and Harris  
Taylor should be contacted through the Vancouver  
IWW for labour music appearances

# No More, No Compensation

*A song about Bill 162 by Len Wallace of Windsor, May 3, 1989.*

*Tune: "So Long, It's Been Good To Know Yuh"*

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| I've breathed hard metals eight hours a day        | C _ G _ |
| At the place where I work for such miserable pay   | C _ G _ |
| And now I can't work 'cause my lungs just give out | C _ F _ |
| I tried to get 'comp' but the bureaucrats shout    | C _ G C |

Chorus:

|   |             |
|---|-------------|
| Oh....there's no more, no compensation    | C _ _ _     |
| No more, no compensation                  | G _ _ C     |
| No more, no compensation                  | C _ F _     |
| You'll have to suffer till your dying day | C _ G _ _ _ |
| So just beat it and get on your way.      | G _ C _     |

I'm blinded and stressed out by those VDT's  
 And the air in my office it just makes me wheeze  
 The boss said my symptoms are all in my head  
 But I'm worn out and burnt out and laid up in bed, but....

The foreman at work's such a miserable bore  
 He just won't believe that our muscles get sore  
 We've back pains and neck strains and now r.s.i.'s\*  
 But production won't slow down despite all our cries...

\* (r.s.i. = repetitive strain injury)

I'm exposed to every bad toxin around  
 Where PCB's, solvents and fumes they abound  
 The doctor he told me: "Just find a new job"  
 While the company gets richer, it's my health they rob, but....

I know that the bosses they don't even try  
 I just want a job, I don't want to die  
 And still they harrass me for just asking why  
 And if we are injured the Comp Board's reply is, there's.....

It's clear this injustice has gone on too long  
 Alone we are nothing, united we're strong  
 So it's time we organized this working class  
 And throw all the bureaucrats out on their ass!



## Off To School

In a few days David  
will be attending school,  
entering the hands of the state  
for the first time.

Standing back  
to look at what he has become,  
a gentle, confident and knowledgeable person,  
interested in trains and kittens  
and the United Farm Workers, I am afraid  
of what he will be warped into  
by members of my own profession:

stiffled curiosity,  
compulsory obedience to arbitrary authority,  
school sanctioned violence in the school yard,  
a denial of the history his family helped make.

David will learn  
homophobia, anti-union bias/  
pro-capitalist dogma, a history  
without natives or radical heros.

In a few days  
David will be off to school,  
an educational system designed  
to break him.

by **Brian Burch** of Toronto. This poem appeared before in  
"Rebel Voices" & "New Quarterly"

# Ontario Street

Original song: "Larimer Street" by Bruce "Utah" Phillips  
Toronto version: Jerzy Dymny, Feb '86.

The musical score is written on eight staves in 3/4 time. The melody is in G major, with chords G, C, D, and G indicated above the notes. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a chorus section marked 'CHORUS' above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Your bull - do - zers rolled o - ver my part of town, The i - ron ball swings and knocks 'em all down. You tore down the din - ers, you tore down the bars, black topped it o - ver to park all your cars. And where will I go? And where will I stay? You knocked down skid road and hauled it a - way. I'll catch a fast rat - tler and ride it on down boys, they're running the bums out of town.'

Your bull - do - zers rolled o - ver my part of town, The  
i - ron ball swings and knocks 'em all down. You  
tore down the din - ers, you tore down the bars,  
black topped it o - ver to park all your cars. And where will I  
go? And where will I stay? You  
knocked down skid road and hauled it a - way. I'll  
catch a fast rat - tler and ride it on down  
boys, they're running the bums out of town.

Old Maxie the tailor he's shuttin' his doors, G C  
They've even recycled the second hand stores. G D  
They shut down flophouses by the old Harbour Light, G C  
And the Chinese cafe that stayed open all night. G DG

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,  
And you built a big hall where the playboys can meet;  
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,  
But you built a new hall for the stock market trade.

The little shopkeepers, they don't stand a chance,  
With the big uptown bankers a-callin' the dance.  
With their suit-and-tie restaurants full of phony antiques,  
And the counterfeit hippies with their plastic boutiques.

White painters moved in by old Darrell Kent,\*  
Renovated, sandblasted and drove up the rent.  
Then the poverty parasites move in with their cures,  
And build their careers on the backs of the poor.

If that ain't enough just to give you the blues,  
They bought up our paper: The Ward Seven News.  
Now they got them a definite slant on the poor,  
They wonder how to get them away from their doors.

I'm beginning to think there's just one kinda war,  
It's the one goin' on 'tween the rich and the poor.  
Now, I don't know much 'bout this thing ya call class,  
But the upper and middle can both kiss my ass.

\* real estate agent and developer



# Pit Man Blues

*Words & music by Rick Fielding & Brian Way*  
*Written after a tour of Northern Ontario mining towns.*  
*Published by Cainfield Music, CAPAC, 1981.*

Steady Rythmic

Em C D Em

Twenty years I worked the mine I never did com - plain

C D Em

I've always been a Uni - ion man, My friends they are the same

C D B7

Every night I look at my two kids. And I swear upon this day

Em C D Em

They'll never go down in to the pits, To work their lives a - way

Chorus: D C D B7

Down in the mine, you're chalkin' up your time, on the back of a tombstone, kid Sing:

Em. C D Em

Don't you bother savin' for your old age If you do like your old man did.

Em                      C                      D                      Em  
 Just last week my brother died, he was only forty three.  
 Em              C                      D                      Em  
 Silicosis in his lungs, for a year he could hardly breathe.  
 Em                      C                      D                      B7  
 I watched him cough his life away 'till it got too bad to see.  
 Em                      C                      D                      Em  
 The thing that scares me most of all, I feel that it's gettin' me.

Chorus:

Sing: down in the mine, you're chalkin' up your time,              Em C  
 On the back of a tombstone, kid.              D B7  
 Don't you bother savin' for your old age              Em C  
 If you do like your old man did.              D Em

Politicians they come around, make speeches and they take their notes.

Subsidize the mines, and in return they get our votes.  
 They say they got committees working for us day and night,  
 But no one's found a way to subsidize a miner's life.

Chorus:

Many years after I have gone and the elevator's still going down.  
 Taking men away from this earth, far away from every living sound  
 If I wind up in hell, I won't have had far to go.  
 Well I won't have had too much to say, I want my kids to know.  
 (No chorus)

Please don't get me wrong, I'm not askin' for myself.  
 I've breathed this deadly dust too long for anything to help.  
 But there's lots of younger fellows workin' in this miner's town,  
 And these are just the words of a proud man goin' down.

Chorus:

# Rebellion's Time

Words & music by *Len Wallace, of Windsor, Nov. 15, 1989*

My name is Thomas E - ver - ett a far - mer I have been. I

gave my life to turn the soil and hard times I have seen. For

years I saw the Com - pact men draw all their wealth and power from the

sweat of hon - est work - ing folk who grew poor - er by the hour.

Em B7 Em  
It was 1837 when I took the rebel stand,  
G D B7  
Against the bloody swindle that would steal my home and land.  
Em B7 Em B7  
I saw too many good folk starve in village and in town.  
Em B7 Em  
No longer would I stand to let the rich ones keep us down.



Like hammers sounding out a call that made the Tories shake.  
Mackenzie's rage had stirred our souls, calling us to wake.  
Saying: "Up then, Brave Canadians, and join us one and all,  
For liberty we'll strike a blow that tyrants all must fall."

I marched with pike and gun in hand through cold December grey.  
We ordered out to muddy York to strike without delay.  
The axemakers and foundry boys, they led our bold advance.  
Bold Samuel Lount, the blacksmith, swore he'd make those Tories dance.

They burned our homes down to the ground, they put us into flight.  
The hounds of law and order would hunt us day and night.  
So many shackled up in chain to share an exile's fate.  
And many hung by cruel law, damned by church and state.

Some may call me a traitor and some can call me fool,  
But I'll raise my hand a hundred times against this bloody rule.  
For still too many good folk starve in village and in town.  
How can it be that we still let the rich ones keep us down?

In 1837 rebellion shook this land.  
In 1837 I took rebellion's hand.  
The passion of rebellion's time again I hope to see.  
That working folk again must rise and make this country free.  
Yes, that working folk again will rise to make this country free.

Len Wallace is available for paid concerts, rallies,  
demonstrations, labour history workshops or picket  
line duty. Contact him through the Toronto IWW.

# The Resistance Hymn

Words by Jerzy Dymny, June 18, 1983

Chorus from Barbara Dane album F.T.A.

Tune: The Patriot Game, later called With God on our Side

## Chorus:

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| We're going to prison, so we can be free.          | GCGD_G_ |
| We're going to prison for what we believe.         | DG__CG_ |
| We've got something we'll fight for,               | DG__    |
| So what else can they do?                          | CG_     |
| We've got something to live for and how about you? | GCGD_G_ |

From the department of justice the directives have come:  
Send out the mounties and round up everyone,  
Who puts human beings ahead of the state,  
And who's preaching that loving is better than hate.  
So we're going...

Some call me a coward, others call me a fool,  
And the Toronto Sun calls me a communist tool.  
But I know you're my buddies and you'll understand;  
I'll be true to myself or I can't be human.  
So we're going...

If we turn our backs on our friends in this fight,  
We'll wake up one morning with even less rights.  
For justice and freedom we must take a stand,  
Or we'll have no more people, we'll have no more land.  
So we're going...

This planet's in danger, we must fight for our lives.  
So take direct action - protest and survive.  
If we must be subversive then that's what we'll be,  
For when freedom is outlawed - only outlaws are free.  
So we're going...

# Run The Show

Words: Jerzy Dymny, 1985, tune: On the Cover of the Rolling Stone

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| We've got education, we're into liberation                         | D - - |
| We take petitions wherever we go                                   | D - A |
| We teach community animation                                       | A - - |
| And carry flip charts to put on a show                             | A - D |
| We get all kinds of thrills when we march you up the hill          | D - - |
| But the thrill we really wanna know                                | D - G |
| Is the <u>thrill</u> that'll bomb ya when we <u>finally</u> con ya | A - - |
| And <u>then</u> we get to run the show                             | A - D |

|                                |         |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| Run the show.....              | D A - - |
| Gonna be an councillor someday |         |
| Run the show.....              | A D - - |
| Then I'll try to be an M.P.P.  |         |
| Run the show....               | D A - - |
| Maybe I'll be Minister someday |         |
| When we get to run the show    | G - D   |

We're into co-op livin' with our liberated women  
 Who work for artsy magazines  
 They make sure we're always heard of  
 In a 'politically correct' scene  
 We make fun of religion, we don't tolerate 'isms  
 And we hate the newspapers, you know  
 'Tho' we always know better they won't publish our letters  
 But we'll show them when we run the show

We've got lots of poor mothers and our unemployed brothers  
 We'd like to see them get a fair shake  
 There are so-o-o many so-cial problems  
 It really makes our poor hearts break  
 We've got so many friends on whose votes we depend  
 But we just can't seem to get them to vote!  
 They just don't have any faith that we'll make their lives O.K.  
When we get to run the show



**Rick Fielding, Toronto, 1989:**

*This is a song that was a tribute to Lee Hayes who was one of my heroes and one of my idols, apart from all the wonderful music that he wrote, I really identify him as an oddball of the songwriting movement. Lee just never fit in. One day he'd try, next day he wouldn't try. Went through about 65 years of that. This one's called:*

## Roll The Wobblies On

Chorus:

G E A D G  
Takes one, takes two, takes three, takes more, to keep the union strong,  
G E A7 D7  
Takes me, takes you, takes her, takes him, to roll the Wobblies on,  
G G7 C B7  
Takes heart, takes soul, takes pride, takes work, to keep the union strong,  
G E A D G  
Takes one, takes two, takes three takes more, to roll the Wobblies on.

Verse:

C G  
I'm gonna talk about it , shout about it, 'till the rafters ring,  
C A7 D  
It's a union world we're fightin' for where everybody sings,  
C B7 Em  
Right now's the time to join with us, lift your voices high,  
C G D G  
We've got that union spirit now, here's the reason why:

Chorus:

So if you're feelin' down without the strength to carry on,  
I've got the cure, I'm mighty sure, those blues will soon be gone,  
Your sisters and your brothers are right here by your side,  
The battle's long but the chain is strong and forged with union pride.

Chorus:

Chorus

Takes one, takes two, takes three, takes more, to keep the un - ion strong,

Takes me, takes you, takes her, takes him, to roll the Wob - lies on,

Takes heart, takes soul, takes pride, takes work, to keep the un - ion strong,

Takes one, takes two, takes three, takes more, to roll the Wob - lies on.

Verse

I'm gon - na talk about it, shout about it, 'till the raf - ters

ring It's a un - ion world we're fight - ing for where ev - ry-bo - dy

sings Right now's the time to join with us, lift your voi - ces

high, We've got that un - ion spi - rit now, here's the reason why:

# Smash The Right

*From a collective songwriting session facilitated by  
Arlene Mantle, Toronto, © 1983, P.R.O. Can.*

G C G  
Right to Lifers kill my choice, that's how I know the Right is wrong.

G A D  
They tell me I gotta be a 'total woman', before I can belong.

G G7 C  
But their 'total woman' spends her time, polishing her ball and chain.

Chorus:

C G C G  
All around the Right is risin', people we need organizin',

C G D G  
Smash The Right is our song, because we know that the Right is wrong.

They say freedom fighters are terrorists, that's how I know the Right is wrong.

Reaganomics sells out people for the money to build bombs.

U.S. in El Salvador, are we heading for Viet Nam? While....chorus

They divide us black from white, that's how I know the Right is wrong.

Sisters aren't sisters, brothers aren't brothers, if you listen to their song.

The Ku Klux Klan moved in on my street, how do I tell my child? That...cho.

They say you're evil if you're gay, that's how I know the Right is wrong.

Women loving women, men loving men, turns their hate campaign on strong.

The right to privacy concerns us all, it's a right that isn't wrong. But....chorus

We, the people, you and me, fighting back and growing strong.

Sisters and brothers working together, our power will bring them down.

No more Ku Klux Klan on my street, now I can tell my child, that....

Last chorus:

All around WE are risin', people we are organizin',

Smash The Right is our song, 'cause we know that the Right is wrong.

All around WE are risin', people we are organizin',

Smash The Right is our song, 'cause we know that the Right is wrong.

Yeah, the Right's so wrong, there's nothing left but Left.



Medium swing

Right to Life-ers kill my choice, That's how I know that the Right is wrong. They

tell me I gotta be a total woman Before I can be - long. But

their to - tal woman spends her time polishing her ball and chain.

All a - round the Right is risin', People we need or - gan - i - zin',

Smash the Right is our song, Because we know that the Right is wrong.

Rick Fielding is a veteran musician-songwriter originally from Montreal. He is at home with many folk styles of music & instruments. He is available for concerts, rallies, demos, song writing & instrumental workshops. He hosts a folk radio programme on CIUT FM 89.5 Monday nights at 11pm.

Jerzy Dymny is available for concerts, demonstrations, rallies and song writing sessions.

Kevin Barrett plays a wide variety of musical styles in solo, duo and larger group formats. He is available for concerts, rallies, demos and workshops.

Contact them all through the Toronto IWW.

# There Is Power In a Union

*Tune: There Is Power In The Blood by Joe Hill (1913 ed'n.)*  
*Update by Ted Dymont, Toronto, 1989*

Would you have freedom from wage slav-er-y Then join in the grand Re - vo - lutionary band

Would you from mis'ry and hun - ger be free Then come, do your share, lend a hand. There is

power, power, in a band of working folk, When we stand, hand in hand, that's a

power, power, that can liberate the land: A Re - volutionary un - ion grand

|  |      |
|--|------|
| Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  | A DA |
| Then join in the grand Rev'lutionary band; | E7 A |
| Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  | A DA |
| Then come, do your share, lend a hand.     | E7 A |

Chorus:

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| There is power, there is power, in a band of working folk,  | A DA  |
| When we stand, hand in hand,                                | E7 A  |
| That's a power, that's a power, that can liberate the land: | A DA  |
| A Rev'lutionary Union Grand.                                | E7 A. |

If you want goon squads to beat in your head,  
 Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
 If you want nothing before you are dead,  
 Shake hands with the boss and look wise.

If you need "father", to make up your mind,  
 Just worship that Left-wing Party guy,  
 Study his writings until you go blind,  
 While life, love & struggle pass you by.

How can our masters be kicked out the door,  
 If nukes might explode, or plagues hit the old?  
 What use revolution, if we can't feed the poor?  
 And who'll heat our homes when it's cold?

Come, all you workers, from every trade,  
 Retired, unemployed, or sitting in school,  
 It matters not a damn, if your labour is not paid:  
 We're still the class that works all the tools!



# They've Gone and Closed The Door

C Am F

The wind blows cold and lone-ly all a - round the factory door. The

C G

dark stained windows tell us there's no work here a - ny more. They

C Am F

took our labour, used it up and they al - ways asked for more. Now I

C F 1. C

can't be - lieve they've gone and closed the door 2. Now

2. C G

mine Chorus: But I gave them o - ver twenty years and I

F C F

just can't un - der - stand it, How a company can just pull up stakes so

C G C

fast and un - der - han - ded They took my la - bour, used it up and they

Am F C F C

a lways asked for more. Now I can't be - lieve they've gone and closed the door

*On New Year's Eve, 1987, the Windsor Dominion Forge plant closed its doors to its 200 workers (CAW, local 195) half of whom had 19 to 36 years of service. The company moved its operations while workers threw up a picket line to stop the moving of the main forge out of the plant. Words: Len Wallace; music adapted from Stan Rogers' "White Squall". © 1988.*

The wind blows cold and lonely all around the factory door,  
The dark stained windows tell us there's no work here any more.  
They took our labour, used it up and they always asked for more.  
Now I can't believe they've gone and closed the door.

Now here I stand outside the gate and the winter's chill runs through,  
The rusting fence still locks me out from the work I used to do.  
Now I'm forced to go and find me work and I see that it's a crime,  
For I'm forced to leave the job that once was mine.

Chorus:

But I gave them over twenty years and I just can't understand it,  
How a company can just pull up stakes so fast and underhanded.  
They took my labour, used it up and they always asked for more.  
Now I can't believe they've gone and closed the door.

They took two fingers from my hand for what they told me was sound pay.  
No pension would they give to me, though I worked hard every day.  
But when they raised that ancient forge my heart near broke in two  
As they stole away the life that I once knew. Chorus:

With brothers, sisters all around, we met in the union halls.  
They tried to force us, lock us out, they tried to make us fall.  
But the power in our hearts and hands they could not take away:  
The power to stand up for one more day. Chorus:

With others on the picket lines we'll see the that better day,  
We just can't let that company go and throw our lives away.  
Those doors they cannot keep us out nor make us move away,  
And we swear that we will fight another day.

Last Chorus:

I've worked hard there my whole life through and I've come to understand it:  
How companies can steal our jobs, like thieves, so underhanded.  
Those doors they cannot keep us out nor make us move away,  
And we'll be back to fight another day.



# Tree Of Life

Words and music by *Len Wallace, Windsor, May 1989.*

Em D

Fran - cis - co Mendes bro - ther com - rade dead at for - ty four. Gunned

C B

down by ran - chers mur - der - ers just outside his door The

Em D

ran - chers tried so des - perate - ly to drive him to his grave. They

C B Em

thought that if our com - rade died his dreams they too would fade. And the

Chorus: G D

ran - chers they will laugh at us and his blood it stains the ground. But his

C B Em

dreams like trees stand tall and strong and will ne - ver be cut down.

Last chorus: G D

ran - chers they still laugh at us while his blood it stains the ground. But his

C B Em

dreams like trees stand tall and strong and will ne - ver be cut down.



*On December 22, 1988, Francisco (Chico) Mendes, leader of the rubber tappers in the region of Acre in northwest Brazil, was gunned down outside his home by landowners. The son of rubber tappers, he organized dispossessed workers into their own union, promoted environmentally safe methods of tapping rubber trees and opposed the destruction of the Amazon's rain forest by cattle ranchers.*

Em D  
Francisco Mendes, brother, comrade, dead at forty-four.

C B  
Gunned down by ranchers, murderers, just outside his door.

Em D  
The ranchers tried so desperately to drive him to his grave.

C B Em  
They thought that if our comrade died his dreams they too would fade

At nine years old our friend was sent to slave away his days,  
To cut the trees on big estates, hard sweat and little pay.  
He worked with us, he lived as we did learning how to fight,  
To save our forest and our ways, sharing our lives.

Chorus:

|   |      |
|---|------|
| And the ranchers they will laugh at us              | G _  |
| and his blood it stains the ground,                 | D _  |
| But his dreams like the trees stand tall and strong | C _  |
| and will never be cut down.                         | B Em |

Brazilian skies will darken at this harvesting of shame,  
As they burn the trees and clear the land all done in Profit's name.  
But the tree of life to those of us who wish to spare the land,  
Blooms high above the graves of those struck down at their command  
Chorus:

Now they can hold their cankered gold won through such cruel deeds  
But the tree of life above their heads spreads out its growing seeds,  
And all the working people, we will some day rise as one,  
To live the dream Francisco dreamed, our comrade had begun.

Last Chorus:

Yes, the ranchers, they still laugh at us,  
while his blood, it stains the ground.  
But his dreams like trees stand tall and strong  
and will never be cut down.

## The U.I.C.\* Song

Words by *Phil Vernon, of Vancouver, B.C., 1983*

*Tune: Rock and Roll Music*

|   |     |
|---|-----|
| It all started just a few months back,      | G D |
| When the company gave us the sack.          | D G |
| They laid us off after the strike, you see. | G C |
| That's when I headed down to U.I.C.         | C D |

Chorus:

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| They said, "You fill out this form, you can't refuse it. | G       |
| Here's a pencil, you can use it.                         | G       |
| Fill out the whatzit and the whozit.                     | C       |
| So the computer won't confuse it.                        | G       |
| And when you're finished don't you lose it.              | D       |
| If you want your U.I.C. If you want your U.I.C."         | D G D G |

Seemed my claim was never going to pay.  
I waited 'round forever and a day.  
And when I came back to ask why, what for?  
They grabbed me just as I went through the door. Chorus:

I had no money, not a thing to eat.  
The goddamned system nearly had me beat.  
And then I heard a voice that pulled me straight.  
It was Saint Peter at the Pearly Gate,

He said, "You fill out this form, you can't refuse it.  
Here's a pencil, you can use it.  
Fill out the whatzit and the whozit.  
So God's computer won't confuse it.  
It's such a shame you had to lose it.  
Waiting for your U.I.C. Waiting for your U.I.C."  
I died waiting for my U.I.C.

*U.I.C. stands for Unemployment Insurance Commission, which is the safety net workers in Canada fought for, and pay into when they are employed, union or not, but is being eroded first by arbitrary government bureaucracy, and now threatened totally by the Free Trade Deal with the U.S.*



# Unemployee

Words: **Jerzy Dymny**, 1985. Tune: "Deportee" by W. Guthrie

*Our fellow workers in the U.S. of A. are mostly not aware how the so-called "free trade" deal between our countries is a scam by the corporate world to make sure all the union benefits won by Canadian workers are taken away under the guise of creating a "level playing field". One of these is our Ontario Hospital Insurance Plan (O.H.I.P. in the song) Canadian workers are what is really being levelled here. And so are American workers when their jobs are suddenly moved to "cheaper" non-unionized countries. There is no better time for a world labour organization than now!*

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| The banks are all broke and the stocks are all rotten,     | G - C G |
| The gold is all going to american vaults.                  | G - C G |
| They're shutting us down at a business an hour,            | C - G - |
| They're selling our country we don't think it's our fault. | G - C G |

## Chorus:

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Goodbye to my job, goodbye to my pension,           | C - G - |
| Au revoir all my friends at Unemployment Insurance, | D - G - |
| You won't have a hope when they open the border,    | C - G - |
| 'Cause all they will call you will be unemployeee.  | G - C G |

My father's own father he came here to work hard,  
It took all his life just to get us a start,  
His son fought for union and O.H.I.P. and pension,  
He said workers should have a square deal in this land.  
Goodbye...

Big business wants to break down all national borders,  
Continental monopoly's one profitable scheme,  
And Brian Mulroney's our national sellout,  
He'll blow our resources, give away all our dreams.  
Goodbye...

Is this the best way we can build for the future?  
Is this the best way we can work for our kids?  
To tie ourselves into dead-end Reaganomics?  
Sell our souls for profit, trade our brains for T.V.'s?  
Goodbye...



# Voices of Struggle

Words & music by *Rick Fielding of Toronto, CAPAC*

Em G D Am  
In France La Marseillaise is sung in me-mory of a time, When

C Em D  
a starving people rose as one to hold a blood-soaked line. The

Em G D Am  
Scottish clans were mas-sac-red but still the pipers play. Ke-vin

C G Am D  
Bar-ry died for Ire-land but his song is sung to-day. *To verse 2*

Chorus G  
Voi-ces of strug-gle must be heard once a-gain.

G D A7 D  
Voi-ces to-get-her; every wo-man, child and man.

G D G B7 Em  
Your fight is my fight, to-get-her we are strong.

Am Bm G D G  
Voi-ces of struggle shout the po-wer of song.

Em G D Am  
 In France La Marseillaise is sung in memory of a time,  
 C Em D  
 When a starving people rose as one to hold a blood-soaked line.  
 Em G D Am  
 The Scottish clans were massacred but still the pipers play.  
 C G Am D  
 Kevin Barry died for Ireland but his song is sung today.

In the mines of Harlan county where the Union fight was won,  
 We heard the voice of Florence Reese ask: Which Side Are You On?  
 In the cities angry workers held the Wobbly standard high.  
 In the streets they marched to Joe Hill's songs, a singing battle cry.

*Chorus:*

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Voices of struggle must be heard once again.    | G D GDG   |
| Voices together: every woman, child and man.    | G D A7 D  |
| Your fight is my fight, together we are strong. | G D GB7Em |
| Voices of struggle shout the power of song.     | AmBmG D G |

In Chile we have seen a country's hopes ? come and gone.  
 Oh, the army crushed a people but they could not crush the songs.  
 Victor Jara's tortured body will not suffer any more,  
 'Though dead, his spirit rises, with a mighty freedom roar.

And in my time I've seen the dogs and the hate of the hooded clan.  
 The murder of a preacher, and the rape of Viet Nam.  
 But those who died for freedom gave us strength to carry on,  
 And courage when all hope was gone from: We Shall Overcome.

*Chorus:*

The voice of women marching shook the old ways once again.  
 With sisterhood, not guns, to seek equality with men.  
 So many years, so many tears, and still we fight the lie.  
 Now victory is at hand with "Bread and Roses" still our cry.

Once again the madness comes with burning, blinding fear.  
 Hiroshimas flaming hell has never seemed so near.  
 'Till death machines and crimes against humanity have ceased.  
 Wherever people gather, we must raise our voice for peace.



# What Did You Learn In School Today?

*Written for April 1989 Canadian Union of Public Employees and Ryerson Polytechnic Students' action against asbestos laden air at the college. Original by Tom Paxton. New words by Jerzy Dymny.*

|  |       |
|--|-------|
| What did you learn in school today, dear little child of mine? | D__ A |
| What did you learn in school today, dear little child of mine? | D_AD  |
| I learned that policemen are my friends                        | G D   |
| I learned that justice never ends                              | G D   |
| I learned that criminals pay for crimes                        | G D   |
| Even if we make mistakes sometimes                             | G D   |
| That's what I learned in school today,                         | D_    |
| That's what I learned in school.                               | DAD   |

What did you...  
I learned that colleges never lie,  
They always want the best for you and I.  
They always spend money when it comes to your health,  
Even if it has to cut into their wealth.  
That's what I...

What did you...  
I learned that they're always right in school,  
I learned you should never break the rules.  
That those union people are out to lunch,  
You should never hang out with that radical bunch.  
That's what...

What did you...  
I learned that Ryerson was a crashing bore,  
*But he never backed down from what he fought for;*  
*He never gave up on the things he believed,*  
*Even if it made him seem naive.*  
That's what...

What did you...  
I learned and learned and learned some more,  
'Till my eyes got red and my brain got sore.  
I wander the halls in a state of shock,  
*But I feel much better out on the side walk.*  
That's what I...



## Which Side Are You On?

*New verses by Arlene Mantle, chorus: Florence Reese*

*Traditional tune: "Lay the Lilly Low"*

Am Em Am  
Come all of you good workers, good news to you I'll tell  
Em Am E Am  
Of how the good old union has come in here to dwell.

Chorus: Which side are you on? Am \_\_\_\_  
Which side are you on? E Am ( x2)

We know that here in Canada the labour laws aren't fair,  
They contract out and privatize to steal the workers' share.

In Ontari-ario the Liberals flip and flop,  
On Election day they take a stand, then they let it drop.  
*(footnotes included for our U.S. fellow workers by ed.)*

In B.C. on our western coast the government is a sham,  
Freedom's just a dirty word in the land of Van der Zalm.\*  
(\*an extremely right wing Social Credit premier)

We say that in Saskatchewan 'Devine' rules not for long,  
We're not into kings and things, 'Grant' us this begone!  
(Grant Devine is the premier of Saskatchewan)

The Royal Mint in Ottawa makes 'loonies' by the score, Mulroney can't get the chocolate out, boy, that makes him sore. *(the latest Canadian \$1 coin is golden with a loon on the back)*

The Tories brought 'Free' Trade - and now the G.S.T.,  
 Their way's to let the people pay while the companies go free.  
*(the proposed General Sales Tax is a regressive value-added tax)*

No matter where we're living all across this land,  
From the maritimes to the western climes workers take a stand!

## Woman Blues

*12 bar blues by Arlene Mantle, P.R.O. Can.*

I once met a woman, she wrote a book about the blues.  
Yeah, I once met a woman, she wrote a book about the blues.  
There wasn't a single line in it honey, where she wasn't abused.

It started out when she was just about so high,  
In the guise of some friendly uncle who just couldn't pass her by.  
The stories that women told me, oh Lord, they made me cry.

There she was, a young woman, in her teens,  
She'd been reading all the billboards,  
so she got herself those tight designer jeans.  
Every second comment on Young St., you know they were obscene.

I said: blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues,  
You know you been put down, picked on, exploited and abused.  
We oughta get ourselves a union, Lord knows, we paid our dues.

Then came marriage, a baby carriage and all of that.  
She woke up one morning, & found herself wondering where it's at.  
He's out with the one in the designer jeans, she's home gettin' fat.

And I say give it up, give it up, give it up.... find some better way.  
Give it up, give it up, give it up...fi-ind some better way.  
Listen to me now honey, you got no more dues to pay.

Well now it's middle age, time to sit back and relax.  
Just hang out in your living room, in your polyester slacks.  
But instead of gettin' better, things never looked so bad.

And I say give it up, give it up...find some, find some better way  
Give it u——p, ya gotta find some better way.  
You gotta start talkin' to your sisters, get rid of those blues right 'way

And now she's eighty-three, an octogenarian. spoken: (Her eyesight's gettin'  
bad, her limbs are gettin' frail, she can't get around like she used to, oh no.  
And they got her in that nursing home bause there's no room for her at home,  
oh no)  
And the lady's still singing her blues.

I said: blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues, blues,  
Now if you had'em when you were three, honey,  
they're gonna stay with you your whole life through.  
Ah, listen to me honey, ya gotta give it up,  
And sto—p being blue.



# Work, Work, Work

Words & music by *Jim Payne* of *St. John's, Newfoundland.*

Chorus

I work, work, work for a living I work hard for my pay - hay I work all day and I work all night

When I get home I'm tired all right 'Cause I work, yes I work hard for a living I work hard for my pay

I go down to the fac - to - ry that assembly line is a - getting to me Same old thing day in day out

But here I am and I can't get out

'Cause I work! Yes, I work hard for a living, G C A  
I work hard for my pay. D G

I go down to the factory, G C D  
That assembly line is a-getting to me. G C D  
Same old thing day in day out, G C  
But here I am and I can't get out, 'Cause... A D

I sit in front of a VDT,  
Little green words jumping out at me.  
Makes my head feel funny, makes my eyes all sore,  
My back gets stiff and it's a terrible bore.

I pack my lunch 'fore I go to bed,  
Dream my worries right out of my head.  
But the sun comes up and the world awakes,  
And I can't afford to punch in late.



# Yer Basic Talkin' Social Democratic Blues in G

*By Dave Bostock, Campbell River, B.C., 1983*

Well, I'm a liberal, to a degree,  
Cast my vote for the N.D.P.,  
Old Bennett, he does nothing for me,  
I do all my business with McCarthy,  
She's welfare...no health care...she don't care.

And there's Vander Zalm, he makes me sick,  
'Cause on the school kids, he does kick,  
His cuts are stupid, tasteless, cruel,  
Wants my kid to be a working fool,  
Work for nothing...won't know better...watch the rich get fatter.

Oh, the Socreds are a hungry bunch,  
Wouldn't want to have to pay their bill for lunch,  
Between Bradway Bob and Doc McGeer,  
They eat up more than I make in a year,  
Thirsty...drink wine...thirty-seven fifty a bottle.

Oh, the Socreds see one happy family of working poor,  
From sea to sea, from dawn to dusk,  
We'll bust our ass,  
Make lots of dollars for the ruling class,  
She be good times...Oak Bay...sound Okay?

Now, if by chance you disagree,  
With the Socred Manifest Destiny,  
Let's organize you and me,  
We can drive these fuckers into the sea,  
You let the workers rule...you ain't no fool.

Yeah, let's get together all you working folk,  
We can win by force if we can't by vote,  
'Cause we're the ones who can get it done,  
If the boss tried work, we'd all have fun,  
Die laughing!....They never built nothin',  
So why let them run the country anyways.



## WHAT IS A SCAB?

Attributed to Jack London

After God had finished the rattlesnake, the toad and the vampire, he had some awful substance left with which to make a scab. A scab is a two-legged animal with a corkscrew soul, a water-logged brain and a combination backbone made of jelly and glue. Where others have hearts, he carries a tumor of rotten principles.

When a scab comes down the street, men turn their backs and angels weep in Heaven, and the Devil shuts the gates of Hell to keep him out. Judas Iscariot was a gentleman compared with a scab. For betraying his master, he had the character to hang himself - a scab hasn't.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Judas Iscariot sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver. Benedict Arnold sold his country for a promise of a commission in the British Army. The modern strikebreaker sells his birthright, his country, his wife, his children and his fellow man for an unfulfilled promise from his employer, trust, or corporation.

Esau was a traitor to himself, Judas Iscariot was a traitor to his God, Benedict Arnold was a traitor to his country. A strikebreaker is a traitor to himself, a traitor to his God, a traitor to his country, a traitor to his family, and a traitor to his class.

There is nothing lower than a SCAB.





**.05**

**I W W**

***Worker's sing-along book***



**PUBLISHED BY**

**THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD**

**for**

**I. U. 630**

**ENTERTAINMENT WORKERS**

**1972**

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

(Tune : In the Sweet Bye and Bye)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1911 Edition)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet :

Main Chorus :

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum :

If you fight hard for children and wife —  
Try to get something good in this life —  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight;  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain :

Last Chorus :

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cook and to fry;  
Chop some wood, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

## JOE HILL

By Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you or me;  
Said I but Joe you're ten years dead;  
I never died said he.  
I never died said he.

In Salt Lake. Joe, Great God said I.  
Him standing by my bed;  
They framed you on a murder charge,  
Said Joe but I ain't dead;  
Said Joe but I ain't dead.

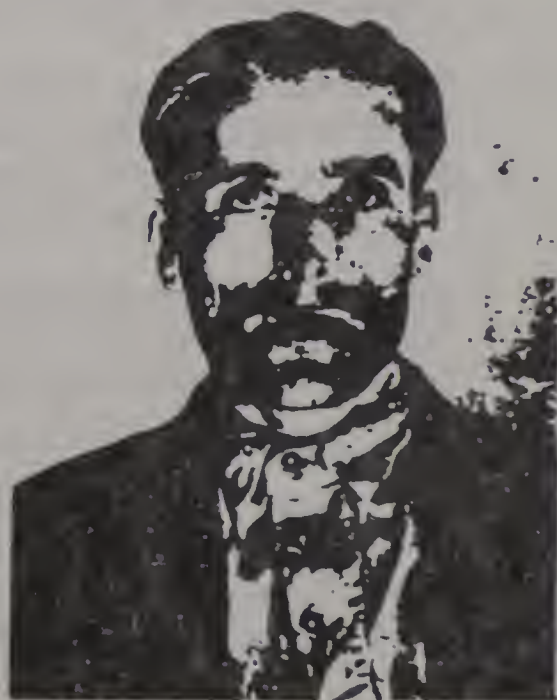
The copper bosses framed you Joe  
They shot you Joe said I;  
Takes more than guns to kill a man,  
Said Joe I did not die.  
Said Joe I did not die.

Joe Hill ain't dead he says to me,  
Joe Hill ain't niver died;  
Where working men are out on strike,  
Joe Hill is at their side,  
Joe Hill is at their side.

And standing there as big as life  
A—smiling with his eyes,  
Said Joe what they forgot to kill  
Went on to organize,  
Went on to organize.

From San Diego up to Main,  
In every mine and mill,  
Where workers strike and organize,  
Said he you'll find Joe Hill,  
Said he you'll find Joe Hill.

(Repeat first verse)





# SOLIDARITY FOREVER

(Tune : John Brown's Body)

Written by Ralph Chaplin January 1915  
(9th Edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus :

Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?  
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.  
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have made;  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by stone.  
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn  
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.  
For the Union makes us strong.

## WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Cho: We shall not, we shall not be moved;  
We shall not, we shall not be moved;  
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,  
We shall not be moved.

1. Hand in hand together, we shall not be moved – etc.
2. We're gonna build a new world, we shall not be moved – etc.
3. We'll fight for one big union, we shall not be moved – etc.
4. (Make up your own.)

## ROLL THE UNION ON

Chorus We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
WE'RE GONNA ROLL THAT UNION ON!  
We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
WE'RE GONNA ROLL THAT UNION ON!

1. And if the BOSS gets in the way we're gonna froll right over him,  
Roll right over him, roll right over him,  
And if the BOSS gets in the way we're gonna roll right over him,  
We're gonna roll that union on.
2. And if the COPS get in the way – etc.
3. And if the SCABS get in the way – etc.
4. (Zipper in the names of individuals, institutions, etc.,  
that relate to your struggle.)

# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

(Tune : Take It to the Lord in Prayer)

Written by John Brill  
(9th Edition, 1916)

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer  
You can end with one good whack —  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —  
And dump the bosses off your back.

If one man has a dollar he didn't work for, some other  
man worked for a dollar he didn't get. Haywood.



# I WANT TO KNOW

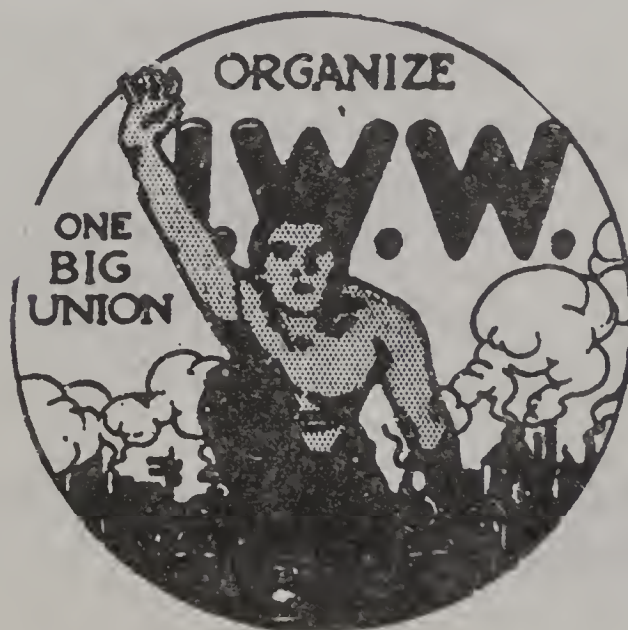
By Woody Guthrie      (Tune: Farther along)

Why do your warships sail on my ocean?  
Why do your death bombs fall from my sky?  
Why do you burn my farms and my cities?  
I want to know, yes, I've got to know why.

Chorus: I want to know, yes, I want to know friend,  
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go  
Comrades and friends all dying around me;  
I want to know, yes, I want to know.

Why do your ships haul death to my people?  
Napalm and bombs, big cannons and guns.  
Why doesn't your ship bring food and some clothing?  
I want to know, yes, I want to know.

You put me in jail and you lock me in prison  
Your hospital's jammed and your crazy house full,  
Why do your cops kill my brothers and sisters?  
I want to know, yes, I want to know.



## SONG OF THE SOUP LINE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

I'm spending my nights in the flop house,  
I'm spending my days on the street,  
I'm looking for work and I find none,  
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus: Soup, soup, they gave me a bowl of soup!  
Soup soup, they gave me a bowl of soup!

I spent twenty years in the factory,  
I did everything I was told,  
They said I was loyal and faithful  
But now I am out in the cold.

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker  
To buy me a car or a yacht,  
I went down to draw out my fortune  
And this is the answer I got:

I fought in a war for my country,  
I went out to bleed and to die,  
I thought that my country would help me  
But this was my country's reply:

I'm sure that when I get up to heaven,  
Saint Peter will let me right in;  
He can tell by the soup I was fed on  
That I was unable to sin!

**LAY OFF THE BOSS INSTEAD OF THE WORKERS —  
IT MAKES MORE SENSE'**

## HALLELUJAH! I'M A BUM!

By Haywire Mac McClintock

Chorus: Hallelujah! I'm a bum  
Hallelujah! bum again  
Hallelujah! give us a handout  
To revive us again.

Oh why don't you work like other men do?  
How can I get a job when you're holding down two?  
Why speed up like that till you're ready to fall?  
If you'd slow down a bit there'd be work for us all.  
Oh why are you working eight hours or more;  
Two men could have jobs if you only worked four.  
But don't you complain and don't open your eyes  
Don't talk revolution and don't organize.  
If you cannot find work and they won't give you bread,  
Get a kind hearted cop to beat off your head.

## LONESOME ROAD BLUES

Chorus: I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad,  
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad.  
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad, Lord, Lord,  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
I ain't got but one lousy dime, (3)  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
My kids and I need three square meals a day (3)  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine (2)  
This water here it tastes like turpentine. Lord, Lord,  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
(add new verses as you need them)



# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

(Tune : There Is Power in the Blood)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

Chorus :

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.

# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.

## **I. W. W. INDUSTRIAL CODE**

**4 hour day (Jobs For Everyone)**

**Security of income**

**Abolition of the wage system**

**Production for USE and not for PROFIT**

**A new social order based on the scientific administration of industry**

**ABUNDANCE FOR WORKERS!**

**NOTHING FOR PARASITES!**

Entertainment workers, like wage slaves in any other industry must, in order to live, prostitute their talents and skills to corporate masters who have time and again proven themselves to be exploitive, de-humanizing and corrupt. If we are going to change this, Entertainment Workers, just as Factory Workers, Miners, Lumber Cutters, Migrants and all other wage slaves, must organize at the point of production and win control of the wealth which we create. If you believe that the People's Art belongs to the People and not to thieves and parasites then

**JOIN I. U. 630 Entertainment Workers**

**INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD**

**and dump the bosses off your back!**

**FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:**



**10¢ | W W**

**Worker's sing-along book**



**PUBLISHED BY**

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INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD  
P. O. BOX 454  
CAMBRIDGE, MASS 02139**

# THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE

(Tune: In the Sweet Bye and Bye)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1911 Edition)

Long-haired preachers come out every night,  
Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right;  
But when asked how 'bout something to eat  
They will answer with voices so sweet:

Main Chorus:

You will eat, bye and bye,  
In that glorious land above the sky;  
Work and pray, live on hay,  
You'll get pie in the sky when you die.

And the starvation army they play,  
And they sing and they clap and they pray.  
Till they get all your coin on the drum,  
Then they tell you when you are on the bum:

If you fight hard for children and wife —  
Try to get something good in this life —  
You're a sinner and bad man, they tell,  
When you die you will sure go to hell.

Workingmen of all countries unite,  
Side by side we for freedom will fight;  
When the world and its wealth we have gained  
To the grafters we'll sing this refrain:

Last Chorus:

You will eat, bye and bye,  
When you've learned how to cunk and to fry;  
Chup some word, 'twill do you good,  
And you'll eat in the sweet bye and bye.

# WORKERS OF THE WORLD, AWAKEN!

By JOE HILL

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Break your chains, demand your rights.  
All the wealth you make is taken  
By exploiting parasites.  
Shall you kneel in deep submission  
From your cradles to your graves?  
Is the height of your ambition  
To be good and willing slaves?

## Refrain:

*Arise, ye prisoners of starvation!  
Fight for your own emancipation;  
Arise, ye slaves of every nation  
In One Union Grand.  
Our little ones for bread are crying,  
And millions are from hunger dying;  
The means the end is justifying,  
'Tis the final stand.*

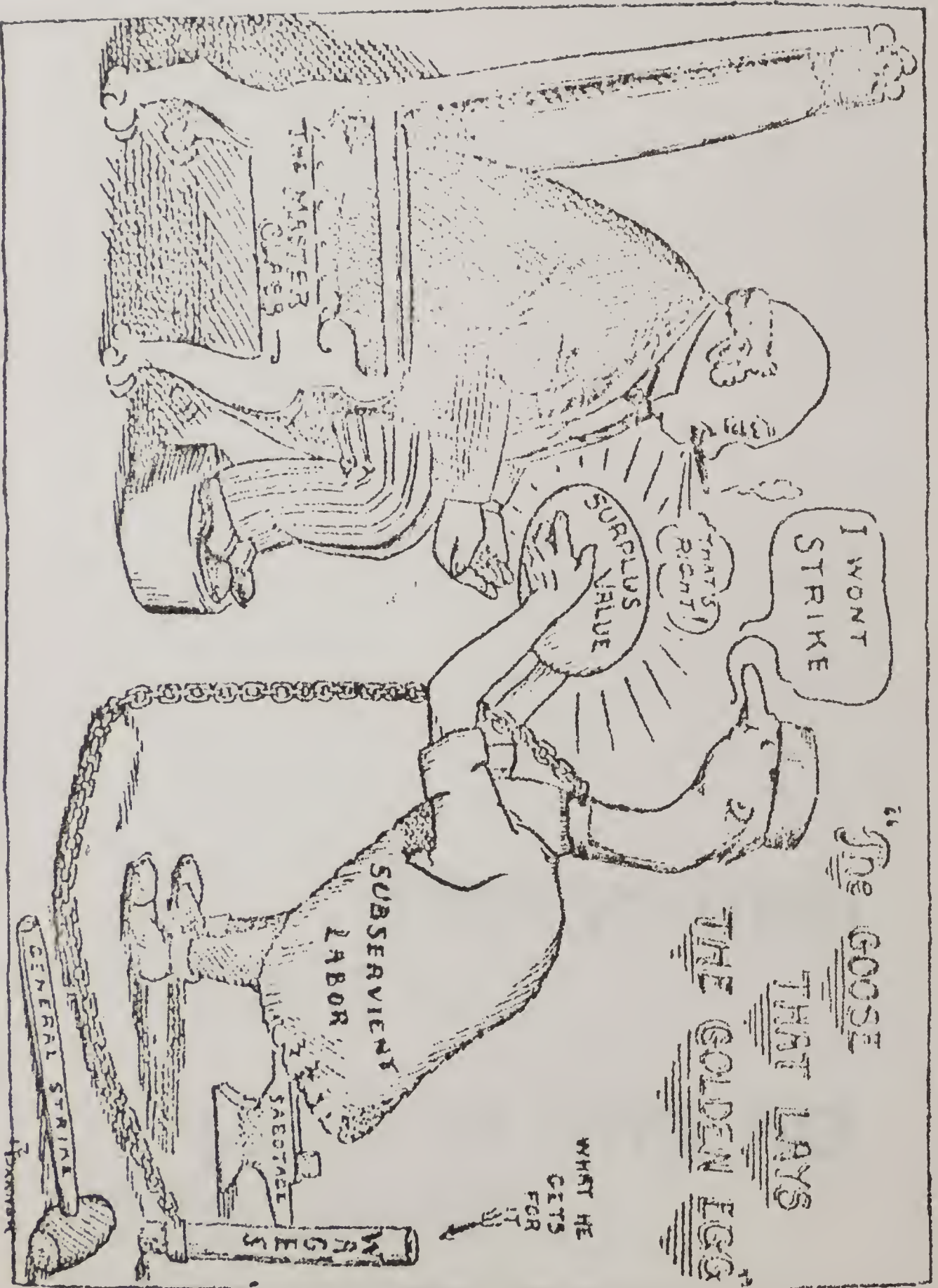
If the workers take a notion,  
They can stop all speeding trains;  
Every ship upon the ocean  
They can tie with mighty chains;  
Every wheel in the creation,  
Every mine and every mill,  
Fleets and armies of the nation  
Will at their command stand still.

Join the union, fellow workers,  
Men and women, side by side;  
We will crush the greedy shirkers  
Like a sweeping, surging tide.  
For united we are standing,  
But divided we will fall;  
Let this be our understanding -  
"All for one and one for all."

Workers of the world, awaken!  
Rise in all your splendid might;  
Take the wealth that you are making,  
It belongs to you by right.  
No one will for bread be crying,  
We'll have freedom, love and health  
When the grand red flag is flying  
In the Workers' Commonwealth.

**democracy  
on the job  
an end to lousy  
work, and  
low income**





WHY SHOULD WORKERS PRODUCE FOR IDLERS?

## JOE HILL

By Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you or me;  
Said I but Joe you're ten years dead;  
I never died said he.  
I never died said he.

In Salt Lake, Joe, Great God said I.  
Him standing by my bed;  
They framed you on a murder charge,  
Said Joe but I ain't dead;  
Said Joe but I ain't dead.

The copper bosses framed you Joe  
They shot you Joe said I;  
Takes more than guns to kill a man,  
Said Joe I did not die.  
Said Joe I did not die:

Joe Hill ain't dead he says to me;  
Joe Hill ain't niver died;  
Where working men are out on strike,  
Joe Hill is at their side,  
Joe Hill is at their side

And standing there as big as life  
A-smiling with his eyes,  
Said Joe what they forgot to kill  
Went on to organize,  
Went on to organize.

From San Diego up to Main,  
In every mine and mill,  
Where workers strike and organize  
Said he you'll find Joe Hill,  
Said he you'll find Joe Hill.

(Repeat first verse)





# SOLIDARITY FOREVER

(Tune : John Brown's Body)

Written by Ralph Chaplin January 1915  
(9th Edition, 1916)

When the Union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus :

Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?  
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong.

It is we who plowed the prairies; built the cities where they trade;  
Dug the mines and built the workshops; endless miles of railroad laid.  
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have made;  
But the Union makes us strong.

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations; built it skyward stone by stone.  
It is ours, not to slave in, but to master and to own,  
While the Union makes us strong.

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn.  
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power; gain our freedom when we learn  
That the Union makes us strong.

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies, magnified a thousand-fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old.  
For the Union makes us strong.



## WE SHALL NOT BE MOVED

Cho: We shall not, we shall not be moved;  
We shall not, we shall not be moved;  
Just like a tree that's standing by the water,  
We shall not be moved.

1. Hand in hand together, we shall not be moved -- etc.
2. We're gonna build a new world, we shall not be moved -- etc.
3. We'll fight for one big union, we shall not be moved -- etc.
4. (Make up your own.)

## ROLL THE UNION ON

Chorus We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
WE'RE GONNA ROLL THAT UNION ON!  
We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
We're gonna roll! (We're gonna roll!)  
WE'RE GONNA ROLL THAT UNION ON!

1. And if the BOSS gets in the way we're gonna roll right over him,  
Roll right over him, roll right over him,  
And if the BOSS gets in the way we're gonna roll right over him,  
We're gonna roll that union on.
2. And if the COPS get in the way -- etc.
3. And if the SCABS get in the way -- etc.
4. (Zipper in the names of individuals, institutions, etc.,  
that relate to your struggle.)

# DUMP THE BOSSES OFF YOUR BACK

(Tune : Take It to the Lord in Prayer)

Written by John Brill

(9th Edition, 1916)

Are you poor, forlorn and hungry?  
Are there lots of things you lack?  
Is your life made up of misery?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.  
Are your clothes all patched and tattered?  
Are you living in a shack?  
Would you have your troubles scattered?  
Then dump the bosses off your back.

Are you almost split asunder?  
Loaded like a long-eared jack?  
Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,  
And dump the bosses off your back?  
All the agonies you suffer  
You can end with one good whack —  
Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —  
And dump the bosses off your back.

If one man has a dollar he didn't work for, some other  
man worked for a dollar he didn't get. Haywood

# I WANT TO KNOW

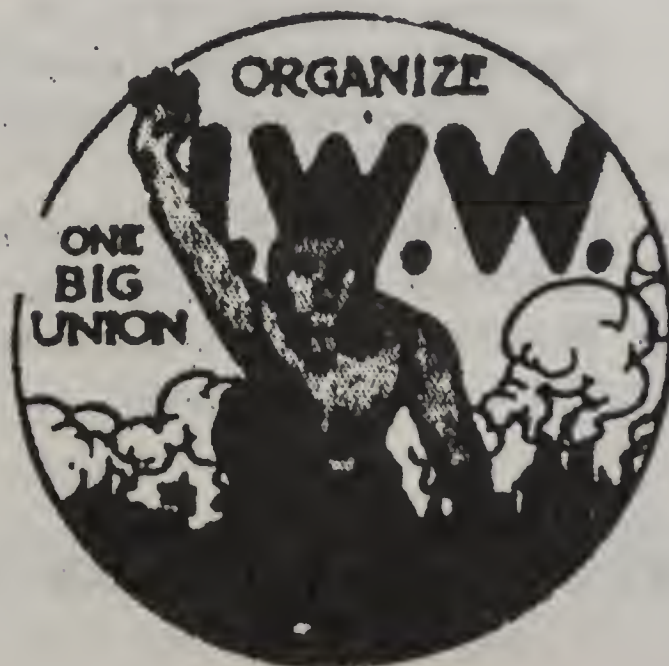
By Woody Guthrie      (Tune: Farther along)

Why do your warships sail on my ocean?  
Why do your death bombs fall from my sky?  
Why do you burn my farms and my cities?  
I want to know, yes, I've got to know why.

Chorus: I want to know, yes, I want to know friend,  
Hungry lips ask me wherever I go  
Comrades and friends all dying around me;  
I want to know, yes, I want to know.

Why do your ships haul death to my people?  
Napalm and bombs, big cannons and guns.  
Why doesn't your ship bring food and some clothing?  
I want to know, yes, I want to know.

You put me in jail and you lock me in prison  
Your hospital's jammed and your crazy house full,  
Why do your cops kill my brothers and sisters?  
I want to know, yes, I want to know.





## SONG OF THE SOUP LINE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

I'm spending my nights in the flop house  
I'm spending my days on the street,  
I'm looking for work and I find none,  
I wish I had something to eat.

Chorus: Soup, soup, they gave me a bowl of soup!  
Soup soup, they gave me a bowl of soup!

I spent twenty years in the factory,  
I did everything I was told,  
They said I was loyal and faithful  
But now I am out in the cold.

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker  
To buy me a car or a yacht,  
I went down to draw out my fortune  
And this is the answer I got:

I fought in a war for my country,  
I went out to bleed and to die,  
I thought that my country would help me  
But this was my country's reply:

I'm sure that when I get up to heaven,  
Saint Peter will let me right in;  
He can tell by the soup I was fed on  
That I was unable to sin!

**AY OFF THE BOSS INSTEAD OF THE WORKERS —**

# HALLELUJAH! I'M A BUM!

By Haywire Mac McClintock

Chorus: Hallelujah! I'm a bum  
Hallelujah! bum again  
Hallelujah! give us a handout  
To revive us again.

Oh why don't you work like other men do?  
How can I get a job when you're holding down two?  
Why speed up like that till you're ready to fall?  
If you'd slow down a bit there'd be work for us all.  
Oh why are you working eight hours or more;  
Two men could have jobs if you only worked four.  
But don't you complain and don't open your eyes  
Don't talk revolution and don't organize.  
If you cannot find work and they won't give you bread,  
Get a kind hearted cop to beat off your head.

## LONESOME ROAD BLUES

Chorus: I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad,  
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad  
I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad, Lord, Lord,  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
I ain't got but one lousy dime, (3)  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
My kids and I need three square meals a day (3)  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
I'm goin' where the water tastes like wine (2)  
This water here it tastes like turpentine. Lord, Lord,  
And I ain't gonna be treated this-a-way.  
(add new verses as you need them)

# THERE IS POWER IN A UNION

(Tune: There Is Power in the Blood)

Written by Joe Hill  
(1913 Edition)

(Chorus:

There is pow'r, there is pow'r  
In a band of workingmen,  
When they stand hand in hand,  
That's a pow'r, that's a pow'r  
That must rule in every land —  
One Industrial Union Grand.

Would you have freedom from wage slavery,  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
Would you from mis'ry and hunger be free,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back?

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If, for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, like a man.

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise.

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share, like a man.



## BOOM WENT THE BOOM •

By W. O. BLEE

(Tune: "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-dee-ay")

I had a job in twenty-nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn them down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### Chorus

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay  
Ain't got a word to say,  
He chisled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.

I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent,  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

### Chorus

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay,  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.  
I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother anymore.—  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

# I WILL WIN







# Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



## THE I.W.W. CODE OF INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

- decent jobs for everyone
- security of income
- jobs re-designed to fit workers  
(not workers forced to fit machines)
- automation used to lessen hours  
of work for all (not for bigger  
profits)
- production for social use, and not  
for the profit of a few
- abolition of the buying and selling  
of human labor (the wage system)
- worker ownership and management of  
the means of production
- one big democratic union of all the  
workers of the world
- an international workers' common-  
wealth administered scientifically  
to benefit all

"Yes, it is bread we fight for - but  
we fight for roses too!"

- James Oppenheim, in a poem inspired  
by a banner carried by striking  
IWW women of Lawrence, Mass, 1912

Labor Donated



I.U. 450

# Songs For Rebel Workers



FOR EVERY DOLLAR THE BOSS HAS AND DIDN'T  
WORK FOR, ONE OF US WORKED FOR A DOLLAR  
AND DIDN'T GET IT.

DONATION: 1¢



Printed by members of Printing and Publishing House  
Workers Industrial Union Number 450, IWW

SOLIDARITY FOREVER  
(Tune : John Brown's Body)

When the Union's inspiration  
Through the workers' blood shall run,  
There can be no power greater  
Anywhere beneath the sun.  
Yet what force on earth is weaker  
Than the feeble strength of one?  
But the Union makes us strong.

(Chorus)

Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
Solidarity forever!  
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common  
With the greedy parasite  
Who would lash us into serfdom  
And would crush us with his might?  
Is there anything left to us  
But to organize and fight?  
For the Union makes us strong. (Chorus)

It is we who plowed the prairies,  
Built the cities where they trade,  
Dug the mines and built the workshops,  
Endless miles of railroad laid.  
Now we stand outcast and starving,  
'Midst the wonders we have made.  
But the Union makes us strong. (Chorus)

All the world that's owned by idle drones  
Is ours and ours alone.  
We have laid the wide foundations,  
Built it skyward stone by stone.  
It is ours not to slave in,  
But to master and to own,  
When the Union makes us strong. (Chorus)

They have taken untold millions  
That they never toiled to earn,  
But without our brain and muscle  
Not a single wheel can turn.  
We can break their haughty power,  
Gain our freedom when we learn  
That the Union makes us strong. (Chorus)

In our hands is placed a power  
Greater than their hoarded gold;  
Greater than the might of armies  
Magnified a thousand fold.  
We can bring to birth a new world  
From the ashes of the old.  
For the Union makes us strong. (Chorus)



UNION MAID  
(Tune : Red Wing)

There once was a union maid  
Who never was afraid  
Of the goons and the ginks and the company finks  
And the deputy sheriff who made the raid.  
She'd go to the union hall  
When a meeting it was called  
And when the company guards came round  
She always stood her ground.

(Chorus)

Oh you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,  
I'm sticking to the union, I'm sticking to the union,  
Oh you can't scare me, I'm sticking to the union,  
I'm sticking to the union 'til the day I die.

This union maid was wise  
To the tricks of company spies,  
She'd never be fooled by the company stools,  
She'd always organize the guys.  
She'd always get her way  
When she struck for higher pay,  
She'd show her card to the National Guard,  
And this is what she'd say : (Chorus)

A woman's struggle is hard  
Even with a union card,  
She's got to stand on her own two feet  
And not be the servant of a male elite.  
It's time to take a stand,  
Keep working hand in hand,  
There is a job that has to be done  
And a fight that's got to be won. (Chorus)



PRAISE BOSS  
(Tune : Praise God From Whom All  
Blessings Flow)

Praise boss when morning work bells chime  
Praise him for bits of overtime  
Praise him whose wars we love to fight  
Praise him fat leech and parasite.

READ THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER!

I WALK THE LINE  
(With apologies to Johnny Cash)

I keep a close watch on that boss of mine  
He's got his hand in my pocket all the time  
He thinks that wages can be the tie that binds  
'Cause I'm not blind, I walk the line.

Not a word the boss has said is true  
So we're outside just frozen cold and blue  
But we don't care, we won't be left behind  
'Cause we're not blind, we walk the line.

I find it very easy to be free  
I take my sign for solidarity  
I'm bound with others of my kind  
'Cause we're not blind, we walk the line.

Now we're Wobblies walking on the line  
We won't sit and take the boss's crime  
Yes we will win and not be left behind  
'Cause we're not blind, we walk the line.



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549-5045

# Songs For Rebel Workers



FOR EVERY DOLLAR THE BOSS HAS AND DIDN'T  
WORK FOR, ONE OF US WORKED FOR A DOLLAR  
AND DIDN'T GET IT.





## We Have Fed You All for a Thousand Years

(written by 'An Unknown Proletarian,')

(music by Von Liebich)

(first listed printing, *Industrial Union Bulletin*)

(April 18, 1908)



We have fed you all for a thousand years And you hail us still un-



fed. Though there's nev-er a dol-lar of all your wealth But



marks the work-ers' dead. We have yield-ed our best to



give you rest And you lie on crim - son wool. And if



blood be the price of all your wealth. Good God! We have paid in full!

There is never a min blown skyward now

But we're buried alive for you.

There's never a wreck drifts shoreward now

But we are its ghastly crew.

Go reckon our dead by the forges red

And the factories where we spin.

If blood be the price of your cursed wealth,

Good God! We have paid it in!

We have fed you all for a thousand years —

For that was our doom, you know,

From the days when you chained us in your fields

To the strike a week ago.

You have taken our lives, and our babies and wives,

And we're told it's your legal share,

But if blood be the price of your lawful wealth,

Good God! We have bought it fair!

## Bread and Roses

(music by Caroline Kohlsaatt, words by James Oppenheim)  
(First appearance in songbook, 35th Edition)

*Hopefully*

As we come marching, marching in the beau - ty of the day, A

mil-lion dar-kened kit-chens, A thou-sand mill lofts gray, Are

touched with all the ra - diance that a sud - den sun dis - clo - ses, For the

peo-ple hear us sing-ing, "Bread & ro-ses! Bread & ro-ses!"

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,  
For they are women's children and we mother them again.  
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;  
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give  
us roses!

As we come marching, marching, unnumbered women  
dead  
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry for bread.  
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.  
Yes, it is bread we fight for—but we fight for roses, too!

As we come marching, marching, we bring the greater  
days.  
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.  
No more the drudge and idler—ten that toil where one  
reposes,  
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and roses! Bread  
and roses!

# There is Power in the Union

(Tune: There Is Power In The Blood)  
(by Joe Hill) (1913 Edition)

*Lively*

Would you have free - dom from wage slav - er - y, Then  
join in the grand In - dus - tri - al band; Would you from mis - 'ry and  
hun - ger be free, Then come, do your share, lend a hand.

*CHORUS*

There is pow'r, pow'r In a hand of work - ing - folk. When they  
stand hand in hand; That's a pow'r, pow'r that must  
rule in ev - 'ry land: One In - dus - tri - al U - nion Grand.

Would you have mansions of gold in the sky,  
And live in a shack, way in the back?  
Would you have wings up in heaven to fly,  
And starve here with rags on your back? [*chorus*]

If you've had 'nuf of the "blood of the lamb,"  
Then join in the grand Industrial band;  
If for a change, you would have eggs and ham,  
Then come, do your share, lend a hand. [*chorus*]

If you like sluggers to beat off your head,  
Then don't organize, all unions despise.  
If you want nothing before you are dead,  
Shake hands with your boss and look wise. [*chorus*]

Come, all ye workers, from every land,  
Come, join in the grand Industrial band;  
Then we our share of this earth shall demand.  
Come on! Do your share. Lend a hand. [*chorus*]



# Banks of Marble

(by Les Rice) (First appearance, 35th Edition)

The musical score is written in 2/4 time on a single treble staff. It includes five systems of music with corresponding lyrics. Chords are indicated above the staff: C, G7, C, F, C, G7, C, G7, C, F, C, G7, C. A 'CHORUS' section is marked with a box containing '1 & 2' and '2-5 CHORUS'. The lyrics are as follows:

I've trav-eled 'round this coun-try From shore to shin-ing  
 2 saw the poor dirt farm - er Plow - ing sod and  
 shore. And it real- ly made me won- der. All the things  
 loam I heard the auc-tion ham - mer A- knock-  
 I heard and saw. 2.1 But the banks are made of mar-ble  
 ing down his home.  
 with a guard at ev-ry door. And the vaults are  
 stuffed with sil- ver that the (farm- er) sweat-ed for.

I saw the seaman standing  
 Idly by the shore;  
 I heard the bosses saying,  
 "Got no work for you no more." [chorus]

I saw the worn-out miner  
 Scrubbing coal dust from his back;  
 I heard his children crying,  
 "Got no coal to heat the shack." [chorus]

I saw the weary mother  
 Working two jobs in one day;  
 Low wages at the factory  
 And at home, she gets no pay. [chorus]

I see the women working  
 In the sweatshops and the store,  
 In the office and the factory,  
 And at night, they scrub the floor. [chorus]

I've seen my fellow workers  
 Throughout this mighty land;  
 We will fight to get together  
 In the One Big Union grand.

Then we'll own those banks of marble  
 And we'll open every door,  
 And we'll share those vaults of silver  
 That we all have sweated for.

## Dump the Bosses Off Your Back

(Tune: Take It To The Lord In Prayer)

(by John Brill) (9th Edition, 1916)



Are you cold, for - lorn and hun - gry? Are there lots of things you



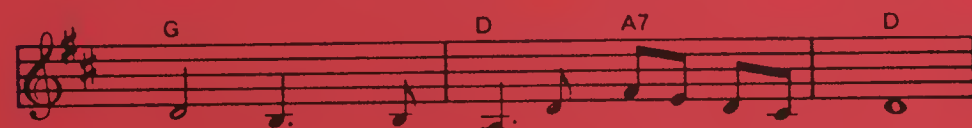
lack? Is your life made up of mis - 'ry? Then



dump the bos - ses off your back! Are your clothes all torn and



tat - tered? Are you liv - ing in a shack? Would you have your trou - bles



scat - tered? Then dump the bos - ses off your back!

Are you almost split asunder?

Loaded like a long-eared jack?

Boob — why don't you buck like thunder,

And dump the bosses off you back?

All the agonies you suffer

You can end with one good whack —

Stiffen up, you orn'ry duffer —

And dump the bosses off your back.



## Wobbly Doxology

(from the Australian IWW)

*Firmly—don't drag*

Praise Boss when morn - ing work - bells chime. Praise

him for chunks of o - ver - time. Praise him whose blood - y

wars we fight. Praise him, fat leach and par - a - site. Aw hell!

## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

**T**HE WORKING CLASS AND THE EMPLOYING CLASS HAVE NOTHING IN COMMON? THERE CAN BE NO PEACE SO LONG AS HUNGER AND WANT ARE FOUND AMONG MILLIONS OF WORKING PEOPLE AND THE FEW, WHO MAKE UP THE EMPLOYING CLASS, HAVE ALL THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE.

**B**ETWEEN THESE TWO CLASSES A STRUGGLE MUST GO ON UNTIL THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD ORGANIZE AS A CLASS, TAKE POSSESSION OF THE EARTH AND THE MACHINERY OF PRODUCTION, AND ABOLISH THE WAGE SYSTEM.

**W**E FIND THAT THE CENTERING OF THE MANAGEMENT OF INDUSTRIES INTO FEWER AND FEWER HANDS MAKES THE **TRADE UNIONS** UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE EVER GROWING POWER OF THE EMPLOYING CLASS. **THE TRADE UNIONS** FOSTER A STATE OF AFFAIRS WHICH ALLOWS ONE SET OF WORKERS TO BE PITTED AGAINST ANOTHER SET OF WORKERS IN THE SAME INDUSTRY, THEREBY HELPING DEFEAT ONE ANOTHER IN WAGE WARS. **MOREOVER, THE TRADE UNIONS** AID THE EMPLOYING CLASS TO MISLEAD THE WORKERS INTO THE BELIEF THAT THE WORKING CLASS HAVE INTERESTS IN COMMON WITH THEIR EMPLOYERS.

**T**HESE CONDITIONS CAN BE CHANGED AND THE INTEREST OF THE WORKING CLASS UPHELD ONLY BY AN ORGANIZATION FORMED IN SUCH A WAY THAT ALL ITS MEMBERS IN ANY ONE INDUSTRY, OR IN ALL INDUSTRIES IF NECESSARY, CEASE WORK WHENEVER A STRIKE OR LOCKOUT IS ON IN ANY DEPARTMENT THEREOF, THUS MAKING..... AN INJURY TO ONE AN INJURY TO ALL.

**I**NSTEAD OF THE CONSERVATIVE MOTTO, "A FAIR DAY'S WAGE FOR FAIR DAY'S WORK," WE MUST INSCRIBE ON OUR BANNER THE REVOLUTIONARY WATCHWORD, "**ABOLITION OF THE WAGE SYSTEM.**"

**I**T IS THE HISTORIC MISSION OF THE WORKING CLASS TO DO AWAY WITH CAPITALISM. **T**HE ARMY OF PRODUCTION MUST BE ORGANIZED, NOT ONLY FOR THE EVERY-DAY STRUGGLE WITH CAPITALISTS, BUT ALSO TO CARRY ON PRODUCTION WHEN CAPITALISM SHALL HAVE BEEN OVERTHROWN. **B**Y ORGANIZING INDUSTRIALLY WE ARE FORMING THE STRUCTURE OF THE NEW SOCIETY WITHIN THE SHELL OF THE OLD.



*Joe Hill's Last Will*

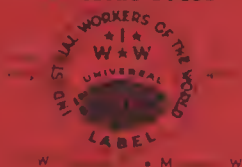
*(Written in his cell November 18, 1915,  
on the eve of his execution)*

My will is easy to decide,  
For there is nothing to divide.  
My kin don't need to fuss and moan —  
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone."  
My body? Ah, if I could choose,  
I would to ashes it reduce,  
And let the merry breezes blow  
My dust to where some flowers grow.  
Perhaps some fading flower then  
Would come to life and bloom again.  
This is my last and final will,  
Good luck to all of you,

—Joe Hill.



Lakeside Press



# WORKERS SONG BOOK

## The Rangatang.

Rangatang! Rangatang!

Biff! Bang! Boom!

Who in the heck do you think we are?

Wobblies! Wobblies! Ha Ha Ha!

We're rough! We're tough!

We never take a bluff!

Of free speech we never get enough!

Who? We!

WOBBLIES!

WOBBLIES!

WOBBLIES!

ONE BIG UNION tactics are  
simply the efficiency system  
applied to the class strug-  
gle.



PRICE 5 CENTS.

## HALLELUJAH! WE'RE ALL ON THE BUM!

Oh why don't you work  
Like other man do?  
How can I get a job  
When you're holding down two?

### CHORUS:

Hallelujah! On the bum!  
Hallelujah! Bum again!  
Hallelujah! It's machinery—  
And to hell with the men!

Why speed up like that  
Till you're ready to fall?  
If you'd slow down a bit  
There'd be work for us all.

Twelve hours a day . . . !  
Don't you know any tricks?  
Two men could have jobs  
If you'd only work six!

But don't you complain  
And don't open your eyes,  
Don't talk revolution  
And don't organize.

If you cannot find work  
And they won't give you bread,  
Get a kind-hearted copper  
To beat off your head.



## NOVEMBER

Red November, black November,  
    Bleak November, black and red;  
Hallowed month of Labor's martyrs,  
    Labor's heroes, Labor's dead.

Labor's hope and wrath and sorrow—  
    Red the promise, black the threat;  
Who are we not to remember?  
    Who are we to dare forget?

Black and red the colors blended,  
    Black and red the pledge we made;  
Red until the fight is ended,  
    Black, until the debt is paid.



## VETERANS

Who are them guys in the soup lines,  
    Who are them tough-looking 'boes  
Hopping a box car and shiv'ring  
    In filthy and ill-fitted clothes?

Who are them underfed beggars  
    That slink through the alleys and street?  
They can't even pay for a flophouse  
    And they ain't got nothin' to eat.

Who are them unemployed vagrants  
    So hated and outcast today?  
They're the HEROES OF 1917,  
    But the BUMS OF THE NRA!

## BOOM WENT THE BOOM

Air Ta-ra-ra-Boom-dee-Ay

I had a job in twenty nine  
When everything was going fine.  
I knew the pace was pretty fast  
But thought that it would always last.  
When organizers came to town  
I'd always sneer and turn 'em down:  
I thought the boss was my best friend  
And he'd stick by me to the end.

### CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay  
Ain't got a word to say.  
He chiseled down my pay,  
Then took my job away.  
Boom, went the boom one day,  
It made a noise that way.  
I wish I had been wise,  
Next time I'll organize.

I had a little bank account,  
Not very much, a small amount  
Which to the savings bank I took  
And all they gave me was a book.  
I pinched on food, I scraped on rent,  
I hardly ever spent a cent,  
My little savings grew and grew,  
I thought I'd be a big shot, too.

### CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay,  
It made a noise that way,  
There went my hard-earned pay,  
Saved for a rainy day.

I must have been a wick,  
This soup-line makes me sick.  
Where can that banker be?  
He tore his pants with me.

Then finally it came to pass  
That all I had to eat was grass.  
The wolf don't bother any more—  
He starved to death right by my door.  
With soup and gas and club and gun  
They tried to make the system run.  
They said, "Dear friends, now don't get sore,  
We'll make it like it was before."

### CHORUS

Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay,  
It busted up one day,  
Those guys that stole my pay,  
Went flying every way.  
All that I got to say,  
I hope they've gone to stay;  
Each dog must have his day—  
Ta-ra-ra-BOOM-dee-ay.



### THE BLANKET STIFF

He built the road,  
With others of his class he he built the road.  
Now over it, many a weary mile, he packs his load,  
Chasing a job spurred on by hunger's goad.  
He walks and walks and walks and walks  
And wonders why in Hell he built the road.

Why should any worker be without the necessities  
of life when one man can produce enough for a hundred?



It's a Long Way Down to the Soupline

Air: Tipperary

Bill Brown was just a working man  
like others of his kind.  
He lost his job and tramped the streets  
when work was hard to find.  
The landlord put him on the stem,  
the bankers kept his dough,  
And Bill heard every-body sing,  
no matter, where he'd go:

CHORUS:

It's long way down to the soupline.  
It's a long way to go.  
It's a long way down to the soupline  
And the soup is thin I know.  
Good bye good old pork chops,  
Farewell beefsteak rare,  
It's a long, long way down to the soupline,  
But my soup is there.

So Bill and sixteen million men  
responded to the call  
To force the hours of labor down  
and thus make jobs for all.  
They picketed the industries  
and won the four-hour day  
And organized a General Strike  
so men don't have to say:

CHORUS:

The workers own the factories now,  
where jobs were once destroyed  
By big machines that filled the world  
with hungry unemployed.

They all own homes, they're living well,  
they're happy, free and strong,  
But millionaires wear overalls  
and sing this little song:

CHORUS:



NEARER MY JOB TO THEE

Nearer my job to thee,  
Nearer with glee,  
Three plunks for the office fee,  
But my fare is free.  
My train is running fast,  
I've got a job at last,  
Nearer to thee.

Arrived where my job should be,  
Nothing I see,  
Nothing but sand, by gee,  
Job went up a tree.  
No place to eat or sleep,  
Snakes in the sage brush creep,  
Nero a saint would be,  
Shark, compared with thee.

Nearer to town: each day  
(Hiked all the way),  
Nearer that agency,  
Where I paid my fee ,  
And when that shark I see  
You'll bet your boots that he,  
Nearer his god shall be  
Leave that to me.

## Song of the Soup-House

(Air: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

I'm spending my nights in the flop house,  
I'm spending my days on the street,  
I'm looking for work and I find none,  
I wish I had something to eat.

### CHORUS

Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup!  
Soup, soup, they give me a bowl of soup!  
—repeat

I spent twenty years in the factory,  
I did everything I was told,  
They said I was loyal and faithful  
But now I am out in the cold.

### CHORUS—repeat

I saved fifteen bucks with my banker  
To buy me a car or a yacht,  
I went down to draw out my fortune  
And this is the answer I got:

### CHORUS—repeat

I fought in the war for my country,  
I went out to bleed and to die,  
I thought that my country would help me  
But this was my country's reply.

### CHORUS—repeat

I'm sure, when I get up to Heaven,  
Saint Peter will let me right in;  
He can tell, by the soup I was fed on  
That I was unable to sin!

### CHORUS—repeat



# NATIONAL ANATHHEMA

No. 1.

## I

Our country is not free  
There is no liberty  
But still we sing  
Land where we're full of pride  
Because our parents died  
On this and not the other side  
Let freedom sting;

## II

Our country is depraved  
Its workers are enslaved  
But now we sing  
Land where all hope has died  
Where justice is denied  
Except to those who are inside  
Let freedom sting

## III

Our country once was free  
With opportunity  
But now we sing  
Land where we few divide  
The wealth that you provide  
We Daughters are satisfied  
To let free dom sting/

THE NATIONAL ANATHEM

1

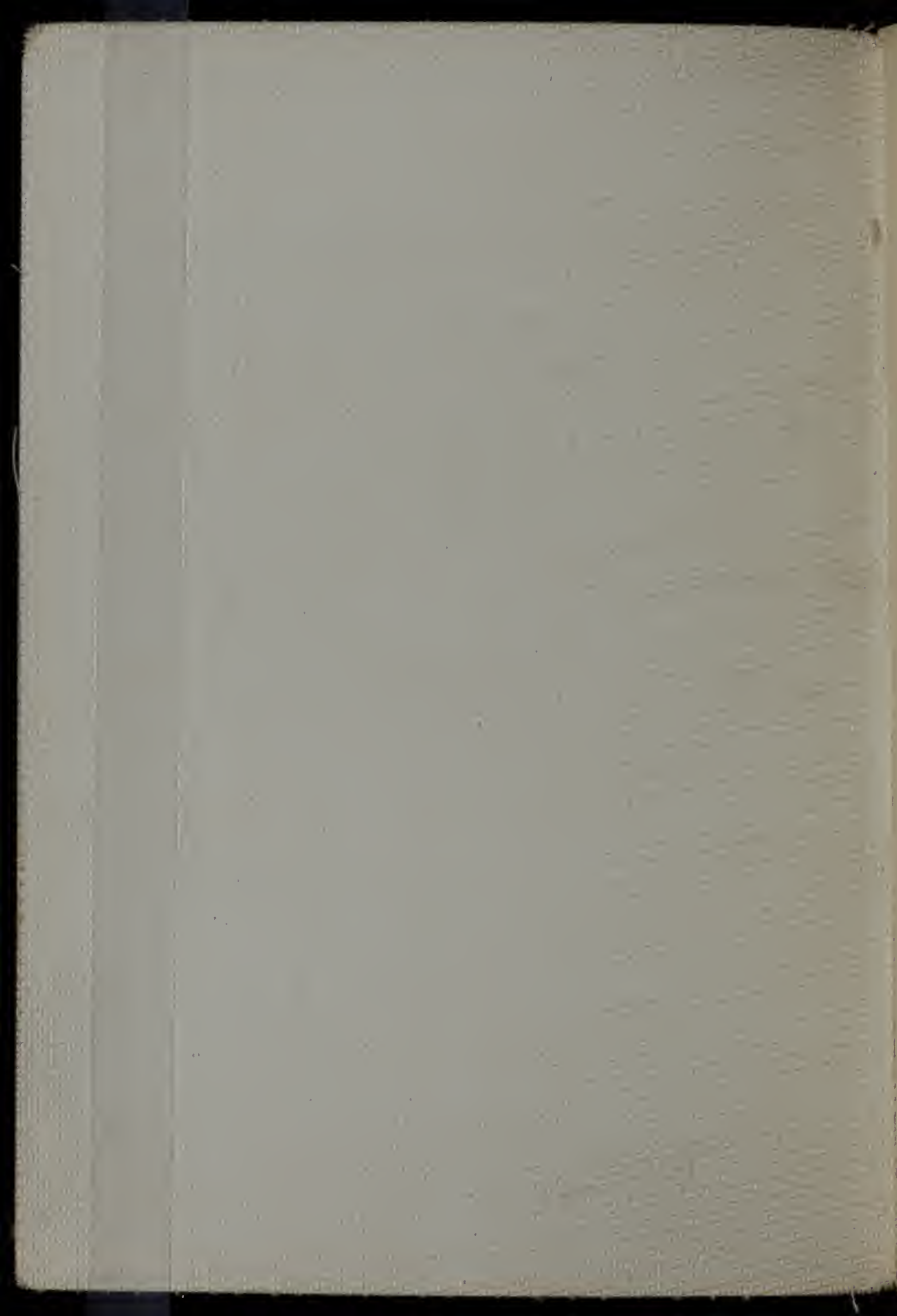
Our country is not free  
There is no



PALEHOURJAIN  
LADLUA

Published by  
Western Son Publishers Co.  
Calcutta, India





# Palkkaorjain Lauluja



1925

Kustantanut  
WORKERS SOC. PUBLISHING CO.  
Duluth, Minn.

Erkennung der Wahrheit

Erkennung

Erkennung





## WESLEY EVEREST

Oma sävel

Paljon alla ajan laineen,  
unholassa unten makaa,  
sun vaan suuren sankarmaineen  
muistos kaikuu vuotten takaa:  
"Yksi kaikkein, kaikki yhden  
eestä lyökää täysin terin,  
eestä orjain yhteisyyden  
taistelkaa ast' sydänverin!"

# 1 MAAILMAN TYÖLÄISET HERÄTKÄÄ

Nuotti: "Workers of the world awaken".

Palkkaorjat ylös nouskaa,  
Kahleenne jo katkomaan!  
Rikkaudet jotka luotte,  
Rosvot ahnaat anastaa.  
Miksi yhä sorron taakkaa  
Alistutte kantamaan,  
Kehdosta ain' hautaan saakka  
Halpa ootte orja vaan?

## KUORO

Nyt kahlein alta yhteisvoimin  
Jo vapauden taisteluihin!  
Jo käykää kaikki innoin, toimin  
Yhteen unioon!  
Kun nälkään nääntyy lapset heikot,  
Miljoonat surmaa sorron peikot,  
Päämaali määrää taiston keinot—  
Sääntö meidän on.

Orjat jos vaan tahtoo, voivat  
Kaikki junat nopeat,  
Valtamerten suuret laivat,  
Kahlehilla sitoa.  
Kaivokset ja myllyt, tehtaات,  
Laivastot ja armeijat,  
Tuotannossa kaikki rattaat,  
Käskystänsä seisovat!

Nyt kahlein alta j. n. e.

Palkkaorjat yhtykäämme  
Kaikki yhteen Unioon.  
Alas syöstään riistäjämme  
Lailla hyökyaallokon!  
—Seista voimme yhtyneinä,  
Hajallaan me kaadutaan.  
Olkoon tunnussana meidän:  
Niinkuin yksi, kaikki vaan!  
Nyt kahlein alta j. n. e.

Palkkaorjat kaikkien maiden,  
Nouskaa taistoon tuimimpaan!  
Rikkauden luomme kaiken,  
Ne on meidän, meidän vaan.  
Onni, rauha kaikkialla  
On kun lippu punainen  
Hulmuileepi korkealla,  
Tasavallass' Työläisten!  
Nyt kahlein alta j. n. e.

## 2

## LINNOITUKSEMME

(Hold the Fort)

Eestä Union nyt suuren  
Äänet kaikumaan,  
Eestä kalliin vapauden  
Vaikka kuolemaan!

### KUORO

Linnoitus on meillä vankka  
Suuri Unio.  
Käsi käteen joukko sankka,  
Eespäin voittohon!



Toverit, jo korkealla  
Liput liehuvat,  
Apujoukot kaikkialla  
Meitä tukevat.

**Linnoitus on meillä j. n. e.**

Kuulkaa kuinka torvet soivat!  
—Rivit taajenee.  
Yhteisvoimin pohjavoimat  
Eespäin astelee.

**Linnoitus on meillä j. n. e.**

Vaikka kauan katkerasti  
Saatiin taistella,  
Rohkeasti, uljahasti,  
Eespäin käykää vaan!

**Linnoitus on meillä vankka  
Suuri Unio.  
Käsi käteen joukko sankka,  
Eespäin voittohon!**

### **3**

## **KAIKKI TEOLLISUUSUNIOON**

Nuotti: "Marching Through Georgia"

Työläisjoukot kaikkialla  
Yhteen liittykää,  
Palkkaorjat kahlein alla  
Rivit täyttäkää;  
Taistoon riistäjiä vastaan;  
Pois ne pyhkikää  
Voimalla TEOLLISUUSUNION!

**Hurraa! Hurraa! Meill' lippu tahraton  
Hurraa! Hurraa! tien viitta voittohon!  
Vapaus, uusi yhteiskunta  
Koittaa verraton,  
Voimalla TEOLLISUUSUNIOON!**

Tuimimmatkin taistelot  
Me kaikki valtaamme,  
Tuimimmatkin taistelot  
Me kaikki voitamme.  
Johtotähti vapauteen  
Ompi, oppaamme,  
Yksi suuri TEOLLISUUSUNIO.

**Hurraa! Hurraa! j. n. e.**

Nyt riviin kaikki työläiset  
Ja lippu liehumaan;  
Lippu jota kyyneleet  
Ja veri kostuttaa!  
Valtaluokka vapisee  
Kun orjat huudahtaa:  
Eläköön TEOLLISUUSUNIO.

**Hurraa! Hurraa! j. n. e.**

Näin riistäjämme ilkkuvat:  
On kaikki "tuplajuut"  
Vain juhtia ja nautoja,  
Mut irvissä heill' suut:  
Kun kassat, vatsat, kuihtuvat,  
Jää heille pelkät luut,  
Voimalla TEOLLISUUSUNION.

**Hurraa! Hurraa! j. n. e.**

Meill' luokkaviha suuri on;  
Sitä ei sammumaan  
Saa armopalat, antimet—  
Me kaikki vaaditaan!  
Ja vanha järjestelmä kun  
Me kumoon kaadetaan,  
Jääpi vain TEOLLISUUSUNIO!  
Hurraa! Hurraa! j. n. e.

4

**SOLIDARISUUTTA AINA**

(“Solidarity Forever”)

Kun yhteistunto, ymmärrys, saa orjat unioon,  
Ei löydy voimaa mahtavampaa alla auringon!  
On hajallaan vaan kukin heikko, arka, avuton.  
Vain uniossa voimaa on.

Solidarisuutta aina!  
Solidarisuutta aina!  
Solidarisuutta aina,  
Sillä uniossa voima on!

On keino meillä yksi vain: taisto yhteinen,  
Ei ole mitään yhteistä meill' kanssa rosvojen,  
Joiden riistovalta syöksi meidät orjuuteen.  
Sillä uniossa voimaa on.  
Solidarisuutta aina! j. n. e.

Me kaupungit ja kauppalat, rautatiet raketaan,  
Ja myllyt, tehtaat, kaivokset me käyntiin loihditaan.  
Tään rikkauden keskellä me nälkää näemme vaan.  
Mutta uniossa voimaa on.  
Solidarisuutta aina! j. n. e.



Kaikk' miljonat kun työmme loi, he kävi riistämään;  
Vaan ilman meit' ei yksikään käy pyörä pyörimään!—  
Me voimme heidät kukistaa kuin kaikki käsittää  
Ett' uniossa voimaa on!

**Solidarisuutta aina! j. n. e.**

Kaikk' rikkaudet maailman se kuuluu meille vaan,  
Sen perustukset laskimme, sen saimme nousemaan;  
Myös omistus ja hallinto—sitä me vaaditaan,  
Sillä uniossa voimaa on!

**Solidarisuutta aina! j. n. e.**

On voima meillä suurempi kuin kullan kuninkuus,  
On suurempi kuin armeijankin, valtain mahtavuus!  
Tään järjestelmän raunioille raketaan me uus,  
Sillä uniossa voimaa on!

**Solidarisuutta aina!**  
**Solidarisuutta aina!**  
**Solidarisuutta aina,**  
**Sillä uniossa voima on!**

## 5

## KANSAINVÄLINEN

Työn orjat, vangit rahavallan,  
Jo nouskaa, kurjat, koko maan!  
Jo kutsut kuuluu kaikkialla  
Uutta aikaa alkamaan.  
Vanha järjestelmä murskatkaatte,  
Raunioill' sen luokaa uus.  
Ylös kahlein alta nostakaatte  
Työn valta, sekä onnekkuus!

**∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto;  
Rientäkää jo rintamaan!  
Yksi suuri teollisuusunio  
On mahti maailman! ∴**

Pois harvainvalta hallinnosta,  
Mi kytkee meidät kahleisiin.  
Lo'an alta ylös, sorrannosta,  
Joukkotahto ohjaksiin .  
Rosvot tilille jo vaatikaamme,  
Vapahaksi pääsköön maa;  
Onni orjain olkoon oppaanamme,  
Sen eestä aina taistelkaa!

**∴ Tää on viimeinen j. n. e.**

He sortaa, pettää meitä lailla,  
Työn riisto orjain verta juo.  
Ain' köyhä oikeutt' on vailla,  
Rikkaille lait suojan suo.  
Pois jo käymme holhoustonen alta,  
Tunnussana meidän on:  
Kellä velvotusta, sillä valtaa!  
Ja oikeutta olkohon!

**∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto j. n. e.**

On kruunattu meill' kunnialla  
Nuo kurjat kultakuninkaat,  
He riistännällä julkealla  
Kahlehtii vaikk' kansat, maat.  
Heelmät kaikki kuin on luonut työmme  
Konnat käypi rosvoomaan;  
Kun me riistovallan alas lyömme  
Omamme vain me otetaan.

**∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto j. n. e.**

Työn orjat ylös, valvehille,  
 Kaikk' unioon jo yhtykää!  
 Maa kuuluu kaikki raatajille,  
 Laiskureill' ei ensinkään.  
 Vilu, nälkä on nyt vieraanamme,  
 Vaan kuin peikot mustan yön  
 Me kerran kaikki karkoitamme  
 Niin vapaana on orjat työn!  
 ∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto j. n. e.

## 6

## KUMOUSNAINEN

Nuotti: "The Rebel Girl"

Monenlaisia maailmass' tässä  
 On naisia—tiedätte sen;  
 Palatseissakin useat mässä,  
 Silkipuvussa käyskennellen.  
 Kuningattaret, prinsessat loistaa,  
 Päärlyt, timantit heit' koristaa;  
 Vaan kumousnaista—et moista  
 Heissä nähdä saa.

Vallankumous, vallankumous—  
 Kas siinä kun naisen on tunnustus:  
 Rohkeutta ja tarmoa tuo  
 Tovereillenkin intoa luo.  
 —Meillä monta jo on;  
 Lisää tarvis on  
 Saada naisia suur' unioon.  
 Niin suurta vain  
 On rinnakkain  
 Käydä taistohon!



Vaikka arvoltaan onkin hän halpa,  
Kädet känsäiset hällä lie vaan,  
Niin karkean pukunsa alla  
Sydän sykkivi orjille maan.  
—Valtaluokan jo valtaapi kauhu,  
Peikot pelvosta niin ulvoaa,  
Kun naisetkin taistojen pauhu  
Rintamahan saa.

Vallankumous, vallankumous j. n. e.

7

## ORJAIN KEVÄT

Nuotti: Workers of the world awaken

Valtaluokan vainon alla  
Miljonat vaikk' uupuivat,  
Kärsimyksen Golgatalla  
Sankaritkin sortuivat,  
Ei vaan haihdu vapausvaisto;  
Liekinä se leimuaa.  
Tuhattuotten orjain taisto  
Varmemman jo vauhdin saa.

## KUORO

On kyllin orjan alennusta  
Jo Kärsitty me, kirousta.  
—Viel tarmoa on, uskallusta  
Lyöä sortajaa!  
Miel' innon luopi sankaruutta  
Luo tieto solidarisuutta.  
Nyt työn jo yhteiskuntaa uutta  
Orjat rakentaa.

Talvi tuima, rankkasäinen,  
Hetken vielä temmeltää;  
Kohta työn jo jättiläinen  
Kevät-päivään ennättää.  
Suonissaan jo eloa uutta  
Veri lämmin läikehtii;  
Uuden ajan auteruutta  
Nyt jo orjat tervehtii!

**On kyllin orjan j. n. e.**

Pois nyt valheen, vääryys, vaippa,  
Takatalvi, taantumus;  
Riistovallan raskas raippa,  
Palkkaorjuus, kiros!  
Lomasta jo pilvein harmaan  
Aurinkoisen nähdä saa,  
Sylissä on kevään armaan  
Kohta koko orjain maa!

**On kyllin orjan j. n. e.**

Kuule kuin jo mahtavasti  
Kaukomaatkin kaiuttaa,  
Meksikosta Kiinaan asti  
Aatettamme julistaa!  
Vuoristoissa, tasankoilla,  
Aromailla aavikon,  
Merienkin ulapoilla  
Orjat yhtyy kuorohon:

**On kyllin orjan j. n. e.**

## ISKE, ISKE

Nuotti: "Yankee Doodle"

Iske, iske lujemmasti,  
 Vaikka nääntyis kruppi,  
 Raada, raada raskaammasti,  
 Kirkuu hännäntuppi.

Orja iskee sen kuin voi,  
 Mut ei mikään auta.  
 Pomon kirot yhä soi:  
 laiska oot sä nauta!

Nopeammin pistä, pistä,  
 orjaksi oot luotu;  
 Jos on sulla "kikkimistä"  
 Aikas sull' on suotu.  
 Orja pistää sen kuin voi j. n. e.

Puske, puske utterammin,  
 senkin kurja aasi!  
 Työnnä, työnnä ahkerammin,  
 Karjuu yhä paasi  
 Orja puskee sen kuin voi j. n. e.

Iske, iske pohjajoukko,  
 puske kaikin voimin;  
 Iske joka nurkkaan loukkoon,  
 Työnnä yhteistoimin!

Iske alas valtikkaat,  
 pomot poies poista;  
 Puske kultakuninkaat  
 pois vallan satuloista!



## 9 TUHATVUODET ME TEITÄ ON RUOKITTU

(We Have Fed You All For a Thousand Years)  
Suomennos

Tuhatvuodet me teitä on ruokittu,  
Itse niukat niin jätteet vain syöty.  
Joka dollari teidän on leimattu  
Kuolinmerkillä orjan, on lyöty.  
Me eestänne kaikki on uhrattu ain',  
Elon onnen ett' saatte te niittää.  
Jos veremme kultanne hinta on vain,  
Oi taivas, sen pitäis' jo riittää!

Joka kerta työn vaarat kun saaliin sai,  
Esiin astuimme eestänne silloin;  
Kalman kalvat maan alla kun kalskui tai  
Meren myrskyissä riehui ne milloin.—  
Hikihelvetin uhrit ken kertoa vois,  
Remmit, rattaat kun raateli rinnan?  
Jos verellä mammonan maksaa vaan vois',  
Oi taivas, jo maksoimme hinnan!

Tuhatvuodet me teitä on ruokittu—  
Siihen syösty me tuomioon, sakkoon.  
Ajan menneistä asti meit' suomittu  
Aina saakka on viimeiseen lakkoon.  
Vaikka vaimomme, lapsetkin riistitte pois,  
Te vaan ilkuitte: oikeus niittää!  
Jos verellä mahtinne maksaa vaan vois,  
Oi taivas, sen pitäis' jo riittää!

**VAPPULAULU**

Oma sävel

Nyt juhlikaa! Nyt laulakaa!  
 Nyt meidän juhla on!  
 On juhla kaikkein kansojen  
 nyt, työn ja taistelun.  
 Nyt vappu on, nyt juhla on,  
 Siis veikot laulakaa,  
 Niin että ääriin maailman  
 tää laulu kajahtaa!

Nyt elon virtain lähteet  
 jo auki pulpahtaa,  
 Ja kevät juhlapuvullaan  
 maan kaiken kaunistaa.  
 Siis riemuiten nyt laulamaan  
 jo siskot yhtykää.  
 Se syttää toivoon sydämiin,  
 uus voima heräjä!

Ja orjain voimat uinuvat,  
 ne kerran valveutuu;  
 Kun saapuu kevättaikojen  
 ens' päivä Toukokuun!  
 Siis riemuiten nyt yhtykää  
 jo kaikki laulamaan!  
 Tää Vappulaulu kaikuva  
 on ääriin maailman!

**KAIKKI UNIOON**
 (What We Want)  
 Nuotti: "Rainbow"

Nyt työläisjoukot kaikkialla järjestykää  
 Suur' Unioon mahtavaan!  
 Kun me yhdessä taistellaan,  
 Maan aarteet me voitetaan.  
 Kun orjat oman voimansa vaan käsittäis

Niin voitto meidän ois,  
Ja riistäjäluokka pois  
Pian pyyhkäistäis.

## KUORO

Tulkaa jo kaikki palkkatyöläiset,  
Tulkaa kautta maan  
Unioon mahtavaan!  
Kahleita katkomaan  
Kun orjat vaan yhtyy niin sopusointuisuus,  
Meill' koittaa aika uus,  
Suur onnekkuus!

Nyt sahurit ja "svampparit", kaikk' lumberjäkit,  
Kaikk' ojan kaivajat  
Sekä korven raivaajat,  
Lannankin ajajat,  
Mainarit ja trammarit, kaikk' timpermannit,  
Myös "rakkapikkarit",  
Sepät sekä nikkarit  
Kaikki Unioon!

Tulkaa jo kaikki j. n. e.

Kaikk' "tiskarit" ja "veitarit", kaikk' palkkapiijat,  
Mojakan keittäjät,  
"Petienkin" peittäjät,  
Vaatteiden pesijät;  
Kutojat ja latojat, kaikk' miehet, naiset  
Ja lapsukaiset myös,  
Kaikki jotka raataa työs,  
Kaikki Unioon!

Tulkaa jo kaikki j. n. e.



## EESPÄIN RYNNÄTKÄÄ

Nuotti: Rooman Valta

Tuho jo tulkoon turman tuottajille,  
 Ett' vapahaksi pääsee maa!  
 Kutsut kuuluu työn jo raatajille:  
 Nyt sorron muurit murskatkaa!

**Kaikki tarmoin, voimin varmoin  
 Taiston kalpaan!—Rynnätkää!  
 Vala kallis vannokaamme:  
 Eespäin kunnes voiton saamme!**

Tyrannit halvat nielköön kolkko hauta,  
 Ja kunniaan jo nouskoon työ!  
 Hehkuu hiillos, kuumana on rauta;  
 On aika tullut—iske, lyö!  
**Kaikki tarmoin j. n. e.**

On eessä tuima meillä taiston tahti,  
 Mut ollos uljas, pelvoton!  
 Sankartunto, orjain yhteismahti  
 On voima maassa verraton.  
**Kaikki tarmoin j. n. e.**

Kumouslauluin orjain yhteiskuoro  
 Nyt sävel soinnut kaiuttaa,  
 Kun on tullut pohjajoukon vuoro  
 Jo viime voittoon kiiruhtaa!

**Kaikki tarmoin, voimin varmoin  
 Taiston kalpaan!—Rynnätkää!  
 Vala kallis vannokaamme:  
 Eespäin kunnes voiton saamme!**

## ORJAIN MARSSI

Nuotti: Vapaa Venäjä

Taiston torvet ja pasunat soivat,  
 Sekä rummut ne tahtia lyö;  
 Riviin kutsuu ne pohjavoimat;  
 Ees on meillä nyt sankarityö!  
 Me sorrannossa kyllin oomme kulkeneet.  
 Ja orjuuden iestä niin kauan kantaneet.

**Taiston torvet ja j. n. e.**

Nyt uljaasti rynnistämään  
 Vaikka tykkien jyrinähän!  
 Me sortovalta, pois kaikkialta,  
 Perusjuurin nyt hävitetään!

**.,:Kas kun torvet soittaa!  
 Jo kohta koittaa  
 Orjain onni ja vapaus! .,:**

Säilät soimaan ja kalskumaan kalvat,  
 Punalippumme hulmuilemaan;  
 Pohjajoukot, työn raatajat halvat,  
 Viime taistoon käy kamppailemaan!  
 Se raukka vaan ois rivistä ken poies jää.  
 Viel' hetken vain kestää tää viime myrskysää.

**Säilät soimaan j. n. e.**

Mars eespäin eespäin nyt vaan,  
 Sankartyötämme suorittamaan!  
 Nyt tarmoin toimin ja yhteisvoimin  
 Vihollinen me kukistetaan.

**Kas kun torvet soittaa!  
 Jo kohta koittaa  
 Orjain onni ja vapaus!**

## NOUSKAA RAATAJAT

(Stand up! You workers)

Suom.

Nouskaa, nouskaa raatajat!  
Nouskaa yhteisvoimin!  
Lippunne alle astukaa  
Vapaustaisteluihin!

Voitosta rientää voittohon  
Tää armeijamme suuri,  
Maa kunnes orjain oma on,  
Alas lyöty sorron muuri.

Nouskaa, nouskaa raatajat  
Kautta kaikkein maiden,  
Unioon suureen—taistelkaa  
Eest' oikeuden kaiken!

Punakortti, orjan kypäri—  
Kas, siihen kaikk' kun luottaa:  
Saa silloin ahnaat tyrannit  
Leipänsä itse tuottaa.

Nouskaa, nouskaa raatajat!  
Pian on jo meidän voitto!  
Tänään taiston pauhinat,  
Huomenna vapaussoitto!  
Nyt palkkaorjat taistohon,  
Kahleet jo katkokaamme;  
Kaikk' käykää yhteen unioon,  
Maailma voittakaamme!



## PUNAINEN MAHTI

(Marssi)  
Oma sävel

Oomme joukko mi uskaltaa,  
Kun oikeus vaativi sen,  
Käydä taistohon, kuolemaan;  
Joka hinta on vapauden!

Käs' vankka kun kalpahan tarttuvi, lyö,  
Se riistäjävallan on viimeinen yö!  
Ken vastustaa voi mahtia—Ken!  
Sydänveremme sillä on punainen.  
Eläköön— —! Eläköön— —!  
Eläköön nyt vapaus, uskallus,  
Sekä oikeus, sankaruus!

Nyt eespäin mars! — kun kutsu tää käy.  
Ei yksikään horjuvan joukossa näy.  
Ken vastustaa voi mahtia—Ken!  
Sydänveremme sillä on punainen.

—Urho Valo

## MARSELJEESI

Nyt eespäin, orjat kaiken maan,  
On päivä kunnian.  
Te näätte verilippuaan  
.: **Jo sorron nostavan.** .:.  
Ja kentällänne karjuvi  
Jo raaka armeija,  
Se kotihinne pyrkisi,  
Tois surmaa, tuhoa!

Nyt kaikki rintamaan,  
Ja eespäin käykää vaan!  
Ja juoskoon veri saastainen  
Nyt aivan virtanaan!

17  
Mit' orjalauma tahtookaan  
Tuo hirmuvaltiaan?  
Nuo kahleet kelle aijotaan,  
:,: **Mik' takoi valhe vaan?** :,:  
Voi, mikä halpa herjaus!  
Ken siit' ei vimmaan sais!  
Mik' onkaan heillä uskallus,  
Kun meidät tallattais!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

Nuo villit saisko lakia  
Ne meille lukea!  
Nuo palkkaorjat urhoja  
:,: **Sais täällä polkea!** :,:  
Voi taivas, mekö nöyrinä  
Maan tomuun taivuttais?  
Ja kohtalomme määrätä  
Tuo kurja sorto sai?  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

Te valheen miehet vapiskaa,  
Te kaikkein kauhistus,  
Jo murhatyönne palkan saa  
:,: **Ja tulee korvaus!** :,:  
On teillä vastaan koko maa—  
Jos kaatuu sankarit,  
Maa uudet urhot nostattaa,  
Ne taas on valmihit!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

Oi pyhä veljesrakkaus,  
Sä johda taistoa!  
Oi lempimämme vapaus,  
:,: **Sä auta taistossa!** :,:  
Sä lippuhumme liityös  
Ja innostusta luo,  
Sä sortovalta häätäös  
Ja voitto meille tuo!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

## PUNASOTILASTEN MARSSI

Oma Sävel

Ees eespäin käy veikko  
punanen.

Voittoon näin käy tietä  
sankarten.

Sankarten, sankarten,  
tietä sankarten.

Lyö, lyö, lyö sä veikko  
ryysyinen!

Suur' on työ sull' eessä  
sankarten.

Sankarten, sankarten,  
eessä sankarten.

Vainoojas lyö julma  
valkoinen!

Ainootas sä puolla  
punainen!

Sankarten, sankarten,  
tiellä sankarten.

Käskee sua nyt muisto  
murhattuin.

Käskee mua ne valjennein  
nyt luin.

Sankarten, sankarten,  
tielle sankarten.

Kutsuu sua maa vaivaa  
voihkiva.

Kutsuu mua jok' ainoo  
oihkiva.

Sankarten, sankarten,  
tielle sankarten.



Kalleimpas käyt eestä  
taistellen.

Kalvallas on onni  
kansojen.

Sankarten, sankarten,  
tiellä sankarten.

Ees-eespäin siis urho  
ryysyinen.

Voittoon näin käy tietä  
sankarten.

Punainen, punainen,  
tiellä sankarten.

Kirj. Henkipatto.

## 18

## KÖYHÄLISTÖN KEVÄT

Mukaiutu

Nuotti: "When I'm gone you'll soon forget

Maasta hyisen talvivallan,  
kevät karkoittanut on;  
Poisti talven viimat, hallan,  
luonto taas on kahleeton.  
Kaikkialla kevään valta  
kukkiansa täällä suo;  
Kohoo ruusut nurmen alta,  
laineet lauleloa luo.

### KUORO

Syttyy riemut, rinta elää,  
Päivän valta täällä on;  
Luonnonkannel kaunis helää,  
Luonnonsyli verraton!  
Juhlii luonto, sylins' avaa,  
Tuntee nuorta, korkeaa.  
Kevätpäivät riemuin ravaa,  
Toivon kannel kajahtaa!

Työläisjoukko, kahleet sulla,  
mieli musta, sammunut;  
Pelkää pirttiis' päivä tulla,  
Siell' on kaikki kalvennut:  
Kuljet katse maata kohti,  
tielläs orjantappuraa;  
Yö sun kulkuasi johti  
turman syli aukeaa.

### KUORO

Talves murra, kahlees murra,  
Nosta pääsi vaipuneen!  
Ei nyt aikaa sulla surra,  
Kaikki kutsuu keväimeen.  
Herää eloon intomielin,  
Astu taistoon ylevään.  
Katso, aika kultakielin  
Helkkyi sulle yhtenään!

## 19

### BARRIKAADEILLA

Veikot, siskot barrikaadein luo!—  
Oi veljet meitä uhkaa vaino taas.  
Se kyllin monta uhria jo kaas!  
Nyt veljet koston säilät temmatkaa,  
Ja sitten rohkeasti kohti sortajaa!

Jaloe, suurta on taistella  
Nyt ihmisoikeudesta!  
Ei tykit meitä peloita,  
Ei raa'at sotajoukotkaan!  
—Ihana ensi taistelo,  
Oi veikot meitä oottaa jo.  
Luo barrikaadein käyköön tie;  
Meit' voittoon punalippu vie!

## VAPAUDEN MARTTYYRIT

Kirj. Kaarlo Terhi

Te kaaduitte uhreina vapauden,  
Te kannoitte lippua veljeyden,  
Te sorruitte urhojen lailla.  
Niinkauan kuin rinnat ne lämminnä lyö  
On muistonne kertova sankarityö,  
Vaikk' on hautanne patsasta vailla.

Nyt ilkkuvi kosto, ei sääliä näy  
Ja korpit ne räakkyen haaskalle käy,  
Verituomiot syytöntä ohjaa.  
Vain itku ja voihkina täyttävät maan  
Ja kuolevat kuihtuvat tuskissaan,  
Ei konnien riemulla rajaa.

Ah, turhako taistelu, päätötkö yö.  
Min vuoksi on uhrattu tuhanten työ  
Ja vuotanut veljen verta?  
Ei—uskomme kirkasna olkoon vaan  
Ja säilämme valmisna taistelemaan,  
Niin päivä on koittava kerta.

Verikylvöstä, maamme mi kastellut on,  
Kevättoukona nouseva aurinkohon  
On vapauden kultainen laiho.  
Ja urhojen haudalta haastavat luut  
Ja toivoja kuiskivat kumpujen puut  
Ja poistuvi mielistä kaiho.

Syvä aukko, min taistelurintamaan  
Löi sortajamahti, taas korvataan  
Tuhatvertaisin voimin nuorin.  
Ja kaikuvin lauluin ja pystyssä päin  
Vapauttaja-armeija rynnistäin  
Käy maalia kohden suorin.



Pian viimeinen hetki jo lyö kukaties,  
Siis valmisna! Paikalleen joka mies  
Ja voittoon tai kuolohon rinnan!  
Alas sortaja! Kunnia urhoillen!  
Emme pyydä vaan *vaadimme* vapauden.  
Me jo maksoimme kalliin hinnan.

## 21

### LAKKOLAISTEN MARSSI

Nuotti: "Napoleonin Marssi"

Työn orjat meill' suuri nyt taisto on, työ  
Kun vainojen vimmat niin vastaamme lyö.  
Mut eespäin nyt uljaasti, urheasti vaan  
Me riennämme joukkona taistelemaan!

#### KUORO

Kädet känsäiset kammeista irtaumaan,  
Ja koukkuinen selkä nyt suoristumaan!  
Kas, karkeaniskat kun lepohon käy,  
Pelastus ei silloin herroille näy.

Hikihelvetit, vankilat kammottavat,  
Nyt taistohon meitä jo kiiruhtavat;  
Ja tehtahat, myllyt ja uumenet maan,  
Sotatorvea käyvät jo kaiuttamaan.

Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.

Ken kuvailla voisi ne kyyneleet, ken  
Kuin vuodatti joukko tää sorrettujen!  
Ken hurmehen vuolaan sen kertoa voi,  
Kuin raatajain rinnoista riistäjät joi!

Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.

On aika jo murskata kahleiden vyö,  
On aika pois laasta tää saastojen yö.  
Vaikk' valta niin vankka meill vastassa on,  
On joukkovoima meill' murtumaton!

**Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.**

Meill' riistäjät ilkkuupi, ain' ilakoi,  
Mut yksikään pyörä ei pyöriä voi,  
Käsvarret kuin raatajain lepohon käy.  
—Kas, herroilla silloin ei herkkuja näy

**Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.**

Nyt joukkomme uljaasti eespäin vaan,  
Ja reippaasti rivimme taajentamaan!  
Kun yhteistunto meill' oppaana on,  
On orjien mahti näin voittamaton!

**Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.**

Nyt taistelun torvet ja pasunat soi!  
—Maan aartehet kaikki, ne työmme kun loi,  
Me varmasti kerran valloitetaan,  
Ja vapaaksi saamme tään orjien maan!

**Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.**

## 22

## SOIKOON TAISTON TAHTI

Nuotti: Kulkurin Valssi

En rikkaiden riemuksi laulelemaan  
Käy ratoksi riistäjille.  
Mä viritän viuluni köyhille vaan,  
Luon säkeeni kärsiville.  
Siis kaikukoon sävelten mahti,  
Vihan viuluni vinhasti soi!  
Ja soikohon taistojen tahti,  
Kuin orjat viel' nukkuvi, oi!

Soi viuluni sointuja sorrettujen,  
Tulisoihtua pimentoon luo;  
Sä sytytä liekkiä sydämeen sen  
Kuin sammutti kyynelten vuo!  
Oi, lietso sä eloa uutta  
Min uuvutti usvien tie;  
Luo intoa, toivehikkuutta,  
Tien oheen ken vaipunut lie!

Soi tehtaissa, myllyissä, uumeniss' maan  
Jo korpehen kolkkoonkin käy;  
Vie viestit sa mökkiinkin matalimpaan,  
Miss' riemua rintain ei näy!  
Siell' soittaos taistojen tahti,  
Viha suuri luo, sammumaton;  
Ja nostaos orjien mahti;  
Se voima on murtumaton!

En rikkaiden riemuksi laulella voi,  
En ratoksi raatajainkaan.  
Ei vienosti, helkkyen viuluni soi,  
Sorasointuja soittelen vaan.  
On säilän nyt säälitön aika  
Niin kauan kuin kestävi yö.  
Siis soikohon taistojen taika,  
Et vapaaksi pääsevi työ!

## 23

## PUNASENRISTIN TYTTÖ

Oma sävel

Sua muistelen impeni illoin,  
sua aattelen aamuisin.  
Ja kyynel se kiiltävi silloin,  
mure murtavi mielenikin.



Kera veljeis' sä taistohon kuljit,  
sota synkkä kun Suomessa soi.  
Käsivarsiisi silvotut suljit,  
olit huoltaja hellä sä, oi.

Kuin hengetär tarhoista taivaan,  
alas alhoon astunut maan.  
Niin loithan sa lohtua vaivaan,  
vihan jälkiä vaalit sä vaan.

Sua estänyt ei tuli tuima,  
et kammonut kuoloakaan.  
Kuss' soi sota hurja ja huima,  
liki lippua liikut sa vaan.

Veli vaivassa tai vihamiesi,  
ain' altis sa hoivaamaan.  
Joka kärsivän luo kävi tiesi,  
ohi mennyt et ainoankaan.

Mutt' kaikki, mi kaunista täällä,  
mikä suurta ja ylvästä on.  
Sitä sallita ei maan päällä,  
se on tuomittu turmioon.

Peto hirveä henkeäs vaani,  
susi valkoinen surmasi sun.  
Mutt' muistaen kalleimpaani,  
tie kostohon kulkevi mun.

Kirj. Henkipatto.

Nuotti: Vapaa Venäjä

Kalman kalvat kun päällämme uhkaa,  
 Vihan liekit ne leimuelee,  
 Sorto kylvää kun tulta ja tuhkaa;  
 Sydän arkaillen huokaelee:  
 Iki-loppumaton meillä eessäkö yö,  
 Vain turhaako taisto on ollut, toivo, työ?  
 Kalman kalvat j. n. e.

Alas pelko ja toivottomuus!  
 Ylös uhma ja urhollisuus!

Jo airut soittaa: yön päivä voittaa,  
 Huomenrusko jo hohtaapi uus!  
 :, Kautta yhteiskunnan  
 Ja sankarkunnon  
 Orjain saapuvi onnekkuus! :,

Viha, vaino vaikk' vastaamme ärjyy,  
 Petos, vilppi vaikk' peittääpi maan,  
 Veikot, siskotkin mierolla värjyy,  
 Orjan oikeus pilkkaa on vaan:  
 Epätoivoon me ei enää eksyä saa,  
 Äly, tieto ja kunto tien voittoon viitoittaa.  
 Viha, vaino j. n. e.

Taiston liekki vaan leimukohon!  
 Yhdy luokkasi unioon!

Lyö riiston pohjaan, käy onnes ohjaan;  
 Joukkovoima on murtumaton!  
 :, Ylös ylvähäisnä,  
 Käy pystypäissä  
 Nyt eespäin viime voittohon! :,

Nuotti: Varsovalainen

On helvetin voimat nyt valloillansa.  
Manalan mahti on irrallaan!  
Surma ja kuolema saalistansa  
Niittääpi kautta kaiken maan.  
—Taistelukentillä kanunat jyskää,  
Miekat ja sapelit salamoi,  
Kuulat ne vinkuu ja painetit ryskää,  
Saatanat ilkkuu ja ilakoi!

∴ Verinen taistelu, kurja ja katala  
Työläisjoukkoja teurastaa. ∴

Kirot ja kauhut nyt kaikkialla,  
Täyttänyt ompe kaiken maan;  
Miljonat orjat kahleiden alla  
Nääntyy, sortuu tuskissaan.  
—Tehtaissa, myllyissä, maan komeroissa  
Hikeä, vertamme vuotaapi,  
Kidutusluolissa, vankiloissa  
Veljemme, siskomme huokaapi.

∴ Taisteluun orjat, vapaustaistoon,  
Taisteluun raatajat, leespäin mars!

Silkki ja purppurat valmistaamme,  
Itse vain rääsyjä kannamme;  
Palatsit uhkeat rakennamme,  
Hökkelit kurjat on asuntomme.  
Lapsemme nääntyy, vaimomme kärsii—  
Herrat vain mässää ja hekumoi.  
Orjajoukot ne pettua järsii,  
Solmupiiska se selkään soi.

∴ Taisteluun orjat j. n. e.



Me lurjusten lupauksiin ei luota,  
Tyydy ei armopaloihin.  
Rosvoilta emme me apua vuota,  
Usko ei taivaankaan jumaliin—  
Me vaadimme kaiken, luonut kuin työmme,  
Joukkovoimin ne otamme.  
Riistäjäluokan maahan me lyömme,  
Sorrannon muurit murskaamme!

∴ Taisteluun orjat j. n. e.

Eespäin nyt raatajat, säilät soimaan,  
Taistelun kalpa heilumaan!  
Työläisjoukoissa mahti on, voima,  
Valloittakaamme aarteet maan!  
—Kostoa huutaa jo miljonain hauta  
Ja miljonat voihkii kuin kahleissaan.  
—Kostomme ompi: ei tulta, ei rauta,  
Vaan vapaaksi laskemme orjat me maan.

∴ Taisteluun orjat, vapaustaistoon,  
Taisteluun raatajat, eespäin mars!

## 26

## PUNALIPPU

On kansan lippu punanen,  
Se verhos' ruumiit marttyyrein;  
Mi verellään sen punasi,  
Ja taistoss' henkens' uhrasi.

### KUORO

Nyt lippu tää jo nostakaa  
Sen varjoss' elää, kuolla saa;  
Ei petost' siedä suojassaan,  
Eest' oikeuden se hulmuu.

Sen punaa Ranska rakastaa,  
Ja laulaa Saksa sen kunniaa;  
Sen hymnit holveis' Moskovon  
Ja Chicagoss' kuulet kaikuvaan.

Jo hulmusit kuin nuort' ol työ,  
Kun voiton toivon verhos' yö;  
Sä urhotöitä todistit  
Ja sillä väris' pyhitit.

Sä voitoistamme muistutat,  
Ja rauhan toivon julistat;  
Sä merkki ylväs, puhtoinen,  
Oot jaloimpien aatteiden.

Päät paljastain me vannotaan  
Se kuoloon saakka kannetaan;  
Tul' hirsipuut tai vankilat,  
Näin viime sanamme kaikuvat.

### KUORO

Nyt lippu tää jo nostakaa,  
Sen varjos' elää, kuolla saa;  
Ei petost' siedä suojassaan,  
Eest' oikeuden se hulmuu.

27

## ULJAS KEN USKALTA

Nuotti: Pohjanmeri

Kaunis on viileä kesäinen ilta,  
Tuulonen vieno kun henkäilee.  
Kaunis on lahdelma, sen sinisilta,  
Tähtöset taivaan kun välkkyelee.  
—Hiljaa kuin hiipien liitävi venho,  
Ahti kun armas nyt levätä suo;  
Rintaan saa riemua taikojen tenho,  
Vellamon neidot kun lumojaan luo.

Uljas on meri kun pauhaavat myrskyt,  
 Uljas ken uskaltaa pyörteisiin sen,  
 Lakkapäälaineet ja kuohuisat tyrskyt  
 Purteen kun iskevät ärjyellen.  
 Ahti kun raivoo ja taivahan pilviin  
 Syöksyvi tulta, kun salamat soi;  
 Kaukainen rantakaan siinnä ei silmiin—  
 —Uljas ken retkelle uskaltaa voi!

Kaunis lie liidellä lahdelman pintaa,  
 Kauniimpaa uskaltaa ulapalle.  
 Uljas on uhmata kuoleman hintaa,  
 Uljaampaa uhrata elämälle!  
 Henkeni hehku, oi, heräjä silloin  
 —Tyynnä et rauhassa levätä saa—  
 Myrskyn kun pyörteiss' on miljonat milloin;  
 Taistoa huutaa kun taivas ja maa!

## 28

### “JIPOJEN” MARSSI

(Omistettu purilapuun katkasijoille)

Nuotti: Porilaisten Marssi

Veikot, korpijääkärit,  
 Me metsämailla nautain lailla  
 Oomme ihmisarvoo vailla;  
 Raskaasti me raadetaan,  
 “Jipomalla” “pihkapuita” katkotaan.  
 Kilvan pojat ponnistaa:  
 Kirves paukkaa, jipo laukkaa,  
 “Piikkikurkku” puuta haukkaa.  
 Hiki vuotaa virtanaan,  
 Rääsyt jipon päällä iskee toisiaan.  
 Pokasaha on paras tuttavamme,  
 Tyhjä maha usein vieraanamme;  
 Kipeenä on lonkkaluut,  
 Jäsenetkin jäykistyy kuin pihkapuut.



Päivät kuin kilvan puuta hankaa,  
Vatsa selkärankaan kiinni takertuu;  
Näin jipon kruppi väärään koukistuu  
Niinkuin pokasahan käyrä jännepuu!

Aatos meill' on yhä vaan  
Pihkapuissa, vaikka luissa,  
Raajoissa niin kiusatuissa  
Rometiisi mojottaa,  
Jätkän jänteristä tarmon haihduttaa.  
Monta meill' on nylkijää:  
Syöpäläiset, sarvipäiset,  
Riistovallan nilviäiset;  
Jipo ei näe niitäkään,  
Kun pokasahan jauhot täyttää kurjan pään.  
"Kuuvalolla" kastelee kuin kaulaa,  
Kiivaammin se piikkikurkku laulaa;  
Huolta ois ei ollenkaan  
Päivänvalonkin kuin saisi jatkumaan.  
Kevät kun lämmin maille syttyy,  
Jipo kuhnepyttyyn luunsa laahustaa:  
Siell' mielin karvain muistella hän saa  
Kuin jipomalla pihkapuita katkootaan.

## 29

### TAISTELU MARSSI

Kirj. Vennu Kari

Oma nuotti

Rintamaan, rintamaan!  
Rientäkääte rintamaan  
Vanhat, nuoret,  
Heittäkääte arkihuolet  
Empimättä huomeneen.  
Taistoon tuttu airut soittaa,  
Päivä kuuma koittaa.

Laulakaa, laulakaa,  
Laulu uljas laulakaa!  
Taiston taika  
Veikko kuule:  
Nyt on aika  
Valta väärä lannistaa.  
Sorto, riisto päättään nostaa,  
Taistellen aijomme kostaa.

Taistelkaa, taistelkaa,  
Tuimasti nyt taistelkaa  
Väell' vimman  
Katso kuinka  
Kaikki rinnan  
Riistoo vastaan rynnistää!  
Asettansa kukin käyttää,  
Vihaa, voimaa, taitoo näyttää.

Iskekää, iskekää  
Kaikin voimin iskekää.  
Jumal'auta!  
Kierous, koiruus  
Nyt ei auta;  
Siksi riemun päivä tää,  
Herrasvalta surman saakoon,  
Tuoni sille turman taatkoon.

30

## RINTAMAAN

Nuotti: Barrikaadeilla

Palkkaorjat käykää rintamaan!  
Oi, kuulkaa kuinka kahleen kalske soi!  
Oi, kuulkaa! valjut vangit vaikeroi!  
Nyt tarttukaa jo taiston tapparaan  
Ja yhteisvoimin iskekää jo sortajaan!

Tarmoa kun on ja kuntoa,  
Meill' orjain luokkatuntoa,  
Niin kautta suuren union  
Me käymme viime voittohon.  
Uljasta ompi uhrata  
Kun luottaa oikeuteensa.  
Tää olkoon yhteistunnustus:  
Nyt voittoon valo, vapaus!

Palkkaorjat viime rynnäkköön!  
Nyt taiston hetki meill' on verraton,  
Siis joukko uljas, ollos pelvoton!  
—Suur' eessä sulla ompi sankartyö.  
Nyt yhteisvoimin alas sortovalta lyö!  
Tarmoa kun on j. n. e.

## 31 HALKOMIESTEN LAKKOLAULU

Kirj. Tolari

Sävel: "Vannokaamme vala" j. n. e.

Terve, toverjoukko, taiston tullen taas!  
Metsää niinkuin kortta kirvehenne kaas.  
Tulkaa tupakalle  
uskoin urakalle,  
hetken hengähdys,  
Seljän suorennus.

Halvan halkomiehen kätten känsät saa  
kauniin kotilieden ylhäisille,—jaa!  
Pakkanen kun paukkuu  
koirat meille haukkuu;  
kotiliedelle  
istahdatte te!



“Koti” meill’ on kurja, kolkko kämppä tää.  
“Kunnonkansalaiset” meille virnistää:

rentut, repaleiset,  
ahvenhartiaiset,  
partanaamaiset  
metsäjätkät, te!

—Palkaksenne riittää rievut päällemme,  
jätteet pilaantuneet ravinnoksemme;  
punkat vuoteeksemme,  
syöjät seuraksemme;  
Sielun ravinto  
roskankerronto.

Järjestyttään veljet yhteen unioon,  
itse ohjat ottain työmme tuotantoon!  
Silloin sortajamme,  
rosvot, riistäjämme  
eivät virnistä  
halkojätkälle!

Silloin elämämme itse ohjataan.  
Tositovereina silloin kohdataan  
toinen toisiamme,  
kooten voimiamme  
kun yhteiskunnassa  
*työ on herrana.*

## 32

## RINTAMALLE LÄHTEISSÄ

(Saapunut Suomesta)

Oma sävel

Oi veljet orjat osattomat,  
Työläisjoukot nälkäiset;  
Meill’ kodit kylmät, vuoteet kovat,  
On vaattehemme ryysyiset.  
Ain’ asti kehdest’ elämämme

On ollut taistelua vaan;  
kun konnat halvat riistäjämme  
Ohjaksissa ovat maan.  
Yks' tie vaan meillä: taistelun  
Mi johtaa viime voittohon.  
—Siis eespäin eespäin rynnätkää  
Vasten tykkein jyrinää!

Oi veljet, orjat osattomat,  
Vala tää nyt vannokaa:  
Vaikk' eessä taistot tuimat, kovat  
Varmasti me voitetaan!  
Käs' käymään miekkaan, kiväriin  
Ja vasten sortajaamme vaan,  
Kunnes vaipuu verihin  
Tuo julma jääkär' armeija?  
Yks' tie vaan meillä: taistelun,  
Mi johtaa viime voittohon.  
—Siis eespäin, eespäin rynnätkää  
Vasten tykkein jyrinää!

### 33

## KAIVANTOLAULU

Kirj. Tolari  
(Oma sävel)

Rotko niin harmaa on välissä vuorten  
siel' kaivannon aukko mull' ammottavi.  
Sinne näät rientävän vanhain ja nuorten,  
vaikk' ainainen yö siellä kammottavi.

Terästä tuhansisäkeinen siima  
se rullaltaan juosten pois päivästä vie.  
Sekunnin siintää kuin valkea liina,  
kaivantoaukosta päivähän tie.

Alhaall' on kosteus, kaameat holvit,  
ään' tunneliin tultua kajahtelee;  
auk' aina auliisti tuonelan portit,  
kun latingit laueten räjähtelee...

Tunnelit löyhkäen tuonelan tuskaa  
syvyyden aarteille uhrinsa saa.  
Moottori malmia aukolle kuskaa;  
hikoillen raataja huoahtaa.

Moukarit mätkivät lohkojen laitaan,  
lapiot liukkaasti heilahtelee;  
höyry ja helmet saa punervan paitaan,  
sydän rinnassa riehuen sykähtelee.

Sähköt ne kiiluu kuin vaanivat silmät  
henkien hornasta manattu ois;  
kallion lohkarten särjetyt särmät  
pään päällä irvistäin ilkkua vois.

Työstä saat palkan sa manalan orja,  
kankeat raajas me murskaamme, haa!  
Aikas sun joutuu, ah, kiirehdi kurja,  
rakkaasi paareilla nähdä sun saa.

Vuori se seisoo kuin iäisyys harmaa,  
orjat sen syömmehen reikiä lyö.  
Ruhjotut ruumiit pois kiireellä kantaa  
ja uudelleen alkaa taas tarmokas työ.

Sen häpeän saada sais saalihin saajat,  
mi palkka on työstänsä raatajalle.  
Manalan orja! Oi milloin sa tiedät  
sun häpeäs viskata sortajalle?



## TAISTOHON KÄYMME

Nuotti: "Kotihin Käymme"

Taistoon nyt käymme, kas tiedämme johtaa  
Punainen lippumme tahraamaton.  
Matkalla vaikka meit' vastukset kohtaa,  
Kerran on voimamme murtumaton.

Taistelun tuulet kun purjeemme täyttää,  
Eespäin me uljaasti uskallamme;  
Vastukset vaaroilta vaikkakin näyttää—  
Myrskyt vain kiiruhtaa voittoamme.

Yhteisin voimin vain voimme me voittaa.  
—Raukka se oisi ken syrjään nyt jää.  
Toverit, taistelun torvet jo soittaa.—  
Työn tasavalta on matkamme pää.

Tieto ja kunto on avain, on portti,  
Orjat mi onnehen vihdoin viel' vie.  
Hanki jo itselles I. W. W:n kortti,  
Siellä on taiston, myös voitonkin tie!

—A. M.

## NOUSKAA TYÖLÄISJOUKOT

Nuotti: "Nouskaa lapset Väinön kansan j. n. e.

Nouskaa, nouskaa työläisjoukot;  
Nouskaa mahti suurin maan!  
Pois jo syöskää surman loukot,  
Päivä pääsköön paistamaan!

Kauan oomme kahlehisssa,  
Haavemailla harhailleet;  
Usvan teillä, uuvuksissa  
Kauhun taakkaa kantaneet.

Nouse sisko, nouse veikko,  
Oikeuttas vaatimaan!  
Yksin ollen oot kuin heikko,  
Riennä yhteisrintamaan!

Riennä, riennä lippus juureen,  
Luokse viirin vainotun;  
Luokkaunioon käy suureen,  
Siell' on toivo sorretun!

Säälimättä kalskuu kalvat,  
Vihan vimmat meitä lyö.  
Alas vainoojamme halvat!  
Nouskaa orjat!—Ylös Työ!

## 36

## AJAN LAULU

Nuotti: Työväen Marssi

Nyt aika meill' on myrskyjen  
Ja kauhun, kahlevöiden  
Myös toivon aika, aatteiden,  
Ja suurten sankartöiden.  
Jos joskus myrsky vaimentaa,  
Myös uutta elon toimintaa  
::: Ja tarmoa se kasvattaa. :::

On aika synkän sorron yön  
Ja rikkaan riistoretken;  
Myös aika orjain yhteistyön  
Ja halpaimen huomenhetken.  
Jos yksi kaatuu, monta jää;  
He uljaammin vaan rynnistää,  
::: Ees joukkovoimain ennättää! :::

Vaikk' monta saatu katkeraa  
On myrkkymaljaa niellä,  
Ei vankilatkaan vaientaa  
Voi ajan aatekieltä.  
Miss' iskee kalpa hurmeinen,  
Siell' lippu kohoo taistojen,  
:: Ja syttyy syömmet orjien! ::

On aika käydä taistohon,  
Sun sankarkuntos näyttää,  
On aika rientää voittohon,  
Suur' kutsumukses täyttää!  
Ja aika laulaa:—Eläköön!  
Työn mahti suuri, Eläköön!

## 37

### TYÖN JÄTTILÄINEN

Nuotti: Suuri idän kansa

Oot voiman Jättiläinen  
Työ suuri, tuhatpäinen;  
Käsvarsillasi, hartioillas lepää koko maa!  
Sä Herkules oot suuri, ylväs,  
Yhteiskunnan peruspylväs;  
Voimas, neros mahtavuutta kaikki todistaa.

Sä aaltojen oot Ahti,  
Oot valtamerten vahti,  
Ja korven, metsän, erämaankin kuulu kuningas.  
Vuoret, rotkot, kukkulatkin,  
Virrat, kosket kuohuvatkin,  
Lauhkeaksi lannistat sä käsivarsillas.

Voit linnun teitä liittää,  
Voit avaruuksiin kiittää;  
Sä tutkit taivaan tähtiyöt kuin kämmeneltäs vaan.  
Valosoihdut luot sä yöhön,  
Hohtokivet helmivyöhön;  
Salamana äänes lentää yli koko maan!



Kun luomakuntaa suurta,  
Sen pohdit perusjuurta,  
Tuhatvuoden ongelmat sä ratkot, julki tuot.  
Kun sä tutkit syyt niin syvät,  
Kuonastakin kultajyvät,  
Tieteen jalon temppelissä lumoillasi luot.

On suuri sulla voima,  
Sä aikain aateloima;  
Sun eessäs taivaan jumalatkin maassa mataavat.  
Sä särjet vanhan, luot sä uuden,  
Varalta jo vastaisuuden,  
Aikakautten aartehtia ylös nostatat.

Oot elon suurin suoja,  
Oot arvon mitta, luoja.  
Käskystäsi pyörät kaikki pyöräi—seisahtaa.  
Sun eessäs raharuhtinaatkin,  
Taipuu, kultakuninkaatkin;  
Valtain muurit rakennat, myös voit ne kukistaa!

Oi, suuri jättiläinen,  
Sä tarun Lemminkäinen,  
Miksi vielä madon lailla maassa matelet?  
Voit kun nousta kukkuloille,  
Elon kultavainioille,  
Miksi rotkon pimennoissa yhä huokailet?

Oi, miksi sorrut öihin,  
Kun voit sä pyhättöihin,  
Valon aarretemppeleihin sisään astua?  
Miksi voihkit kahlehisssa  
Kuin jo maassa, taivahissa,  
Luonnon suuret voimalähteetkin voit hallita?

On koittanut jo aika,  
Sun suuri voimas taika,  
Jo irti päästä ikehestä, iske, iske, lyö!  
Iske kauhun kahlevyöhön,  
Iske mustaan sorron yöhön,  
Vapaaksi jo jättiläinen, nouse, suuri Työ!

Käy eespäin, väki voimakas!  
 Äl' orjajoukko halpa  
 täst'alkain ole, tarmollas  
 sä särje tieltäs salpa!  
 Mink' kuntos keksii, kirvees lyö,  
 se olkoon vapauden työ,

∴ jonk' eestä poistuu sorron yö! ∴

Nyt vapauden aika on  
 jo tullut meille jalo,  
 ja vihdoin vievät voittohon  
 meit' toimi, taito, valo.  
 Se toim' on meille olemus,  
 ja taito se ja valkeus

∴ on hengestämme heijastus. ∴

Ja auttain näiden avujen  
 tiell' oikeen vapauden  
 me voimme voittaa veljeyden  
 ja tasa-arvoisuuden.  
 Ei riento täällä turha lie,  
 Kun ainoastaan tää on tie,

∴ jok' kansat kunniahan vie. ∴

Työ käsiemme, hengenkin  
 siis ylevää on työtä;  
 työ tehty kourin jäntevin  
 voi poistaa hengen yötä.  
 Tok' kunnian ei halu vaan  
 saa meitä työhön, toimintaan,

∴ mut' myöskin onni kansojen. ∴

—Tuokko

## ORJAN POLKU

Nuotti: "Orjan Kevät"

Vaivoin jatkaa, orja matkaa elon tään,  
 Alla vimman, vihaisimman myrskysään;  
 Kärsimysten taakan alla taivaltain,  
 Elon huolet, puutteen puolet, ahdistain.

Kurjuus suuri, sorron muuri aina on  
 Eessä meillä, elon teillä, onneton.  
 Kautta kolkon korpimaan vaan varjotun,  
 Polku kulku, surut sulkee, sorretun.

Konsa koittaa, valo voittaa synkän yön;  
 Päivyt saapi, pirstoaapi kahlevyön:  
 Että heelmät, kypsyneemmät korjattais;  
 Miehet naiset, raatavaiset onnen sais!

Joukkotoimin, yhteisvoimin murretaan  
 Kahleraudat, ansat paulat katkotaan.  
 Nouskaa ojat!—Polku uusi raivatkaa.  
 Maahan loiset, kaikenmoiset, tallatkaa!

Ylös halvat, taiston kalvat kalskumaan!  
 Eespäin vankka, joukko sankka marssimaan!  
 Kautta maiden kuuluu kutsut: rynnätkää!  
 Valon teille, autereille, rientäkää!

## TUONELAN OVELLA

punakaartilainen päivää ennen mestaustaan.)  
 punakaartilainen päivää ennen mestausta.)

Nyt halki ilman kuolon kellot hiljaa kumajaa,  
 Kun tuonen viikate se niittää täällä saalistaan.  
 Nyt murhe raskas murtaa, se rintaa raatelee,  
 Ja tuonen tietä viitoittaa vain tuskan kyöneleet.

Oi, älä itke armainen äiti sun poikaasi,  
 Vaikk' rinnaltas on riistetty sun ainut turvasi!  
 Sä huoles heitä huomiseen, ne peitä unholaan.  
 Oi, muista poikas levossa nyt ompi alla maan!



Hyvästi nuoruustoverit mi harhain kuljette  
Ja unelmoiden haaveisiin kun vielä uskotte!  
Ei tiedä kenkään hetkeä milloinka surma lyö,  
Nää haipyy elon unelmat ja aukee tuonen yö!

Hyvästi nyt myös jätän sun mun oma armaani,  
Sä eläissäni olit mun kallehin aarteeni!  
Sä rintaani loit autioon kukkia keväimen,  
Ne muistona nyt mulla on matkalla viimeiseen.

On kumpu metsän laidassa, siellä ma lepäjän,  
Ja hongat siellä virittää mulle vaan virsiään;  
Ei myrskyt untain häiritse, mun öistä rauhaani,  
Ei siunausta kaipaja mun tomumajani.

Kun armaani sä kuulla saat mun kuolemastani,  
Ja tiedät missä sijaitsee mun lepopaikkani:  
Niin ruusu veripunainen istuta haudallein,  
Se luopi siellä kukkia muistoksi aatteillein.

Kun kevät lämmin herättää kukkia kummulle,  
Ne silloin huokaa puolestain, sinulle laulelee:  
Tässä alttari on kärsineen ja hautaan vaipuneen,  
Jo kyynelhelmet kukatkin vuodattaa kaihoten!

## 41

## AIKOJEN TOIVO

(Hope of the Ages)

Mukailtu suom.

Edistyksen tielle te salvat,  
Sulut laitatte ympäri maan;  
Mut muistakaa konnat te halvat:  
Virta eespäin tää ryntääpi vaan  
—Jos joskus se seisovan näyttää,  
Sitä kiivaampi kulku taas on;  
Mahtivoimia tulva kun käyttää,  
Syöksee teidätkin turmioon.

**Taiston lippumme liehuupi vaan.  
Käymme teille vain uhmailemaan.  
Taisto meidän on aikojen taisto,  
Toivo meidän on maailman!**

Vaikk' vastassa meillä vain vaino,  
Valtaluokka niin mahtava on:  
Kuta raskaampi kahleiden paino  
Sitä tuimemmin taistelohon.  
Voiton varmuus meill' voimia antaa,  
Intomieltä se rintaamme saa:  
Pilvet häipyä ja taivahan rantaa  
Punahohteet käy purppuroimaan.

**Taiston lippumme j. n. e.**

Vaikka vaellamme elomme teitä  
Hajoitettuna ympäri maan,  
Yhteisymmärrys yhdistää meitä,  
Yksi tahti on taistossa vaan.  
—Samat kahleet, vaikk' kuljemme kunne,  
Sama sorto ja myrskyjen sää—  
Sama meillä myös luokkamme tunne,  
Sama pyrkimys—matkamme pää.

**Taiston lippumme j. n. e.**

Vaikka paljon on kärsiä saatu,  
Huomenkoitto vaikk' aina ei näy,  
Tuhatmäärin vaikk' taistossa kaatuu,  
Uudet urhot ain' aseisiin käy!  
—Vapaus suuri, kallis—sen vaisto,  
Lipun alle ain' joukkoja saa.—  
Taisto meidän on aikojen taisto,  
Voitto meidän on maailman!

**Taiston lippumme j. n. e.**





JOE HILL



## JOE HILL

Oma sävel

Et kahleissakaan kalvennut,  
et konsaan vaikeroinut.  
Et vaivoissakaan vaimennut.  
ei tyrmässäkään tauonnut  
sun sielus sävelsoinnut.  
Viel' sittenkin vaikk' silvottiin  
sun rintas, laulus helää.  
Ne syttää orjain sydämiin,  
luo intomieltä miljooniin—  
—Niiss' sankarmuistos elää.

## 42 ÄLKÄÄ MUN ISÄÄNI VIEKÖ POIS

Joe Hill

Mökissä, takana merien,  
Kera isänsä armahan  
Asuvi tyttönen pienoinen,  
Äiti viety on hautahan.  
Syttyvi sota nyt hirmuinen,  
Sinne isä myös kutsun saa;  
Ja lapsonen arka,  
Pien orpo parka  
Nyt itkien vaikertaa:

### KUORO

Älkää, oi älkää mun isääni  
Ottako minulta pois;  
Haudassa makaa jo äitini,  
Turvana ken mulle ois!  
Kanssani mun kuka leikkisi,  
Lohtua suruuni tois?  
Älkää, oi älkää mun isääni  
Ottako minulta pois!

Turhaa ol' rukous tyttösen,  
 Isä sotahan raastettiin;  
 Nähnyt ei lastansa jällehen,  
 Hänet sodassa surmattiin.  
 Uljaana kesti hän vaivat muut,  
 Mutt' tuskan häll' rintahan  
 Toi kaukainen tuuli,  
 Hän kuollessaan kuuli  
 Viel' lapsosen vaikertavan:  
 Älkää, oi, älkää mun isääni j. n. e.

## 43

## NAISET TAISTOON

Nuotti: "Vaikka oonkin paimenpoika"

Työläisnaiset, siskot armaat,  
 Jotka vielä uinuvat,  
 Katsokaa) kuin pojat parhaat  
 Vankiloissa kuihtuvat.

Katsokaa kuin kauheasti  
 Veljiämme piinataan.  
 Käykää joukoin, joutuisasti  
 Vankiluolat aukomaan!

Nainen, sinä kohdustasi  
 Ihmiskunnan synnytit,  
 Kansain urhot uljaimmatkin,  
 Povessasi kantelit.

Työläisnainen, sorron alle,  
 Ellös orjaks' enää jää.  
 Astu uljaast' arenalle  
 Missä taisto temmeltää!

Äidit, siskot raatavaiset,  
 Taiston säilät temmatkaa;  
 Sortajanne halpamaiset  
 Maahan kaikki tallatkaa!

Naiset, siskot, tarmoin, toimin  
Käykää taiston tuoksinaan,  
Miesten kanssa yhteisvoimin  
Uutta aikaa alkamaan!

44

## HUOMENKELLOT

Nuotti: The Rebel Girl

Halki ilmojen säveleet liittää,  
Laulu raikas kun raatajain soi!  
Yli maiden mainingit kiittää:  
Kohta koittaapi huomen koi!  
Viime taisto nyt parhaillaan pauhaa;  
Armeijamme jo apua saa.  
Kohta onnea orjain ja rauhaa  
Julistaapi maa!

## KUORO

Huomenkellot soi! huomenkellot soi!  
Punahohteet jo taivahan purppuroi.  
Hämäryyksien häipyvi yö,  
Ajan alhosta nousee työ.  
Vielä hetken vaan  
Käyös kamppailemaan,  
Päivän nousua Kiiruhtamaan!  
Suur' kutsumus on vapaus,  
Orjilla maan!

Lailla ärjyvän, kuohuisan kosken  
Pohjajoukot jo rynnistävät;  
Monen vainotun, valjunkin, posken  
Värit innon nyt värjäilevät;  
Tulta sähköyypi silmien liesi,  
Rinta riehkuen sykkäilee,  
Taiston tahdiss' kun nainen ja miesi  
Rinnan astelee.



Huomenkellot soi! huomenkellot soi!  
Punahohteet jo taivahan purppuroi.  
Hämäryyksien häipyvi yö,  
Ajan alhosta nousevi työ.  
Vielä hetken vaan  
Käyös kamppailemaan,  
Päivän nousua kiiruhtamaan!  
Suur' kutsumus on vapaus,  
Orjilla maan!

45

## SORTOVALTA

Mukaill. M. Walkonen

Nuotti: "Titanikin Haaksirikko"

Nyt sortovalta sotajuonin meitä vainoaa,  
Luokkalait ja tuomiot vastaamme raivoaa.  
He sulkee meitä tyrmihin nimessä vapauden,  
Siksi että toimimme eest' ihmisoikeuden.

Vaikk' linnain kolkot komerot ne meitä odottaa,  
Niin rohkeutta taisteluhun ei saa kadottaa.  
Sota-uhriks' sortajien ei me taivuta,  
Luokkaveljein murhaajiksi ei me vaivuta.

Jos työläisveljein, siskoin voimat yhteen koottu ois,,  
Ja solidarisuuden sävel kaikkialla sois',  
Pian silloin valta vainoojaimme maahan murskattais,  
Me vapauden valkamilla kaikin vaellettais.

Ei pisaraakaan vertamme he silloin vuodattais,  
Ei haisevissa helveteissä meitä piinattais;  
Ei ikeen alla, kahleiden työnorjat vaikerois,  
Kun vallan ylvään kukkuloilta sorto syöstäis pois.

Jo työläisjoukko mahtava käy voimaas käyttämään,  
Käy tosi-toimin tehtäväs innolla täyttämään.  
Nyt vapauden taisteluun jo aika kiiruhtaa,  
Jo sortovalta tyranneiden maahan tallatkaa!

.. Nuotti: "Kas liehuvi lippu" j. n. e.

Nyt työläinen tiesi kulkee tyrmään  
Ja kalman kalvat päämme päällä soivat!  
Nyt miljonat surmataa, veri pärskyä  
Ja nerot vankiloissa vaikeroivat!  
Nyt virkavalta mahdollaan kaikk' kansat uuvuttaa;  
Vaimot, lapset kärsivät, he nälkään kuolla saa;  
Ja valtuuden hurjat ilakoivat!

On tuhannet vuodet jo saatu kulkea  
Me sorron ja kärsimysten teillä;  
On helvetin liekeillä saatu narrata  
Meit', jumalilla sekä perkeleillä.  
Kun kirkko pyytää suojelusta murha-aseille  
Ja kapitaalın kauhealle riistomahdille,  
Vain teuras-karjan osa ollut meillä!

Jo murskaa sä orja nää murhalaitokset;  
Sä ylös nouse kahleiden jo alta!  
Jo pirstaleiksi särje sä riisto asehet,  
Ja maahan lyö jo koko hirmuvalta!  
Kärsimysten lävitsekin iske sortajaan;  
Yhteen suureen unioon jo yhdy toimintaan,  
Ja vankityrmään sortajasi salpaa!

Nuotti: "Kuullos pyhä vala" j. n. e.

Kuullos kuinka torvet  
Soi ja pasunat,  
Kaikuu arot korvet,  
Meille huutavat:

**∴ Astu arenalle,  
Taiston tantereelle,  
Eespäin marssikaa  
Vasten sortajaa! ∴**

Vihollinen vankka  
Vaikka eessä on,  
Työläisjoukko sankka  
Ollos pelvoton!

**∴ Eespäin miljonaiset,  
Miehet sekä naiset;  
Riviin rientäkää,  
Vasten Riistäjää! ∴**

Ylös orjat halvat,  
ylös raatajat!  
Temmatkaa jo kalvat,  
Taiston tapparat.

**∴ Tunnussana meillä  
Olkoon, kärsineillä:  
Eespäin voittohon  
Taikka kuolohon! ∴**

Astu arenalle,  
Uljaast' rynnätkää,  
Ettei sorron alle  
Kenkään meistä jää.

**∴ Yhteisvoimin voittoon,  
Vapauden koittoon!  
Raukka vaan se ois  
Ken nyt jäisi pois! ∴**



## "TÄYSI KÄSI"

Nuotti: "Tramp, tramp, tramp"

"Lisääntykää, täyttäkää  
Maa, et tyhjäksi ei se jää."  
Näin sana raamatun meillä kertoella ties.  
—Ol' hurskas mies tuo Kaapro kai,  
Hän Luojan käskyn täytti—nai—  
Ja Kaapro on nyt Kaisan kallis aviomies.

Täysi, täysi käsi täällä  
Vaikk' on yli koko maan,  
Niin kumma on tuo luomistyö:  
Olkoon päivä taikka yö,  
Se päättyvän vaan ei näy konsanaan.

Vierii vuodet vitkalleen,  
Kaapro yhä Kaisoineen,  
He maata täyttämään vaan yhä kiirehtää.  
Kun perheen luku on jo kuus  
Ja joka vuosi saapuu uus,  
Näin he heitä nyt jo aina tervehtää:

Täysi, täysi käsi täällä,  
Ei lisää enää tarvis ois;  
On liikaakin jo lukua  
Moista köyhää sukua!  
Ken enempää heitä elätellä vois?

Työn raadanta ja huolet saa  
Jo perheen päästä vaimentaa,  
Ja selkäkin käy Kaaprolla jo kumaraan.  
On haihtunut kun nuorekkuus,  
Käsvarsiansa tarmokkuus,  
Näin tehtaan pomokin käy hälle karjumaan:

Täysi, täysi käsi täällä,  
Pois jo korjaa kurjat luus!  
Oot vanha, raihnas raatamaan,  
Jo joudat vaikka kuolemaan,  
Kun haihtunut on sulta tarmo, tehokkuus!

—Oon leiviskäni käyttänyt,  
Oon kyllin maata täyttänyt;  
Oi, mitäs muuta multa vielä vaaditaan!  
Vaan tehtaat, myllyt kiertämään,  
Kun käy hän työtä etsimään,  
Niin kaikkialla näin vaan hälle vastataan:

Täysi, täysi käsi täällä,  
Pois jo korjaa j. n. e.

Näin nyt Kaapro, Kaisa saa  
Vaivaistaloon tallustaa;  
On luomisheelmät heillä kaikki mukanaan.  
Vaan kauhuansa kuvata,  
Mun mahdoton on kertoa,  
Kun sielläkin näin heille vastaan huudetaan:

Täysi, täysi käsi j. n. e.

Vihdoin heidät kuolo vei  
Sinne, missä konsaan ei,  
Viel' täysi käsi ole ollut milloinkaan.  
He liiaksi kai täällä loi,  
Viel' kuollessaankin korviin soi  
Ääni katkera näin käypi kaikumaan:

Täysi, täysi käsi täällä.  
Pois jo korjaa kurjat luus!  
Oot vanha, raihnas raatamaan,  
Jo joudat vaikka kuolemaan,  
Kun haihtunut on sulta tarmo, tehokkuus!

**JOE HILLIN TESTAMENTTI**

Joe Hill

Suom. Untamo. (Sävel: Punalippu)

“Viime tahtoni helppo on kirjoittaa,  
 Ei jäänyt jälkeeni jaettavaa.  
 Mun omaisen' ei surra saa,  
 Ei kiveen pyörivään tartu maa.”

**KUORO**

Mars eespäin joukko mahtava  
 Työn järjestäin yli maailman.  
 Joe Hillin muisto hulmuu,  
 Se taistoon meitä innostaa.

“Mun ruumiin, ah' jos toivoa saa  
 Sen voisi tuhkaksi jauhattaa.  
 Ja kevään lempeä tuulonen  
 Sen veisi laaksoihin kukkasten.”

“Voisi lakastunut kukka taas  
 Herätä eloon ja kukoistaa.  
 Tää on mun viime toivoni,  
 Onnea kaikille! Joe Hill.”

**SODAN PILVET**

Nuotti: Hankoniemen silmä

Tummat öiset varjot taas taivaan verhoaa,  
 Ja valon säteet vaipuu vaipan alle;  
 Pimennoista peikot ne ulos kiiruhtaa,  
 Suitsuttamaan surman ruhtinaalle.  
 Jo idän rantamilla taas pauhaa, myllertää,  
 Ja yli maiden uhkaa taas hurja verisää;  
 Uhreja jo kutsuin kuolemalle.



Nuo haavat syvät, julmat, vaikk' auki ammuttaa,  
 Kun kalman kalvat äsken meihin löivät;  
 Ja hurmevirrat vuolaat viel' maata kostuttaa,  
 Kun miljonat he teurahaksi möivät:  
 Taas haaska-haukat riehuu ja uhkaa turmioon  
 Me syöstä, surman suuhun veriseen karkeloon:  
 He kilvan miekkojaan jo mittelöivät!

Kauanko, oi orjat me moista sallitaan,  
 Me kuljemme vaan teuraskarjan lailla?  
 Kauanko me kanunain ruokaa oomme vaan,  
 Ihmisarvoo, oikeutta vailla?  
 Milloinka, oi, loppuu tää syksyn synkkä yö,  
 Nuo häipyvät mustat pilvet ja huomenkello lyö!  
 —Me vaellamme vapauden mailla!

Ain' läpi tuhatvuotten me oomme vaeltanut,  
 Vain päällä hurmekentän ruskeen pinnan;  
 Minn' sodan veri-kalpa ei aina kantanut,  
 Siell' nälkä, rutto, ruoska ruhjoi rinnan!  
 Jos vapaus ain' vaatii vain verta, elämää—  
 Oi orjat, eikö täysi jo ole mitta tää!  
 —Me maksoimme jo hinnan kallihimman!

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## HERRA PÖLKKYPÄÄ

Nuotti: "Casey Jones"

Hän raataja on arvoltaan, on orja niinkuin muut,  
 On kruppinsakin kuihtunut, on jäykistyneet luut  
 Mut mieli hällä ylväs on, on käytös ylpeä,  
 Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkipää.

Pölkkipää—senhän kaikki tietää,  
 Pölkkipää, vaikka ihminen,  
 Pölkkipää, hän iskujakin sietää,  
 Aasi kun hän ompelee kaksijalkainen.

Missä hällä aivot lie—niit tuskin ollenkaan—  
Ei järkeä vaan käyttämään hän kyennyt millcinkaan  
Miksi hänet luotihin, se arvoitukseks' jää,  
Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkypää.

Pölkkypää, miksi sinut luotiin?  
Pölkkypää, sä suuri arvoitus—  
Pölkkypää, miks' housut sulle suotiin?  
Oot kehnoimmasta luomistyöstä todistus!

Hän tyytyväisnä raataa ain, ei koskaan kapinoi.  
Hän pyrkii "tuppein" tuttavaks', pomoilte pokkuroi;  
Ja liukkahalla kielellään heit' nuolee—livertää,  
Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkypää.

Pölkkypää, sä olet jukolauta!  
Pölkkypää, vaan suuri arvoitus.  
Pölkkypää, sä halpamainen nauta,  
Oot kehnoimmasta luomistyöstä todistus.

Hän miljonista uneksii ja laskee lanttejaan:  
—Kun vuoden, pari, raatanen niin tuhannen jo saan.  
Hän puskee, pukkaa hiessäpäin ja vyötään kiristää,  
Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkypää.

Pölkkypää, sä rikkahana kuolet,  
Pölkkypää, sä suuri tolvana.  
Pölkkypää, jos vaan kestää suolet  
Niin tuhatvuoden päästä sull' on miljoona!

Luokkataisto, "tuplajuu" on hälle kauhistus,  
Tää järjestelmä herttainen on Luojan sallimus.  
—Jos ootte köyhä itseänne siitä syyttäkää—  
Moinen uskontunnustus on Pölkkypään.

Pölkkypää, sa olet kurjin orja,  
Pölkkypää, sä suuri kirous!  
Pölkkypää, kun kuolo sinut korjaa  
Niin helvetissäkin sä olet kummitus!

Työpäivä kymmentuntinen häll' liian lyhyt on  
Ja palkka kaksitaalanen se ompi verraton.  
Ain' rikkahitten vastukset ne häntä säälistää,  
Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkipää.

Pölkkipää, sä olet niinkuin sika;  
Pölkkipää, sä suuri tomppeli.  
Pölkkipää, missä lieenee vika  
Kun ei Luoja luonut sua "miuliksi?"

Työlakoissa hän rikkurina aina tunnetaan,  
Hurtaksi ja karvajalaks' usein mainitaan.  
Ei neuvot, haukkumisetkaan voi häntä kehittää,  
Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkipää.

Pölkkipää, hän kurja karvakoipi,  
Pölkkipää, on vaiva suuri maan.  
Pölkkipää, vaikka ruoska soipi,  
Hän rypee aina törkeässä saastassaan.

Kun vihdoin kurja kruppinsa maan alle kuopataan  
Ja musta sieluparkansa kun jättää maan,  
Niin pirut varmaan ilomielin häntä tervehtää,  
Hän kun aina ollut on vain Pölkkipää.

Pölkkipää, kun peittää sinut multa—  
Pölkkipää—Hyvästi nyt vaan!  
Pölkkipää, paras työ on sulta  
Kun menet vertaistesi tykö paistumaan!

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## SISKOILLE

Nuotti: "Red Wing"

Jo kuuluu kautta maan  
Tää huuto: Rintamaan  
Sä käyös nainen raatavainen,  
Huolten alla huokaavainen!  
Jo aika meidän on  
Nyt käydä taistohon.  
Jo sorron suuri, valtamuuri  
kukistukohon!



Siis siskot kaikki taiston kalpaan.  
Isketään halpaan nyt sorron salpaan.  
Uljaasti riviin astukaamme,  
Ja poistakaamme tää kahlevyö!

Jo kautta aikojen,  
Vuosisatain, tuhanten  
On ollut nainen, orja vainen,  
Miehelleenkin alamainen,  
Kuin uhrinauta vaan  
On ollut arvoltaan;  
Puuttehissa, uuvuksissa,  
                    kyynel ruokanaan.

Siis siskot j. n. e.

Pois arkuus, pelkuruus,  
Pois tunne: alennus.  
Pää pystyyn nosta, pimennosta  
Nouse, ajan ahdingosta.  
Tie vapautehen  
Käy kautta taistojen  
Ja tarmon, kunnon, yhteistunnon,  
                    veljien, siskojen.

Siis siskot j. n. e.

On puute, kurjuus ain  
Meill' ollut osanain,  
Ja armopalat, narrein valat,  
Alennuksen, turman alat.  
Vain huolten synkkä syys,  
Suur' tietämättömyys,  
On ollut meillä, aikain teillä;  
                    mieron menneisyys.

Siis siskot j. n. e.

Pois turhat unelmat,  
Pois tai'at kavalat;  
Jo nouse valoon, työhön jaloon,  
Rintasi saa innon paloon.  
Sä sinne johda ties  
Miss' leimuu taiston lies;  
Miss' luodaan uutta, vastaisuutta,  
murretahan ies.

Siis siskot j. n. e.

Oi sisko-kulta, oi!  
Jo kuule kuinka soi  
Nyt torvet, kaikaa, äänet raikaa—  
Taistelun tää on jo aikaa!  
Käy riviin, rintamaan;  
Sua täällä tarvitaan.  
Vain joukkovoimin, yhteistoimin  
sorto poistetaan!

Siis siskot kaikki taiston kalpaan.  
Isketään halpaan nyt sorron salpaan.  
Uljaasti riviin astukaamme,  
Ja poistakaamme tää kahlevyö!

## 53

## RAATAJAVANHUS

Nuotti: "Just Before the Battle, Mother"

Vanhus valju tietä kulkee,  
nojaa matkasauvaansa.  
Huokauksin huolet sulkee,  
vaivoin jatkaa matkaansa.  
—Miksi käyt sa murhemiellä,  
miksi sydän suruun saa?  
—Kuljen kun ma mieron tiellä,  
vanhus vakaa vaikertaa.

—Kaihoin muistan aikaa, milloin  
kevään touot vihanoi,  
Nuoruuspäivät muistan, silloin  
toivon kannel helkkyin soi:  
Soitti soinnut kultakielin,  
lauloi lempi lumojaan;  
Rinta riehui intomielin,  
uhkui voimaa, tarmoan.

Uskoin uutteruuden voittoon,  
luotin käsivarsiini.  
Uskoin ajan tuttuun soittoon:  
itse perkaan peltoni.  
Luotin intoon, tarmoon, työhön,  
—työhän onnen ehto on.  
Toimeton vain vaipuu yöhön,  
—minä riennän valohon.

Hetken kaikui kevään kellot,  
hetken vainen soitteli.  
Kun jo elon viljapellot,  
halla hyinen hyyteli.  
Rinnan riemun suisti huolet,  
päivyt häipyi pimentoon;  
Pettymysten myrkkynuolet  
sattui sydänkammioon.

Grottemyllyn viulut vinhat,  
raudan raskas kahlevyö,  
Orjuusruoska, ikeen inhat  
iskee, viiltää, kalvaa, syö.  
Uhma uhkui uurtajalle,  
ilkkui ilveet riistäjäin—  
Väkevämmän voiman alle  
uuvuin miehuusijässän!



Puolisoni surma saarti,  
riisto raasti rinnaltain;  
Kodin pienen pilvet kaarti,  
päivyt piili piilossain.  
Säälimättä sorto syöksi  
lapset turman turpeisiin.  
Toivon kevät mulle yöksi  
muuttui, mieron murheisiin.

Oon nyt vanha harmaapäinen,  
askeleetkin harventuu.  
Jäntereitä jäytää jäinen  
riiston raskas ristinpuu.  
Pois on kodin, mielen ratto;  
suojaa mulle suopi vaan  
Taivaan valju kupukatto.  
levon löydän—alla maan!

—Vaellustansa vanhus jatkaa,  
uhri uhman, vainojen.  
Vaivoin mieron tiellä matkaa  
varjo entisaikojen.  
Huokaellen huuliltansa.  
ääni heikko väräjä:  
—Kaunko, oi, orjakansa  
kestää meillä mieronsää!

## ELÄMÄN TANSSI

Valssin sävel

On mahtava elämän mahti,  
Tuo tunne mi rinnassa soi,  
Vaikk' hurjaakin tanssin on tahti,  
Sen tenhoa kieltää ei voi.

Kas tanssia hurjaa niin tanssitaan vaan,  
Ylt' ympäri maan, nyt karkeloidaan.  
Niin kauan tää kestävi koitto  
Kun sydän vaan sykkäelee.

Kun tanssista tahtia puuttuu,  
On soittokin sointumaton,  
Se kuoleman tanssiksi muuttuu—  
Yhä tuimempi vauhti vaan on!

**Kas tanssia hurjaa j. n. e.**

Tuoll' loistossa ruusujen päällä  
Vaan timantit välkkyelee,  
Mut loukossa pimeessä täällä  
Vain repaleet retkahtelee.

**Kas tanssia hurjaa j. n. e.**

Tuoll' rikkaat ne riemuiten riehuu;  
Tuoll' köyhät vaan köyryssä käy.  
Tuoll' into kuin liekkiä liehuu,  
Tuoll' syttöä toivon ei näy.

**Kas tanssia hurjaa j. n. e.**

Tuoll' viattomuus lemmestä haastaa,  
Ja toiveet ne kukkia luo.  
Tuoll'irstaus kylvääpi saastaa,  
Sydänvertakin julmurit juo.

**Kas tanssia hurjaa j. n. e.**

Tuoll' toiset vaan kiroja kitkee  
Ja toiset vaan leikkiä lyö.  
Tuoll' toiset ne nälässä itkee  
Ja toiset vaan herkkuja syö.

**Kas tanssia hurjaa j. n. e.**

On hurja nyt tanssin tään tahti,  
Soraääninen soittokin tuo.  
Mut kerran viel' nouseepi mahti  
Mi sointuja elämän luo.

Ja tanssia silloinkin tanssitaan vaan,  
Ylt' ympäri maan, niin karkeloidaan;  
Sopusointuja elämä luopi  
Ja rintoihin riemua saa!

Nuotti: "Monta on kätkeyty Balkanin santaan" j. n. e.

Paljon on kätkeyty tovereita santaan,  
Hennalan kolkkohon korpehen;  
Siitä saa mainehen lahtarit kantaa,  
Pyövelikaartimme valkoinen.  
Oi jos vielä marssimaan  
Pääsis kohti sortajaa,  
Ei olis onnea sen suurempaa!

Kenpä vois kertoa kaikki ne kauhut  
Kun Hennalan leirillä kärsittiin?  
Kun kuului vaan räiske ja kivärin pauhut  
Kun veljiä siskoja surmattiin!  
Voi, voi kurja Hennala!  
Huutaapi jo taivas, maa:  
Julmurit maahan nuo tallatkaa!

Suuri on saalis min sortajat saarti  
Hennalan kauhujen karsinaan,  
Kun miestä ja naista tuo lahtarikaarti  
Tänn' säälittä raahasi ympäri maan.  
Tääll' ruoskittu, on silvottu,  
On jänteet, luutkin murskattu,  
Ja nälkäänkin satoja surmattu!

Hennalass' noussut on sortajain saasta  
Ja kurjuuden kuilut ne tulvilleen.  
Veren ääni huutaa jo hurjasti maasta,  
Se kaikuvi sorretun sydämeen:  
Oi jos vielä marssimaan  
Pääsis kohti sortajaa,  
Ei onnea oisi sen suurempaa!



Kerran viel' koittaapi aika, uus' huomen  
Ett' sortajat saastaiset palkkansa saa.  
Vaikk' paljon sai kärsiä raatajat Suomen,  
Viel' urhoja uusia kasvaa maa!  
Vapiskaa jo vartijat,  
Tovereimme murhaajat,  
Kerran viel' nouseepi kostajat!

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KULKURIN KUJILLA

Nuotti: Orpopojan Valssi

Sylissä myrskyjen kai syntynyt ma lien,  
Syystuulien tuudittama.  
:,: Ain' kulkurin kujilla kulkenut on tien,  
Vain vaarojen vaanimana. :,:  
Mut reipas on ja rento,  
Laulujeni lento,  
Vaikka oon vain vento  
Kiertolainen maan.  
Ei murhe mua murra,  
Vaikka aina purra  
Mä vierahan leipää saan.

Ma oon orjana, Mutta en oo raukkana.  
Surut suistan pois  
Ett' vanki vaivojen en ois.  
Aina mieleni mun  
Käy taisteluhun.  
Tule toveri jo, sä kanssani mun!

Kujilla kulkurin ma joudun kulkemaan;  
On valaton vainotun tie.  
**∴ Jos joskus päivyen nähdä vaan ma saan**  
**Pian pimentoon pilvet sen vie. ∴**  
Mut tulkoon tuulet, halla,  
Aina maailmalla,  
Ahdingonkin alla,  
Lauluni mun soi.  
Ma myrskyjen oon lapsi,  
Huolten hoitajaksi  
En konsaan ma taipua voi.  
**Ma oon orjana j. n. e.**

Kujilla kulkurin ei konsaan kotilies  
Mull' lämpöään, suojaansa suo.  
**∴ Ain' hyiset vimmat ja inhan iki-ies**  
**Tuhotelkeitä tielleni luo. ∴**  
Mut vaikka kallihimman  
Maksan elon hinnan,  
Kalkin katkerimman  
Saan ma tyhjentää:  
En vaivoihini taivu,  
Tai'an alle taivu,  
Vaan pystyhyn nostan ma pään.  
**Ma oon orjana j. n. e.**

Kujilla kulkurin ma kuljen päivin, öin;  
Siell' henkeni hehkun ma saan.  
**∴ Tulilinjan liekkeihin nyt jo ikävöin**  
**Veriruusuja kastelemaan! ∴**  
Mä myrskyjen oon lapsi,  
Liekin lietsojaksi  
Kalvan kantajaksi  
Syntynyt kai lien.  
Jos kuljen vaikka kunne,  
Orjain luokkatunne  
Viittoon mun, kulkurin, tien.  
**Ma oon orjana j. n. e.**

## KARVAJALKA

Nuotti: "Stung Right"

Meill' pettureita paljonkin  
 on alla auringon,  
 Mut skääppi täällä varmaankin  
 on Judas verraton.  
 On ammattinsa alhainen,  
 niin kurja, katala;  
 Hän synnyltäänkin saastainen,  
 sen tahdon todistaa.

## KUORO

Skääppi, skääppi kurja, sieluton.  
 Skääppi, skääppi, konna kelvoton.  
 Pirun kumppaniksi sä olet luotu vaan.  
 Pettureista saastaisin sa olet päällä maan!

Kerran luokse Jehovan  
 käy herra Belsebub,  
 Häntäänsä hän heiluttaa,  
 nöyrästi polvistuu:  
 —Oi Luoja suuri taivaan, maan,  
 mun täytä toivomus:  
 Pääs' kaverini karkaamaan,  
 siis rustaileppa uus.  
 Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.

Nyt sisiliskot, käärmehet  
 käy Luoja keräämään,  
 Ja villipetoin jättehet,  
 kaikk' yhteen liittämään.  
 Hän hieroo niitä, muokkailee,  
 puhkuu ja puhalttaa:  
 Kas, eessään kohta astelee  
 nyt pikku saatana!  
 Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.



Kodin kaipuu, pätsin lies,  
nyt matkaan kiirehtää;  
Senhän itse Luoja ties,  
ei tahdo viivyttää.  
Näin tyytyväisnä hornan henki  
rientää takaisin;  
Kätyrinsä, uusi renki,  
astuu toimihin.

**Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.**

Kun hän hetken helvetissä,  
tulta suitsuttaa,  
Kattiloiden lämpimissä  
lieskaa kohentaa,  
Niin käsky ulos käypi kerran,  
se viestin sisältää:  
—Käyppä luokse hornan herran,  
Sä pikku sarvipää.

**Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.**

—Oot muodoltasi moitteeton,  
näin pomo virkkoaa.  
—Myös sydän sulla tunnoton,  
tääll' moista tarvitaan;  
Mut löyhkää kurjan kruppisi,  
ken moista sietää vois!  
Vaikk' helvettikin jäähtyisi,  
sä riennä täältä pois!

**Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.**

Maan päälle tämä sarvipää  
nyt kilvan kiiruhtaa,  
Ja asumaankin tänne jää,  
kun ammatin hän saa.  
Vaikk' sarvia ei päässään näy,  
hän silti tunnetaan,  
Kun skääppinä hän aina käy  
lakkoja murskaamaan.

**Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.**

Nyt, toverit te kaikkialla  
 tämä muistakaa:  
 Kirottua karvajalkaa  
 kauhuin karttakaa!  
 Hän on peikko helvetistä,  
 käärmeen nahoissa;  
 Peto yksi ilkeimmistä  
 ihmishaahmossa!  
 Skääppi, skääppi j. n. e.

58

## LANGENNEEN LAULU

Nuotti: Punasenristin Tyttö

Ei ääneni somasti soinnu,  
 Katukukka kuin kurja oon vaan.  
 Ei tuomitun toivehet toinnu,  
 Aina saastaa kuin nähdä vain saan.

Mä vaellan kuin vainottu teuras,  
 Surman suuhun mi saarrettu on.  
 Oon liikaa ma "siveiden" seuras,  
 Alas poljettu allikkohon.

Mä syvyyden sylissä kastuin,  
 Kun ma kuonasta kultia hain.  
 Kun kerran ma harhaan vaan astuin  
 Ikituomion päälleni sain!

Nyt Kainin saan merkkiä kantaa.—  
 Ken sen lyönyt mun otsaani on,  
 Häll' maailma mainetta antaa,  
 Minut syöksi vaan turmiohon.

Yön varjossa hiivin nyt hiljaa,  
 Laps' hämärän, häpeän vaan.  
 Oi paljon tääll' elämän viljaa  
 Öiset roudat käy runtelemaan!

Elon hurjaa nyt esitän draamaa—  
Kas kun katselen verhojen taa:  
näen monta tääll' "pyhäinkin" naamaa,  
Valevaatteet kuin väistyä saa.

Näen tuomarit, siveyspylväät,  
Mua silmiin mi syljeskelee,  
Valevartijat valon kun, ylväät,  
Remuretkillä hiiviskelee.

Tulituomiot mulle te jaatte;  
Katukukkana kuihtua saan.  
Te aviovuoteessa maatte,  
Se on kunniaverhonne vaan!

Kun syökset uhrinne paulaan,  
Ja on päättynyt irstaisa yö:  
Kivi raskain nyt langenneen kaulaan!  
—Siinä teidän on "puhdistustyö!"

Te langenneen kyynelten veestä,  
Mahtimaineenne nostatte vaan.  
Minä leivän niin kallihin eestä  
Elon, kaikkeni, uhrata saan!

Nyt syöskää vaan lokaanne, saastaa;  
Alemmaksi en vaipua voi!  
Mut verhot ken teiltäkin raastaa;  
Sydänvertani näkee siell'—oi!

## 59

## ORPOLAPSEN PYYNTÖ

Kirj. Tolari  
(Oma sävel)

Jos on syyni ett' orpona olla saan,  
jos on syyni ett' sukuni on pieni,  
Joskin siks' mua karsahin katsellaan,  
joskin siks' ilon ei ole tieni.



Vaan jos ääntäni missään kuunellaan  
sen pyydän ja— —mulle se riittää.  
—Se on halpa se huhu jota huudellaan— —  
Älkää äitiä syyttäkö siitä!

Älkää äitiä armasta syyttäkö mun  
hän mun kanteli rintansa alla!  
—Soi pyyntönä sieluni haavoitetun,  
soi kyynelten tulvinnalla.

Älkää syyttäkö häntä! Hän pois multa on:  
hänet korjasi Tuonelan Herra!  
Hänet taakkansa taivutti turmiohon  
—taakka tihkuva syömensä verta.

Minä taistelen puolesta orpojen nyt,  
minä taistelen kunneikka kaadun.  
—Ei mun luokkani ole mua hyljännyt,  
siks' sun luoksesi aatoksin saavun.

Tuoden terveiset orpojen miljonien  
joita kohtalo yhtehen ohjaa,  
Ett' oon taistellut puolesta hyljättyjen,  
luonut orpojen onnelle pohjaa.

## 60

## VANGIN LAULU

Nuotti: "Vienan rannalla"

Taakse rautaristikkojen  
Riistäjät mun kuljetti,  
Tänne kera tovereiden  
Vankilaan ma suljettiin.

Mietin täällä mielessäni  
Kuinka paljon vääryyttä  
Saattoi mulle riistäjäni,  
Murhetta ja ikävää.

Mietin kuinka kaikkialla  
Työläisjoukot vaikeroi,  
Puuttehissa, kahlein alla,  
Surulaulut laulelmoi.

Vapauttain vuotan, vuotan,  
Miel' on synkkä katkera.  
Toverit, mä teihin luotan  
Siellä ulkopuolella.

Luotan että luokkavaisto  
Teissä vihdoin heräjä;  
Luotan että elon taisto  
Voimat yhteen keräjä.

Luotan että joukot suuret,  
Orjat yhteisvoimallaan,  
Katkoo kahlein perusjuuret,  
Vankilat käy aukomaan.

Muistakaa, ei kenkään teistä  
Silloin vapaa olla saa,  
Kun vaan yksikin on meistä  
Riistovallan vankina.

Toivon uuden aamun koittoo,  
Onnen päivää orjille!  
Vapauden kannel-soitto  
Toivon luokkavangeille!

61

## ÄIDIN HAUDALLA

Kirj. Tolari

Säv.: "Yksin istun ja lauleskelen, j. n. e.

Sulle lapseni laulun laulan,  
sulle kanneltain kaiutan.  
Luona armahan äidin haudan  
surun sointuja soinnutan.

Orpoarmeijan itku kuuluu  
kautta mannerten—matalaan.  
Äidit armaat ja isät uupuu  
sortoon kurjaan ja katalaan.

Toivoit toista, vaan tuho, turma  
sun ennenaikaasi saavutti:  
järjestelmä tää kehno, kurja  
syömmes sykkivän sammutti.

Sulle lapseni toivon toista,  
—toivon luokkamme nousua!  
Toivon, ties ei niin vaivaloista,  
—uus aika alkaa jo joutua.

Nyt kukan kummulle istutamme,  
mi kasteltu on kyynelin.  
Sua alla mullan nyt muistelemme,  
—Äl' itke—äitis niin pyyteli.

Sun kyynelhelmes, ei lapsi hellä,  
ma laulunsoinnuiksi takelen.  
Ja tovereillemme taiston teillä  
ne lohdunlehtinä jakelen.

## 62 PUNAKAARTILAISEN MUISTOLLE

Sävel: Mä eloni kertoa tahdon

Taiston taakan sä kannoit,  
Ikehen raskahimman.  
Sä vapausaatteelle annoit  
Sydänveresi kallihimman.



Niin uljaasti riviin astuit,  
Kun torvet, sua kutsuen, soi.  
Vaik' uhrien hurmeesta kastuit  
Se vain intoa rintaasi loi.

Sä orjien vapausvaiston  
Eestä, niin kunniakkaan,  
Kiiruhdit rohkeasti taistoon,  
Oikeuttamme puolustamaan.

Kun jääkärit julmasti riehui,  
Sudet valkoiset saalinsa söi:  
Rintasi kosta kiehui,  
Ja sydämes' hurjasti löi.

Kun lahtarit joukkomme saarti,  
Kun eessäsi surma ol' vaan;  
Sä sankari suur' punakaartin  
Et nytkään käy vaalenemaan.

Kun luoti sun lävisti rintas,  
Niin laulu vaan huulillas' soi:  
—Vaik' vapaus kallis sun hintas  
Et koskaan sa haihtua voi!

Sun ruhjotun ruumiisi peittää  
Nyt pohjolan hurmeinen maa.  
Kun toverit hyväst' sull' heittää  
Se kyöneleet poskille saa.

Mut ruumiis' vaik' haudassa maatuu  
Sun aatteesi meille vaan jää.  
Vaik' tuhannet taistossa kaatuu  
—Viel' kerran me rynnistetään!

Nuotti: "Kas Suomenlahdella" j n. e.

Miks' aina kalvavat myrskyt  
Mun rintain runnella saa,  
Ja elon huolien tyrskyt  
Mun mieltäni mustentaa?  
—Kuin kolkko haudan haamu  
Yön varjoss' vaellan—  
Oi, konsahan koittaa aamu,  
Mä päivyen nähdä saan!

Mä usvass' uupuen kuljen  
Ja sydän verta vain juo;  
Niin usein silmäni suljen  
Kun vuotavi kyynelvuoto!  
—Kuin kevätnurmen kukka  
Syysyössä surkastuu,  
Niin minunkin mieron-rukka  
Tää eloni runneltuu!

Mä tiedän—en ole yksin,  
Niin monta kanssani käy,  
All' tuskain kärsimyksin  
Siell' missä ei valoa näy.  
Niin paljon, monta, monta  
Jo uupui, unhottui;  
Niin monta jo onnetonta  
Yön myrskyissä murskaantui!

Myös tiedän—pimentoon kulki  
Mun matkain päivin ja öin,  
Kun vallan varjot sulki,  
Tuon auringon kahlevöin.  
—Oi, milloin päivä koittaa,  
Mun katkee kahlevyö!  
Oi, milloinka valo voittaa  
Ja loppuu tää mieron yö!

## 64 MAASTA SE PIENIKIN PONNISTAA

Nuotti: Ma joutunut maailmalla j. n. e.

Vaikk' minne mun matkani maailmall' vie,  
Ja synkkä niin lie mun eloni tie,  
En polkuain polje ma itkussasuin,  
Kohtalolleni vaan nyrkkiä puin.  
Ma nostan pääni ja elämään  
Käyn reippahasti, "suurista" vaikk' jälkeen jään.  
Se lohduttaa: on allain maa;  
Ja maastahan se pienikin vaan ponnistaa.

Kun taivas on synkkä, on syksyinen sää,  
Ja tuuliaispää mun yllättää:  
En murheiden maljasta maistelemaan  
Käy, tuonelata tuutimaan.  
Käyn eteenpäin ma rynnistään,  
Vaikk' onnettaren orvoksi jo varhain jäin.  
Se lohduttaa: on allain maa;  
Ja maastahan se pienikin vaan ponnistaa.

On kuoleman kutsua toivottomuus.  
Elon sääntö uus on, tarmokkuus.  
Niin kauan kuin rintani lämminnä lyö  
Elon suuri ompi eessäni työ.  
Kun isken, taon ja kynnän vaan,  
Niin kerran toki saan ma heelmäin jaon.  
Se lohduttaa; viel' kasvaa maa;  
Ja maastahan se pienikin vaan ponnistaa.

Oi sisko, oi veikko, käy karkeloimaan!  
Elon tanssia vaan, me tanssitaan.  
Jo viulut ja pillit ja pasunat soi,  
Humu hurjia täällä huminoi!  
Kun toimin, töin ja mietinnöin  
Kaikk' orjat elon karkeloon käy päivin, öin,  
Viel' nähdä saa: on vapaa maa,  
Kun yhdessä kaikk' pienetkin vaan ponnistaa!



## ÄIDIN HUOLET

Nuotti: Miksikä itket tyttöni j. n. e.

Missä, oi äiti, sun aatokses vierii,  
Mistä on kaihova katseesi tuo?  
Miksikä kyynel sun poskillas kierii,  
Missä sun surusi suurin on vuo?

—Siksi on mieleni katkera, karvas,  
Siksi ma katsehen kaihoisan saan:  
Puoliso hellä kun, huoltaja armas  
Kätketty tuonne on, povehen maan!

Itke en itseni—tuonelan tähden—  
—Hauta vaan raatajan rauhan on sää.  
Sinne, pian, sinne, itsekin lähden—  
—Voi sitä, tänne ken orvoksi jää!

Raskas vaikk' ero on kallehimmastaan,  
Raskaampi lapseni kohtalos lie;  
Vaeltaa ain' saanet vain vaaroja vastaan,  
Eessäsi murheinen mieron on tie.

Kenpä vois lempiä raatajan lasta,  
Orpoa orjan käy ohjailemaan;  
Kurjuuden kalkista katkerimmasta,  
Mierojen lapsille tarjotaan vaan!

Siellä saa poimia niukat vain tähteet,  
Uusien uhmat ne uuvuttavat;  
Viettien vimmat ja kirojen lähteet  
Hengen ne helpeetkin haihduttavat.

Oi, jos ma oppaana olla sun voisin,  
Poljet kuin tietä mi mittaamaton!  
Sinne, oi orpo, sun kulkevan soisin,  
Into miss' elon on sammumaton.

Sinne sun soisin, mi sorretut liittää,  
Vapaus aate ne yhtehen vie.  
Siell' elon aarteet saa kalleimmat niittää  
Miss' orjain ja orpoinkin TAISTON ON TIE!

66

KIERTOLAINEN

Nuotti: "Tramp, tramp, tramp"

Jos saan luvan, laulelen,  
Nyt kulkurista juttelen,  
Mi rahatonna joutui kurja kulkemaan.  
Ei hän ollut laiskuri,  
Vaan työtä hartaast' halusi,  
Mut kaikkialla hälle näin vaan vastataan:

Kulje, kulje kiertolainen,  
Ei täällä moista tarvita.  
Jos sun vielä nähdä saan  
Laitan heti vankilaan,  
Sä kiertolaiseks' olet luotu päälle maan.

Kun ristin rastin katuja  
Hän kulki repaleisena,  
Hän riensi taloon, siellä suoraan rouvan luo.  
—Mull' ruokaa rouva antakaa,  
Sen tahdon työllä palkita—  
Vaan vastauksen moisen hälle rouva suo:

Kulje, kulje kiertolainen j. n. e.

Hän kerran kuuli ihmeissään  
Papin juttelevan näin:  
"On Jesuksella meille työtä ainiaan."  
—Voi hitto, nyt mä "jopin" saan!  
On maassa kohta kontallaan,  
Mut rualle mennen käypi pappi huutamaan:

Kulje, kulje kiertolainen j. n. e.

Ja kerran hänet polisi  
Kadulla kiinni kaappasi,  
Ja oikeuteen suoraan—sinne matkan pää.  
Siell' kiertolainen syynätään,  
Mut löydä kun ei senttiäkään,  
Näin tuomarikin äkäisesti ärjyää:  
Kulje, kulje kiertolainen j. n. e.

Vihdoin kiertolainen saa  
Pois maailmasta matkustaa.  
Nyt varma on hän tästä viime voitostaan.  
Vaan taivaan portille kun käy,  
Ei pelastusta siellä näy.  
Näin Pietarikin hälle vaan käy huutamaan:  
Kulje, kulje kiertolainen j. n. e.

67

## TOVERIN HAUDALLA

Nuotti: Never My God to Thee

Päivä käy varjohon, pilvien taa.  
Luonto niin synkkä on, synkkä on maa.  
Äänet ne väräjä, kyöneleet vierää,  
Kuolon kun kello löi, kun kello löi.

Ankara kuoleman kutsu kun soi,  
Nuoruus ei, miehuuskaan väistyä voi.  
Luonto on säälitön, taivas on äänetön,  
Verta kuin huutaa maa, kuin huutaa maa!

Kaihoin sun laskemme povehen maan,  
Kyynelin kastamme kumpusi vaan.  
Päätyi sun päivätyö, eessä on rauhan yö  
Pitkä, mittaamaton! mittaamaton!

Sammui jo silmäsi, vaipui sun pää,  
Työsi ja aatteesi meille vaan jää.  
Taiston sä pyörteissä, myrskyjen sylissä  
Uuvuit oi toveri! oi toveri!



Paljon vaikk' kärsiä, uhrata sait,  
Elon sä myrskyistä aarteita hait.  
Perinnön jaloimman, kultaakin kalliimman  
Orjain onneksi loit, onneksi loit.

Taistelulaulut ain' huulillas soi,  
Meille ne haudastain kaikua voi:  
Kyynleet kuivatkaa, Uljaasti astukaa  
Eespäin jo voittohon! jo voittohon!

Ruumiis' nyt peittävi musta vaikk' maa,  
Kallis ei muistosi haihtua saa.  
Heelmän viel kantaa työs—Rauhassa lepää yös!  
Hyvästi toveri! hyvästi jää!

## 68

## TALVELLA

Nuotti: "Nyt kesän viime kukka" j. n. e.

Nyt hyytää hyinen halla,  
Maa talviverhossaan  
On, valkovaipan alla  
Kukatkin haudassaan.  
On kuollutta kuin oisi  
Suur' luonto—lepoon jäis.—  
Ken herättää sen voisi,  
Taas eloon elvyttäis?

Ei kuollut luomakunta,  
Ei luonto lepoon jää,  
Vaikk' on kuin uinuis unta  
Se nyt niin sikeää.  
Taas taukoo talvi, haihtuu,  
Viel' murtuu valta sen;  
On sääntö: vuorot vaihtuu  
Luonnossa ikuinen.

Kun iskee kummun kukkaan  
Syyshalla, surman sää,  
Ei joutune se hukkaan,  
Perintö tänne jää.  
Vaikk' syliinsä sen sulkee  
Maan mullat karkeat,  
Ain' elo eespäin kulkee,  
Vain muodot muuttuvat.

Vaikk' hyytää hyinen halla,  
Nyt jäytää talven jää,  
Ja maassa kaikkialla  
Vain myrskyt myllertää:  
Viel' kerran kevään kellot  
Niin sointuisasti soi,  
Ja elon viljapellot  
Vihreenä vihannoi!

69

HOOPON LAULU

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,  
Ken se multakin onneni vei:  
Vei heilani armaan, sen simakkasuun  
Vei kodin, vei leivän ,vei vaatteet ja muun?—  
Nyt hoopona vaellan ja kärsin.

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,  
Ken se pappein säkistä vei  
Pois pohjan ja laidatkin?—jätti vain suun.  
Sinne kerää hän villat, lihan—vaan luun  
Saa laumansa nälkäinen järsii.

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,  
Ken se nerot kaikk' helvettiin vei?  
Ja taivaaseen mättää vaan aasit ja muut—  
Kaikk' roistot ja tomppelein haisevat luut  
Saa taivaassa kruunua kantaa!

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,  
—Se kun kärkeenkin Eedeniin vei:  
Sill' sorkatkin keksi sarvet ja muut,  
Nimen moisen: Perkele, Belsebub.  
Mi miljoonill' kauhua antaa.

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,  
Sama herroilta hävynkin vei.  
He hoopoll' ei pettuukaan olevan sois.  
—Mun vatsatta Luoja jos luonut vaan ois,  
Ei herroilta riemua puuttuis.

Tula tuulan tuli tuli tei,  
Nyt mä hihkasen veikkoset, hei!  
Ylös jätkät ja hoopot, trampit ja muut,  
Ylös tukkimaan herroilta säkkien suut,  
—Vaikk' taivaskin helvetiks' muuttuis!

## 70

## TYÖTTÖMIEN JOULU

Kirj. Untamo.      Säv. A. O. K.

Työmaan portit suljettiin... Harhailtiin.  
Vaan työtä ei! Lukumme nousee miljooniin;  
Ei mihin päänsä kallistaa. Yö yllättää.  
Vilu vieraana, nuotiolla yön taas värjöttää.

### KUORO

Jäähtyy, hiiltyy, himmenee nuotiotuli.  
Ruumis värisee ... Tuuli kiihtyy,  
Taivas seestyy pakkaseen.  
Sydän hyytyy hiljalleen.

Jos Vapahtajaa kaivattiin, muinoisin,  
Tuhat kertaa hartaammin nyt toivoisin  
Palkkaorjain vapautta, vapautta työn!  
Mi'onnen loisi orjille ja poistais kurjuus yön.



Mut' Vapahtajaa meille vaan, milloinkaan  
Ei ihme syntyin saavu joulu-unelmaan.  
Pyhin toive-tähteni valo heijastaa:  
Viel' ikeen orjat vapauttaa itse luokkansa!

# MARTTYYRIN MUISTOLLE

# Oma nuotti

Valju kuu vaipuu, pimeydessä pilvet kulkee,  
Kun hyinen hauta sun sylihinsä sulkee.  
Tuuli huminoi, itku vaikeroi luona haudan,  
Kun kaatuvi toveri uhrina kylmän raudan.

Mutta henkesi meissä ei sammua voi.  
Se haudankin kautta vain uhmaa soi.  
Kyynel kuivukoon, huomen meidän on,  
nähdä sen saa  
Kun vielä kerran nousee tää kahleitten maa!

Soihdut himmentyy, jänteet jännittyy, hauta kun luo,  
Maa lapsellensa rauhan, ikilevon suo.  
Äänet värähtää, kyynel vierähtää rakkauden,  
Se kutsuu, vaatii työhön eestä vapauden.

Vaietkoon itku, ei auttaa se voi;  
Vain kahleita yllemme vaikkerrus toi.  
Kautta vankilan, kolkon kuoleman  
                                käydä voi tie.  
Mut kerran koittaa vapaus, mi onneen vie!

# LUIKKI

Nuotti: Kun Amerikkaan ma matkailin j. n. e.

Kun Luoja maailmaan sun loi,  
Tänn' syntymään sun salli,  
Hän aasia kai apinoi,  
Ol' kehno varmaan malli!

Tai ehkä vallan älytön  
Hän itse olla mahtoi,  
Kuin moisen epäsikiön  
Tänn' "kuvaksensa" tahtoi!

Hän aistitkin sull' suotta vaan  
Loi, vallan turhanpäiten;  
Kai kallostasi laidunmaan  
Vaan tarkoittikin täiden!

Hän silmätkin vaikk' sulle loi  
Kuin "myrskymerkit" säähän,  
Et etemmäksi nähdä voi  
Kuin haistintorves' päähän.

Ja suotta sait sä korvatkin;  
Niill' tuskin mitään kuulet,  
Kun pomon haukkusanatkin  
Vain kiitokseksi luulet.

On pää sun tyhjä—tiedän sen,  
Sen verrata voi palloon.  
Miss' aivos lie?—ma arvelen:  
Ne joutui aasin kalloon!

Vaikk' sydän muille tärkeä,  
Sull' haittana se oisi;  
Kun puuttuu vallan järkeä,  
—Se harmia vaan toisi.

Mut sisu kova, sappikin  
Sull' on, kuin ois ne luusta.  
Viet viime leipäpalankin  
Vaikk' orpolapsen suusta.

Vaikk' ootkin aivan aivoton,  
Sull' kehno kovin mieli,  
Sen korvaa kai tuo verraton,  
Sun suussas liukas kieli.

Sä liukkahalla kielelläs  
Ain liverrät ja nuolet;  
Sä turpailletkin isäntäs  
Vaikk' "ahterinkin" puolet!

Työmaalla oot kummitus,  
—Sen kaikkihan jo tietää;  
Oot kumppaneis suur' kirous,  
—Sua kauanko he sietää!

Sä nuuskit, luikit, kieräilet,  
—Kas siinä taitos kasvaa.  
Ain' pomolle sä juoruilet.  
—Kai saanet kielen rasvaa.

Sä liehakoit ja matelet  
Kuin herraskaisten piski,  
Ja ruoskaas raukka suutelet,  
Sen kättä, sua kuin iski.

Ois aika pois jo potkaista  
Moisenkin irvikuvan!  
Sais lemmon hiis sun hotkaista.  
—Jos Luoja sois jo luvan!

Et titteleitä vaille jää  
Vaikk' älyst' osatonna;  
Oot luikki, liero, jästipää,  
"Sokari," rakki, konna!



## 73 KAAATUNEILLE. VAPAUSSANKAREILLE

Kirj. Akseli Kanerva  
(Oma sävel)

Sankarit hautaan vaipuivat,  
jo sammui rinnan palo,  
eest' elon uhrin antoivat,  
mi suur on, kallis, jalo;  
tää suur pyhä jäävä on  
meill' ainiaaksi muistohon.

Kaipaus syvä, lohduton  
tuhanten mielet täyttää;  
rautainen kellä luonne on,  
tyyneltä kuori näyttää,  
sydäntä senkin kaiho tää  
kovasti koskee—lämmittää.

Itketään, kaihon kyyneleet  
peittävät silmät meiltä,  
kuitenkin näämme: kärsineet  
kääntyvät orjanteiltä,  
nää uhrit heille tietä loi,  
mi vapauteen johtaa voi.

Verensä jalon, kalliin joi  
kinokset talven jäiset,  
se innostusta uutta toi:  
joukkomme tuhatpäiset  
valmiina ovat kautta maan  
kohtalon kanssaan jakamaan.

Kunniaa sankarmuistolle!  
Veljemme verrattomat,  
annoitte kaiken aatteelle,  
mi nostaa voimattomat.  
—Taistoista vielä järkkyy maa,  
te rauhan unta uinukaa!

## TOIVOMME SAMMUMATON

Nuotti: "Nellie Gray"

Kuin orjat muinaisaikojen  
me käymme kahlehisssa  
Ja solmupiiska selkäämme vaan soi.  
Me mittailemme mieroa  
nälässä, puuttehisssa,  
Ja tuskan tulta rinta riehakoi.

**Mut toivo ei vaan  
Meissä sammua saa—  
Tuhataänin orjain kuoro laulelee:  
Ei ikeen alle ikuisen me vaivu konsanaan,  
Vielä kerran meille päivä valkenee!**

Nyt tyrannien pyövel kirves  
päämme päällä riehuu,  
Ain' uhkaa meitä tyrmät, hirsipuut,  
Ja surman lippu hurmeinen  
ain edessämme liehuu,  
ja huokauksiin puhkee monet suut!

**Mut toivo ei vaan j. n. e.**

On vilppi viekas vallassa  
ja vääryys sadon korjaa,  
Ja petos kunnialla kruunataan.  
Ei oikeuden pyhättöön  
meill' lasketa nyt orjaa,  
Kun mammonassa lepää mahti maan.

**Mut toivo ei vaan j. n. e.**

Ain' vaivain alla, vainojen  
tää! orja tietään kulkee,  
Ei päivä hälle pääse paistamaan,  
Kun onnetar ain' visusti  
ovensa hältä sulkee,  
Ja viha viskoo myrkkynuoliaan!

**Mut toivo ei vaan j. n. e.**

Me usvain läpi uuramme,  
raskas on elon taakka,  
Kuin riistäjämme työmme heelmät vie.  
Me kahlehia kannamme  
kehdesta hautaan saakka;  
Vain kuolo raatajan on rauhan tie!  
**Mut toivo ei vaan j. n. e.**

Mut kerran vielä orjallekin  
riemu täyttää rinnan  
Ja huomenkellot kaikuin kumajaa!  
Vaikk' kallihin me maksammekin  
vapauden hinnan,  
Niin toivo meitä eespäin kiiruhtaa!

Siis taistohon vaan  
Nyt jo kiiruhtamaan—  
Tuhataänin orjain kuoro laulelee:  
Ei ikeen alle ikuisen me vaivu konsanaan,  
Vielä kerran meille päivä valkenee!

## 75

## LAISKAN LAULU

Nuotti: "Tule jo hauta omista minut"

"Oot laiska"—tuon lauseen niin usein saan kuulla,  
Mut ei toki tarvitse kenenkään luulla,  
Ett' titteli moinen mua loukata voi.  
—Niin parkitun nahkan mull' maailma soi.

Oon laiska ma sen toki itsekin tiedän,  
Ja siksi sen nimen niin helposti siedän,  
Sen siedän—ja kuulkaas: ma nostan viel' pään,  
Käyn laiskuuden "lahjasta" ylpeilemään!

Oon laiska vaikk' pomot mull' kirkuu ja huutaa  
Ja ruokalain matamit soittavat suutaan.  
Oon laiska—Kas mitäs ma huolisinkaan,  
Vaikk' ahkerain anteja järsiä saan!



Oon laiska, en työtä ma ihailla saata,  
Ma hoopona vaellan vaan ympäri maata.  
Vaikk' leipän' ei leveä, paksua lie,  
En nälkäisten suusta ma muruja vie.

Työn ääressä miljonat mierolle murtuu,  
Ruumiin se ruhjoo ja sielukin turtuu;  
Kun ruoska ja nälkä vain palkkana on;  
Hikihelvetin katku ain' haihtumaton.

Jos sortaa ja soimata tahdotte laiskaa,  
Niin syyttäkää niitä kun riistää ja raiskaa,  
Ja orjien työstä kaikk' hedelmät vei,  
Vaikk' itse he konsaan ei työtä tee, ei!

Oon laiska—niin kauan ma inhoan työtä  
Kuin kurjuus ja kirot sen kulkeepi myötä.  
Niin kauan kuin työ onpi kahlehissaan,  
Ma seuraan mun vapausvaistoain vaan.

Kun nouseepi työ ylös arvoon ja hintaan  
Ja väpaus valon luo raatajan rintaan;  
Kun laiskat kaikk' ylhäältä laastu on pois,  
Niin silloinhan minäkään laiska en ois.

## 76

## LAPSUUSAJAN MUISTO

Kirj. TOLARI

Sävel: "Laulu se on ollut mun iltojeni ilo," j. n. e.

Äitini ohjaeli lapsens' arkaellen  
jo pienenä elon aallokoille.  
Mierolla kun kuljimme kyliss, harhaellen  
äit' armas vaipui tautivuotehelle.

Orvon laill' osatonna astuskelin teitä,  
mun taipaleilla kyynel silmän' peitti;  
mieli murtui mulla, kun anoin armoleipää,  
ja rikkahat mun usein ulos heitti.

Kasvoin kai, kunnes mun muuan mierolainen  
jo tehtahalle ansiohon auttoi.  
Lakko siellä syntyi, työtaisto tuimanlainen,  
vaan pettymyksen pilvet meidät sauttoi.

Rikkurit ne ryömivät rajan yli raukat,  
mä lakkovahtilinjaan liityin innoin;  
silloin sain ensikerran käsihini raudat,  
näin elon polun itselleni viitoin.

Lähtiessä lupasin mä äitini armaan  
elämälle lohdutusta tuoda,  
vaan vankityrmän komerossa kolkon ja harmaan  
sain kuolons' viestin katkerimman juoda.

Sielussani silloin mä valan pyhän vannoin:  
oon elonijän uskollinen sille;  
kyyneleiset kihlat kun käsissäni kannoin,  
ne vihki vihaan, koston sortajalle.

Kahleet on katkottava yhteisvoimin, veljet!  
Ne kahleet, jotka palkkaorjaa painaa.  
Pirstaleiksi ristikot ja vankityrmäin teljet!  
Työ itse ohjaelkoon elonlaivaa.

77

## MAA HÄDÄSSÄ

Kirj. Eino Leino

Sävelt. T. Kuula

Vapaaks' syntyi ihmiskunta—  
Muistaen vanhaa vapauttaan  
Lauluissansa korven kansa  
valtas meille vapaan maan!  
Lännenmailta laulun laineet  
vyöryy kautta maailman;  
Taipuu aine, nousee maine  
maasta hengen voittoisan!

Vaikka tuiskii talvi lunta,  
paljon painuu alle jään,  
Näkee unta, ihmiskunta  
oikeasta itsestään!

Uusko uhkaa kansan surma,  
taasko tarpeen mahti maan?  
—Tulkoon turma taikka hurma,  
kaikki yhteen kuulutaan!  
Tuima tääll' on kehto, hauta,  
Sankka saartaa pohjan yö;  
Tääll' ei auta miekka, rauta—  
—auttaa aatos, tarmo, työ!

78

## PROLETAARIN VALSSI

Kirj. Jussi Puskanen

Nuotti: "Kulkurin Valssi"

Niin kauan kuin lämmintä vereni on  
ja sydän kun rinnassa lyö,  
niin kauan ain' valmis oon taistelohon;  
suur' eessä on elämän työ.

Niin kauan kuin kestävi yötä,  
en taistelun taukoovan sois.  
Niin kauan on tehtävä työtä  
kuin kuolema kutsuvi pois.

Ihminen nukkuva, heräjä, hei!  
jos matkasi pitkäkin on,  
niin turhuuteen hetkeä ainutta ei,  
on käytävä taistelohon!

Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.



Synkkä on taivas ja myrskyt ne soi,  
mutta murheita kantaa ei saa!  
Työn raataja maailman mahtavan loi,  
ja hän omakseen kerran sen saa.

**Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.**

Pitkä on murheitten, itkujen tie,  
pitkä ollut on aikojen yö,  
mut' voittohon kerran tie pitkäkin vie,  
proletaari kun hyökkää ja lyö.

**Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.**

Aika se rientää ain' etehen päin,  
tämä aika on taistelujen.  
Aika uusi on ihana alkava näin,  
aika onnen ja oikeuden.

**Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.**

Edestä aatteen kalleimman ain'  
kun taistelee sen minkä voi,  
niin riemun on hetki se silloinkin vain  
kun kuoleman kellot ne soi.

**Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.**

Maailman luojain ja rakentajain  
aika valtahan nousta jo on.  
Kun ne nousevat, liittyvät yhtehen vain,  
niin on mahti murtumaton.

**Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.**

Suur' on ja ankara eessämme työ  
ja lyhyt on elämän tie;  
se tie on niin synkkä kuin syksyinen yö  
ja turmioon monta se vie.

**Niin kauan kuin j. n. e.**

Valheitten valta se murtuva on,  
käy kulkuni valohon päin.  
Vaikk' tuimimpaan tieni vie taistelohon,  
sitä kuljen mä tanssien näin:  
(Loppu säveltä ilman sanoja, laulaen ja tanssien)

Ain laulaen, tanssien, kuljen ma vaan,  
proletaarin on valssia tää.  
Vain kerran tään kulkea matkani saan ...  
ja niin elämä jälkehen jää ...  
Minä vaaroilta silmäni suljen  
ain' matkalla elämän tään.  
minä riemuiten tietäni kuljen ...  
Uuden maailman, vapaan jo nään.

Ja sinne mä taistellen, tanssien käyn.  
se mun matkani määrän on pää.  
Nään kauniin jo taivahan rannoilla näyn ...  
Vanha maailma jälkehen jää ...  
Minä vaaroilta silmäni suljen  
ain' matkalla elämän tään,  
minä riemuiten tietäni kuljen ...  
Uuden maailman vapaan jo nään ...

(Tanssia säveleen tahdissa, yhden värssyn mitalta)

## 79

## LAULU LEMMESTÄ

Käyn lemmestä laulun nyt laittamaan,  
Mi rintaan saa kumman niin kaiheen.  
Vähät siitä, jos sokeeksi soimataan,  
Kun "kehrnon" sain lauluni aiheen.

Jos liekin sen liittäisin taivaisiin,  
Jumal-juhlien loimuvaa soihtuun,  
Runosieluin näin vaipuisin haaveisiin.  
Taikatenhojen usvaiseen loihtuun.

Tuliraudalla lemmen jos leimaisin,  
Mi vain viettien virmaa on, saastaa,  
Elon hehkun näin lokahan tallaisin.  
—Häpeäisin näin lemmestä haastaa.

Mut missä siis Aamorin arvokkuus,  
Mist' "Eeros" sun elkeesi kummat?  
—Siell' missä on elämän salaisuus,  
Miss' syiden on syvimvät summat.

Elon syttöä lempi on, luomistyö;  
Universumin ikuinen tahti.  
Se kiehtoo, se rienaa, se leikkiä lyö,  
Miten määrää vaan mainen tää mahti.

Siis ihmekös tuo?—ikihehkullaan  
Kun se syttävi sydämeen palon:  
Pois esteet se tieltä käy raivaamaan  
—Vie niukan näin "järjenkin" valon!

On lempikin poljettu porttolaan,  
Meill' raahattu markkinasaastaan.  
Vain silloin sen sieltä saa nousemaan  
Kiroit, kahleet kuin kaikki pois laastaan.

## 80

## JOULUNA

Nuotti: "Talvi on jo laannut raivoomasta" j. n. e.

Jo on suven sulot herttaisimmat,  
Kesän helle poies paennut;  
Talven valta, vihuriset vimmat,  
Kylmät myrskyt eteen auennut.  
Jo on joulu meille saapununna,  
Juhlimaan kristikansat käy;  
Jo on joulukut laitettuna,  
—Niitä köyhän pöydällä ei näy.



Herrat hekumoi ja herkuttelee,  
Joulujuhla heille ilon tuo;  
Maljoja he kilvan kallistelee,  
Orjain hikeä ja verta juo.  
Palatseissa rikkaat riemun saapi,  
Samppania vuotaa virtanaan;  
Juhlatunne ylös kohoaapi  
Kun muistelee he riistosaalistaan.

Vallasnaiset välkkyä timanteissa,  
Kullat, päärlit heitä koristaa.  
Työläisorjat kulkee repaleissa,  
Nälkää joulunakin nähdä saa.  
Joulupukki tunne ei köyhänlasta,  
Orpoa ei muista, ei raatajaa:  
Leipäpalan kyynelin hän kastaa,  
—Siinä häll' on jouluherkkunsa!

“Rauha maassa”, tuhansista suista,  
Kaikuu tänään kautta koko maan,  
Vaikka vallan ytimistä, luista,  
Vihan vimmat käypi raivoomaan:  
Veli sortaa, vainoo veljeänsä,  
Kansa kansaa vastaan taistoon käy;  
Vallat teroittaapi peitsiänsä—  
Rauhaa, rauhaa ei nyt missään näy!

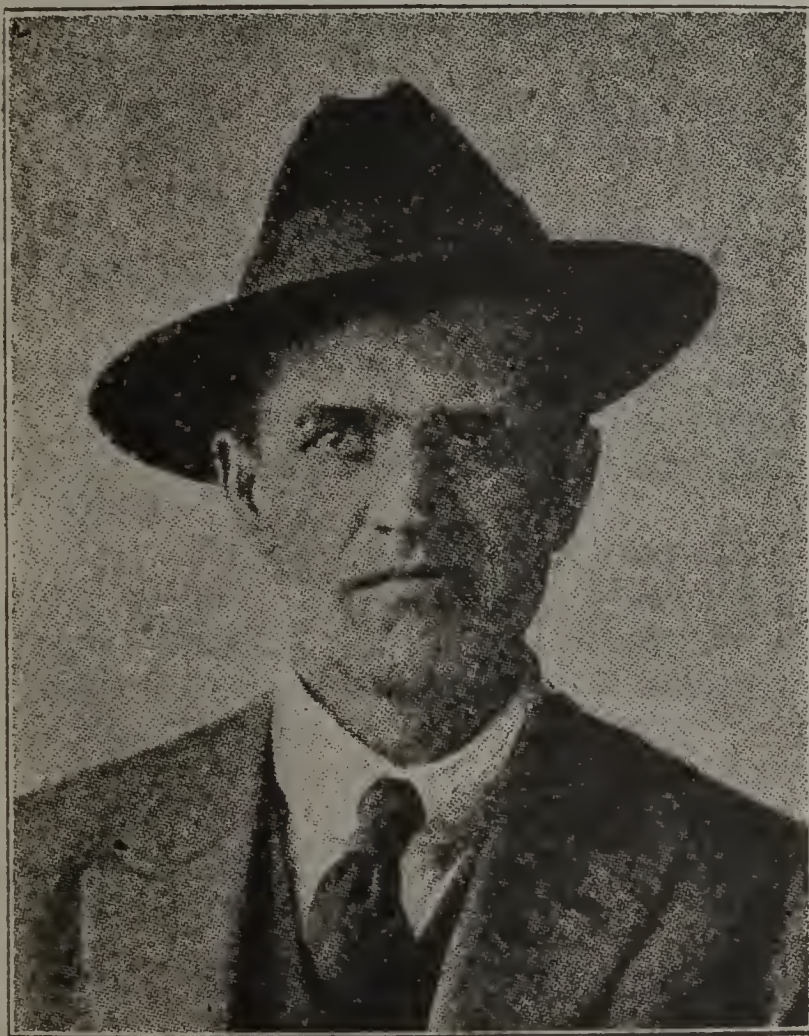
“Rauha maassa” toitottaapi papit,  
“Hyvä tahto” heill' on huulillaan;  
Ääntään säestää vallan “kiiltonapit”,  
“Rauhaa” jakaa kuularuiskuillaan!  
Työläisjoukot raataa raskahasti,  
Hikeään ja vertaan vuodattaa;  
Profiitti vaan kasvaa huimaavasti,  
Riistovaltaa yhä paisuttaa.

“Rauha maassa”—helvettikin raikuu,  
Pirutkin jo siitä ilakoi!  
Kun moinen rauhan ääni maassa kaikuu  
Ett’ murha-aseet välkkyy, salamo!  
Jouluna on rauhan ääni suussa,  
Messiaalle kiitos veisataan:  
Kohta taas hän roikkuu ristipuussa,  
Rauhan aate maahan tallataan!

## FRANK LITTLE

Oma sävel

Armotta kun ajan aallot,  
ankarimmin löivät,  
ulvoi uhmat ulapalla,  
hirmumyrskyt mylvi;  
Maan voimat vainojen  
kun meitä ympäröivät,  
veriorgioissaan peikot  
riehui, tulta kylvi;  
Rohkeasti sa aron poika  
uljas, pystypäinen,  
silloinkin vaan viiriämme  
korkealla kannoit.  
Miss’ taisto tuimin—näimme sun—  
mies riveiss’ ensimmäinen—  
Sä kaikis’, sydänvereskin  
aatteelle alttiiks’ annoit.



FRANK H. LITTLE



## PÄTKIÄ

Kun talven kukat kukkivat,  
Mä rääsyt paikkaan, parsin.  
Kun herrat suumme tukkivat,  
Me "puhutaan"—käsvarsin!

Kun karhu nousee pahnastaan,  
On reikä talven kirres'.  
Kun orjat herää unestaan,  
On aamen herrain virres'.

Kun maamies sitoo lyhtehen,  
Jo saapui sadon aika.  
Kun orjat liittyy yhtehen  
Niin koittaa huomentaika.

Kun pomot haukkuu jätkiä  
Työmaalla laiskahaksi,  
Niin lauletaan näit' "pätkiä"  
Ja pannaan—tupakaksi!

## SOITA, SOITA KANTELEENI

Nuotti: "Heilu Keinuni Korkealle" j. n. e.

Soita, soita sä kanteleeni,  
Kauaksi kaikusi kanna!  
Vapauden vaisto luo luokalleni  
Ja taistohon tarmoa anna.

Soita, soita sä sorretuille,  
Päivyt luo hämärän luoliin;  
Sytytä sä toiveita vainotuille  
Ja lohtua huomisen huoliin.

Soita, soita sä sortuneille,  
Langenneen lauluja laula;  
Herätä sä hehkua uupuneille,  
Ja kirvoita kirojen paula.

Soita, soita sä yhteistunto  
Orjille synkkähän yöhön;  
Teroita sen mahti ja tarmo, kunto,  
Ja soita ne vapaustyöhön!

83

**HYVÄSTI KAMRAATTI**

Nyt hyvästi kamraatti—Morjens siis!  
—Sä pyörit kuin tuulessa viiri.  
Kai katkua antoi sun sieramiis  
Tää "alhaisten" aatepiiri.

Tai oiskohan totta kuin kerrotaan:  
Sait yläältä herkkujen hajun.  
Sen tuoksuva lemu, lumoillaan,  
Vei mieheltä lopunkin najun.

Sä tiesit, on ponnistus pohjassa  
Niin työläs ja jyrkässä mäessä;  
On helpompi olla siis ohjissa,  
Ja rehkiä "vartioväessä".

On helpompi "merkeillä" ratsastaa,  
Jos ne pettää—mitäpäsiitä.  
Ei tarvitse tossuilla tallustaa  
Kun masinavehkeillä kiittää.

On helpompi lauseparsilla  
Huitoa, sen kun joutaa,  
Kuin on iskeä käsivarsilla  
Niin paksua talven routaa.

Mut kuuleppas: "Kuuseen ken kurkottaa"—  
—Ei liene tää pelkkä vain kasku—  
Kun juuresta, pohjasta ponnistaa  
On helpompi—VIIMEINEN LASKU.

Jää hyvästi kamraatti—Morjens siis!—  
Mut pistäisin vaikka ma veikkaa:  
Kun rokka on loppu—muut vieköön hiis!  
Sä monta viel' teet kuperkeikkaa!

84

MAINARILLE MURJOTULLE

(Oma sävel)

Mainari kun aamusella työhön kiiruhtaa,  
Ei tiedä, sinitaivasta jos enää nähdä saa,  
Kun hornan kuiluun hissi uppoo, kaivosonkaloon  
Sinne vaipuu mainari nyt ikipimentoon.

Maan uumenissa surma aina vaanii saalistaan;  
Niin paljon verta siellä on jo käynyt vuotamaan!  
Leskein, lasten kyneleet ken kertoella vois,  
Kun elon turvan ainoan tuo kaivos riisti pois.

Mainari näin surman suussa aina uurastaa,  
Riistäjät kuin huoletonna hekumoida saa.  
Siksi leivän särpimeks' häll' vuotaa kyynelvuoto  
Kun herrat palatseissa mässää, samppaniaa juo.

Palkka pieni, raadanta kun voimat uuvuttaa  
Ramman ruumiin, raihnaisen hän palkaksensa saa.  
Kun ei enää jäntereensä uhku tarmoa,  
Ovelta ovelle saa käydä—pyytää armoa.

Milloin hylkää mainari sa pyynnöt, rukoilut,  
Milloin piiskureilta lopetat sä kiroilut?  
Kun voimas' eessä kestä ei nuo malmivuoretkaan  
Miksi silloin herrain eessä ryömit polvillaan.



Niin kauan sua grottemyllyn kauhut vainoaa,  
Kunnes luotat omaan voimaasi, turvaas' ainoaan.  
Siis käsi veljen kätehen ja yhdy joukkohon,  
Käyös oman lipun alle: Suureen Unioon!

Työn tasavallalle sä uhraa tarmos', voimasi.—  
Siinä sull' on onnen ehto, pelastajasi.  
—Idän taivahalla nyt jo aamu sarastaa;  
Riennä siis sä mainarikin kahlees katkomaan.

—Henry Jokinen.

85

VAPAUDEN SANKARIT

Sävel: A Little Eskimo (Koulu laulu)

Kirj. Anastatius

Kaikukoon  
tämä laulu sointukoon,  
joka syömmeen kuulukoon;  
joka orjaan, nuoreen, vanhaankin,  
kelle vapaus kallis on.  
Oi kuulkaa huuto tää:  
Vankilat näännyttää,  
vapauden sankarit urhokkaat  
siellä tuskaa tuntea saa.

Aina vaan  
meitä puute ahdistaa,  
riisto painaa julmana.  
Lapset hennot nälkää, kylmääkin  
saa jo tuntea kehdosaan.  
Tätä vääryyttä taistelleet  
ovat vastaan veljemme,  
siksi vankilan muureissa kalveta  
sekä silmänsä sammua saa.

Veljemme  
rauta ristin lävitse,  
sieltä katsovat kaihoten.  
Mieli raskas, mutta kuitenkin  
yhä toivoo vapauteen.  
Heillä rakkaat ulkona lie—  
—Muistot menneisyyteen vie—  
Suru kirkkaan kyynelen poskille toi—  
ehkä toivonkin murtaa voi.

Auttakaa  
veljet, siskot, taistelkaa!  
vangin kahleet katkokaa  
järjestykää yhteen unioon  
yli merien ja maan.  
Luokkataisto kutsuu jo  
ratkaisemaan kohtalo;  
luokkavoimalla suoraan toimintaan  
hirmuvallat murskaamaan.

Kaikukoon  
tämä laulu sointukoon,  
joka syömme kuulumoon;  
joka orjaan, nuoreen, vanhaankin,  
kelle vapaus kallis on.  
Oi kuulkaa huuto tää:  
Vankilat näännyttää,  
vapauden sankarit urhokkaat  
siellä tuskaa tuntea saa.

## VIIMEINEN TOIVOMUKSENI

Joe Hill. — Säv. Frank Lindros

Mun viime toivomuksein tää  
Ei kaipaa suurta mietintää;  
Ei omaiset jää suremaan,  
Eik' rahaa, kultaa ruostumaan.

Mun ruumiini, jos päättää saan,  
Se tomuks' tuhkaks' poltetaan,  
Ja hauskat tuulet viekööt sen  
Juurille kukkapensaiden.

Siit' ehkä kukka kuihtuva  
Sais' uutta voimaa, eloa;  
Tää viime toivomuksein on,  
Teill' onni osaks' tulkohon.

## TOLVANA

Sävel: Stung Right

Työn haussa läpi kaupungin mä kuljin hikipäin,  
Siell' ilmoituksen tuhat miestä tarvittavan näin,  
Matkalle läpi maailman Setä Sämin laivastoon,  
Mont' kertaa nimen kirjoitin ett' lähtöön valmis oon.

### KUORO

Tohlo, tohlo T-O-H-L-O  
Tohlo, tohlo mä tolvana olenko?  
Kun aikani on ohi ja vapauden saan,  
En lähde enää seilaamaan ympäri maailman.

Hän sanoi laivapoikia ei työnteko rasita,  
Kun muuta heill' ei tehtävää kuin keinua aalloilla.  
Vaan aamulla jo kello viis' herättää kuin renkiä  
Kuuraamaan ja harjaamaan kapteenin kenkiä.



## KUORO

Tohlo, tohlo T-O-H-L-O j. n. e.

Yks' päivä herra luutnantti mull' alkoi ärjyä,  
Mä äijää naamaan paukautin, hän oikas koipensa  
Helyihin minut kytkettiin, täst' tulee oikeus,  
Vesi leivän päiviä viettää sain mä kaksikymmentäkuus.

## KUORO

Tohlo, tohlo T-O-H-L-O j. n. e.

Joku päivä herra kapteeni sanoi tulee mukavaa,  
Pojat riviin ja rannalle, saatte ottaa liikuntaa,  
Meit' juoksutti kuus' mailia kuin ajosonnia.  
Säkit selässämme painaen noin puoli tonnia.

## KUORO

Tohlo, tohlo T-O-H-L-O j. n. e.

Siihen aikaan kun Setä Samppa ja Spanja taisteli,  
Ja paljon sinitakkeja rintamalla surmattiin.  
Ei kuulat sentään tappaneet likimainkaan kaikkia,  
Vaan paljo kuoli Armorin kannuruokain takia.

## KUORO

Tohlo, tohlo T-O-H-L-O

Tohlo, tohlo tolvana olenko?

Kun aikani on ohi ja vapauden saan,

En lähde enää seilaamaan ympäri maailman.

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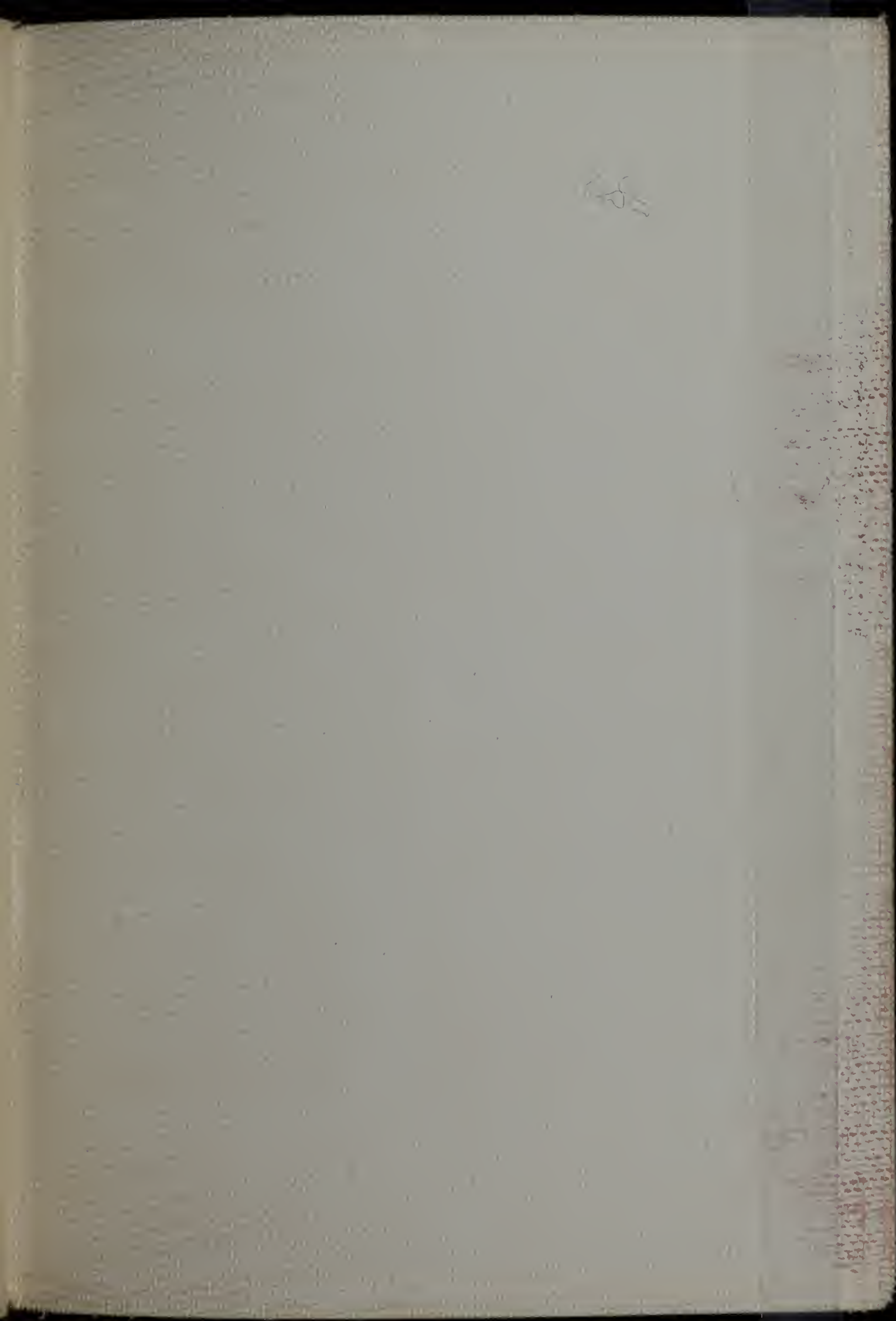
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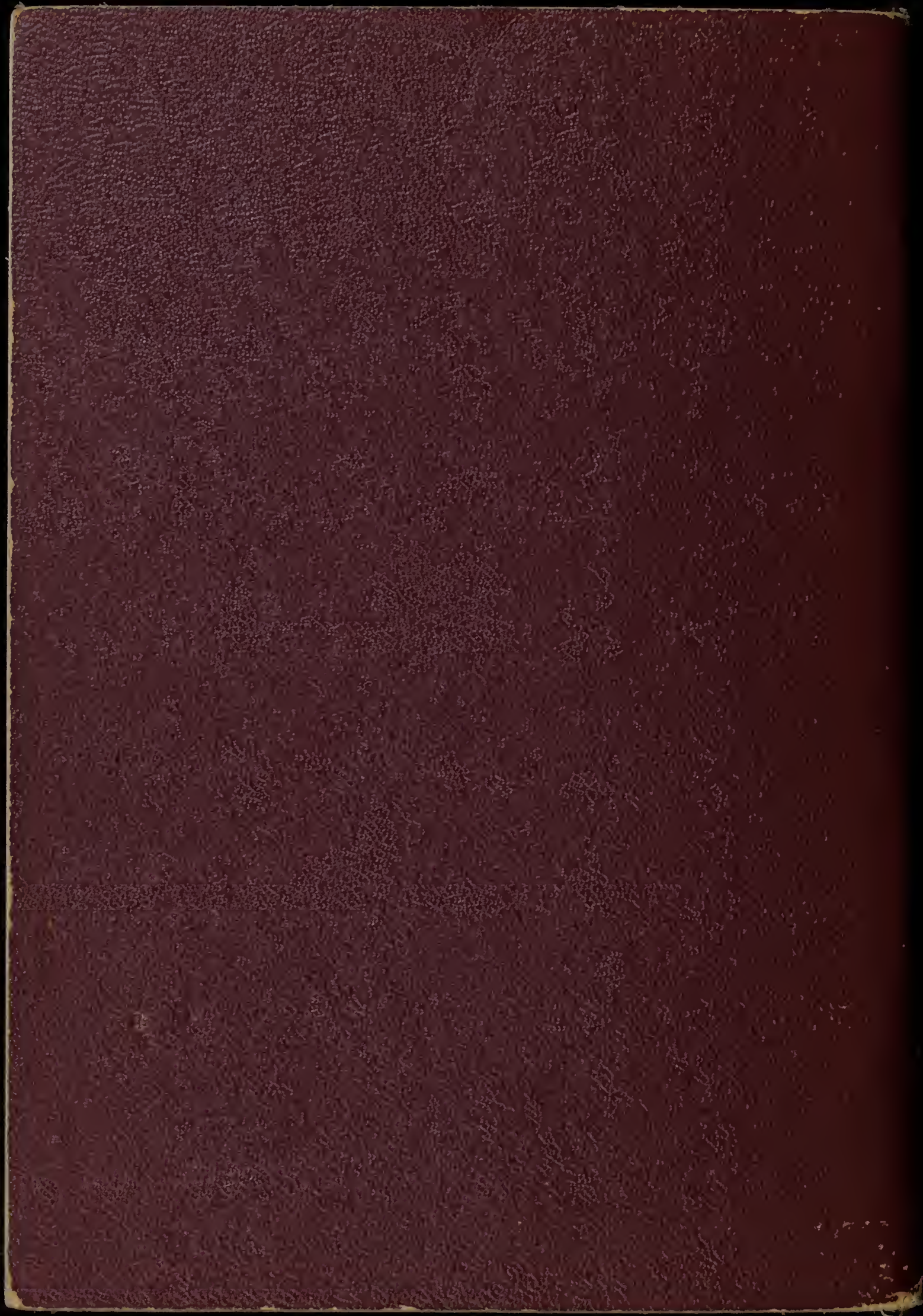


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# Proletaari Lauluja

KUSTANTAJA  
WORKERS Soc. PUB. Co.  
DULUTH, MINN.

True translation of songs herein contained  
filed with the Postmaster at Duluth, Minn., on  
Tuesday, March 19th, 1918, as required by  
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# Proletaari LAULUJA

K U S T A N T A N U T  
WORKERS SOCIALIST  
PUBLISHING COMPANY  
DULUTH, MINNESOTA



## 1. VARSOVALAINEN.

Vihaiset vihurit vastaamme ärjyy,  
Pimeät voimat raivoavat,  
Jouduimme taisteluun rosvojen kanssa.  
Kohtalo meidän on tuntematon.  
Mutta me nostamme rohkeina uljaast  
Työväen taistelun punasen lipun,  
Jaloimman aatteen hulmuvaan vaatteen,  
Vapaus pyhä ett' maailmahan sais.

:,: Veriseen taisteluun

Pyhään ja oikeaan

Mars, mars — nyt raatajat, eespäin mars! :,:

Työläiset, nälkään kuolla me saamme,  
Vieläkö veljet vaikenemme?  
Mielemme nuoret voivatko säikkyä,  
Mestauslava vaikk' uhkasi meit'?  
Aatteen taisteluss' kunniall' kuolleet  
Huku ei sankarit jäljettämiin.  
Nimensä kalliit lauluissa voiton  
Miljoonain muistoksi säilyvät ne.

:,: Veriseen taisteluun j. n. e.

Tyrannien kruunuja vihaamme kaikki  
Kahleet nuo kansojen murramme.  
Verellä tahratut istuimet sorron  
Pesemme verellä sortajaimme.  
Säälitön kosto ja kuolema tulkoon  
Osaksi laiskojen nylkijäimme.  
Porvarit, keisarit perkele vieköön —  
Lähellä voitto riemuisa on

:,: Veriseen taisteluun

Pyhään ja oikeaan

Mars, mars — nyt raatajat, eespäin mars! :,:



## 2. BARRIKAADEILLA.

Veikot, siskot. barrikaadein luo,  
Oi veljet meitä uhkaa vaino taas,  
Se kyllin monta uhria jo kaas!  
Nyt veljet koston säilät temmatkaa  
Ja sitten rohkeasti kohti sortajaa!

Jaloa suurta on taistella  
Nyt ihmisoikeudesta;  
Ei tykit meitä peloita,  
Ei raa'at sotajoukotkaan.

Ihana ensi taistelo,  
Oi veikot meitä oottaa jo.  
Luo barrikaadein käyköön tie,  
Meit' voittoon punalippu vie.

## 3. INTERNATIONALE.

Työn orjat, sorron yöstä nouskaa!  
Maan ääriin kuuluu kutsumus;  
Nyt ryskyin murtuu pakkovalta,  
Tää on viime ponnistus.  
Pohja vanhan järjestyksen horjuu,  
Orjajoukko taistohon!  
Alas lyökää koko vanha maailma,  
Ja valta teidän silloin on!  
:,: Tää on viimeinen taisto;  
Rintamaamme yhtykää,  
Niin huomispäivänä kansat  
On veljet keskenään! :,:

Ei muuta johtajaa, ei luoja  
Kuin kansa kaikkivaltias;  
Se yhteisönsä säätää, suojaa,  
Se on turva tarmokas.

Eestä leivän, hengen, kunniamme!  
Yössä sorron turmion  
Kukin painakaamme palkeitamme,  
Kun käymme työhön, taistohon!

∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto j. n. e.

Lait pettää, hallitukset sortaa,  
Verot köyhälistön verta juo,  
Ja köyhän ihmisoikeuskin  
Ompi tyhjä lause tuo!  
Pois jo kansat holhouston alta!  
Veljeyden sääntö on:  
Kellä velvotusta sillä valtaa  
Ja oikeutta olkohon!

∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto j. n. e.

On kurjan kurjat kunniassaan  
Raharuhtinaat nuo röyhkeät,  
Ei koskaan tee he itse työtä,  
Vaan he työtä ryöstävät.  
Varat kansan hankkimat on menneet  
Kaikki konnain kukkaroon.  
Pois kansa velkansa jo vaatii,  
Nyt ryöstösaalis tuotakoon!

∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto j. n. e.

Työmiehet, kyntäjät ja kaikki  
Työkansan joukko nälkäinen!  
Maa meidän on ja olla täytyy,  
Vaan ei laiskain lurjusten.  
Nälkä meill' on aina vieraanamme,  
Vaan kun korpit haaskoiltaan  
Me kerran kaikki karkoitamme,  
Niin päivä pääsee paistamaan.

∴ Tää on viimeinen taisto;

Rintamaamme yhtykää,

Niin huomispäivänä kansat

On veljet keskenään! ∴

Eugene Pottier.

4. MARSELJEESI.

Nyt eespäin, orjat kaiken maan,  
On päivä kunnian.  
Te näätte verilippuaan  
::: Jo sorron nostavan. :::  
Ja kentällänne korjuvi  
Jo raaka armeija,  
Se kotihinne pyrkisi,  
Tois surmaa, tuhoa!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan,  
Ja eespäin käykää vaan!  
Ja juoskoon veri saastainen  
Nyt aivan virtanaan!

Mit' orjalauma tahtookaan  
Tuo hirmuvaltiaan?  
Nuo kahleet kelle ajotaan,  
::: Mi takoi valhe vaan? :::  
Voi, mikä halpa herjaus,  
Ken siit' ei vimmaan sais!  
Mik' onkaan heillä uskallus,  
Kun meidät tallattais!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

Nuo villit saisko lakia  
Ne meille lukea!  
Nuo palkkaorjat urhoja  
::: Sais täällä polkea! :::  
Voi taivas, mekö nöyrinä  
Maan tomuun taivuttais?  
Ja kōhtalomme määrätä  
Tuo kurja sorto sais?  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

Te valheen miehet vapiskaa,  
Te kaikkein kauhistus,  
Jo murhatyönne palkan saa



:,: Ja tulee korvaus! :,:  
On teillä vastaan koko maa —  
Jos kaatuu sankarit,  
Maa uudet urhot nostattaa,  
Ne taas on valmihit!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

Oi pyhä veljesrakkaus,  
Sä johda taistoa!  
Oi lempimämme vapaus,  
:,: Sä auta taistossa! :,:  
Sä lippuhumme liittyös  
Ja innostusta luo,  
Sä sortovalta häätäös  
Ja voitto meille tuo!  
Nyt kaikki rintamaan j. n. e.

## 5. PALKKAORJAIN MARSSI.

Sävel: Marseljeesi.

Nyt kautta kaiken maailman  
Sotatorvet käy kaikumaan.  
Ne kutsuupi riviin, rintamaan,  
:,: Orjajoukot taistelemaan, :,:  
Alas lyökää jo harvainvalta!  
Julmurit kaikki tyrannit,  
Saastaiset konnat, nylkyrit,  
Alas lyökää kaikkialta!  
Siis rivit täyttäkää,  
Uljaasti rynnätkää.  
Eespäin!, eespäin!  
Vallankumous  
On orjain pelastus!

Vuostuhannet meitä sorrettu,  
Pilkattu on ja häväisty.

Ain' orjan selkää on suomittu,  
::Viluun, nälkään on näännytty,::  
Sydänveremmekin he joivat;  
Nuo tunnottomat, katalat,  
Kirohut roistot, saatanat,  
Helvetin meille tänne toivat.  
Siis rivit täyttäkää j. n. e.

Verikoirat meitä vainoavat  
Ja pyssyhurtat jahtaavat.  
Vertammekin rosvot janoovat,  
::Julmasti meitä lahtaavat,::  
Ikeet, kahleet meitä ain' painaa.  
Ruhjotut lihakset ja luut,  
Myös vankiluolat, hirsipuut  
Osanamme ollut on aina.  
Siis rivit täyttäkää j. n. e.

Palkkaorjat kaikki rintamaan  
Urhokkaasti kuin astuvat;  
Ei helvetin voimat, taivaan, maan,  
::Ei perkeleet, ei jumalat,::  
Voi joukkoamme suurta voittoa  
Näin kahlehemme katkeaa  
Ja riemumielin koko maa,  
Vapauden hymniä soittaa!  
Siis rivit täyttäkää j. n. e.

## 6. KARVAJALKA.

Sävel: Stung Right.

Meill' lurjuksia paljon lie  
Tääll' alla auringon,  
Vaan skääppi heistä voiton vie  
Roisto on verraton.

Niin ammattinsa alhainen  
On musta, katala;  
Myös synnyltäänkin saastainen,  
Sen tahdon todistaa:

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton,  
Pirutkin sun hylkää, et missään rauhaa saa;  
Helvetinkin liekeistä sull' potkut annetaan.

Kerran luokse Jehovan  
Käy herra Pelsepuup;  
Häntäänsä hän heiluttaa  
Nöyränä polvistuu:  
"Oi luoja suuri taivaan, maan,  
Mun täytä toivomus:  
Pääs' kaverini karkaamaan,  
Siis rustaileppa uus."

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;  
Pirun kumppaniksi sa olet luotu vaan  
Ijankaiken tulimerta kahlailemaan.

Nyt sisiliskot, käärmehet  
Käy Luoja keräämään;  
Ja villipetoin jäännökset  
Kaikk' yhteen liittämään;  
Hieroo niitä, muokkailee,  
Puhkuu ja puhalttaa;  
Kas eessään kohta astelee  
Nyt pikku saatana!

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;



On käärmeen luonto sulla ja petoeläimen  
Suuri epäsikiö, halpa saastainen.

Kodin kaipuu pätsin lies  
Nyt matkaan kiirehtää;  
Senhän itse Luoja ties',  
Ei tahdo viivyttää.  
Nyt tyytyväisnä hornan henki  
Rientää takaisin,  
Kätyrinsä uusi renki  
Astuu toimihin.

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;  
Pirun kätyriksi sa olet luotu vaan,  
Ijankaiken tulimerta kahlailemaan.

Kun hän hetken helvetissä  
Tulta suitsuttaa.  
Kattiloiden lämpimissä  
Lieskaa kohentaa;  
Niin käsky ulos käypi kerran,  
Se viestin sisältää:  
"Käyppä luokse hornan herran  
Sä suuri sarvipää."

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;  
Pirutkin sun hylkää, et missään rauhaa saa  
Helvetinkin liekeistä sull' potkut annetaan.

"Oot muodoltasi moitteeton",  
Näin pomo virkkoaa.  
Myös sydämesi tunnoton  
Tääll' moista tarvitaan.

“Mutt’ löyhkää kurjan kruppisi  
Ken sitä sietää vois,  
Vaikk’ helvettikin jäähtyisi,  
Sä riennä täältä pois!”

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;  
Pirun kätyriksi sa olet luotu vaan,  
Ijankaiken tulimerta kahlaillemaan.

Maan päälle tämä sarvipää  
Nyt kilvan kiiruhtaa;  
Asumaan hän tänne jää,  
Ammatin kuin saa.  
Vaikk’ sarvia ei päässään näy  
Hän silti tunnetaan;  
Skääppinä kuin aina käy  
Lakkoja murskaamaan.

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;  
Pirun kätyriksi sa olet luotu vaan,  
Ijankaiken tulimerta kahlaillemaan.

Toverit te kaikkialla  
Tämä muistakaa:  
Kirottua karvajalkaa  
Kauhuin karttakaa;  
Hän on peikko helvetistä  
Käärmeen nahoissa  
Peto, yksi ilkeimmistä  
Ihmishaahmossa!

Kuoro:

Skääppi, skääppi kurja sieluton,  
Skääppi, skääppi konna kelvoton;  
Pirutkin sun hylkää, et missään rauhaa saa,  
Maan päältäkin sulle kohta potkut annetaan.

## 7. LAULU KULLASTA.

Oon kullatta ma syntynyt  
Maan mammonata vailla;  
Ain' kullatta myös elänyt  
Oon raukka vieraan mailla.

Ken kullatta, hänt' poljetaan  
Ain' hylky olla saapi;  
Kuin kullassa on mahti maan  
Sill' kaikki kumartaapi.

Kullassa lepää kuninkuus  
Kullass' on mainen mahti;  
Kullassa ajan aateluus  
Kullass' on onnen vahti.

Kullassa miesten aatokset  
Jok' hetki hehkuin palaa;  
Kullassa naisten ihanteet  
Sit' nuoret, vanhat halaa.

Kullatta ken aivan on  
On arvoa hän vailla;  
Oi osaa sen ken kullaton  
On kullallisten mailla.

Kullasta osankin vain  
Omistaa jos saisin;  
Tää onni koituis kullastain  
Et mamsellin mä naisin.



Näin kullalla mun elon sään  
Vois' onnekkaaksi muuttaa,  
Mutt' kullatta jos aina jään  
Oon vailla onnekkuuatta.

## 8. ORJAN LAULU.

Nuotti: Kas liehuvi lippu.

Nyt työläinen tiesi kulkee tyrmähän;  
Murhan piiskat päämme päällä soivat.  
Nyt miljonat surmataa, veri pärskyää  
Ja nerot vankiloissa vaikeroivat.  
Nyt virkavalta mahdollaan kaikk' kansat uuvuttaa;  
Vaimot, lapset kärsivät, he nälkään kuolla saa  
Ja valtaluoکان hurtat ilakoivat.

On tuhannet vuodet jo saatu kulkea  
Me sorron ja kärsimysten teillä;  
On helvetin liekeillä saatu narrata,  
Meit' jumalilla sekä perkeleillä.  
Kun kirkko pyytää suojelusta murha-aseille,  
Ja kapitaalin kauhealle riistomahdille,  
Vaan teuras-karjan osa ollut meillä.

Käy murskaamaan orja nää murhalaitokset:  
Sä ylös nouse kahleiden jo alta.  
Sä pirstaleiksi särje riiston asehet  
Ja maahan lyö jo koko hirmuvalta!  
Kärsimysten lävitsekin iske sortajaan;  
Yhteen suureen unioon sä yhdy toimintaan  
Ja vankityrmään vainoojasi salpaa!

K. Järvi.

## 9. SODAN LIEKIT.

Veri sekä kyyneleet siell' kostuttaapi maan,  
Kun miljonaiset työläisjoukot marssii kuolemaan.  
Kalman löyhkä ilkeä siell' ilman myrkyttää;  
Rutto raateleepi sen, ken viimeksi eloon jää.

Nyt lippu puhdas punainen ilmoille nostakaa,  
Tyrannien hirmutyöt julmasti kostakaa!  
Missä orjat? rintamaan rientäkää,  
Se raukka ompi onneton, joka nyt syrjään jää!

Työn valta sekä oikeus maailmaa hallitkoon,  
Veljeys ja tasa-arvo aina vallitkoon;  
Kaikk' kruunupäiset syöttiläät nyt alas kaikkineen  
Tuomareineen, pyöveleineen, verihurttimeen!

Vannokaa ett' naudan lailla teuraaks' ei taivuta  
Eikä ikiorjuutehen enää vaivuta! —  
Taistellaan kuin barrikaadeill' eest' vapauden,  
Veljeyden tasa-arvon ihmisoikeuden!

Vaikka sydän rinnassamme viime kerran löis  
- Ja veriruusut kosteat hautamme seppelöis:  
Sittenkin työnjättiläinen kulkee voittohon,  
Vapauden, onnen, rauhan aamun koittohon.  
Iikki Takkinen.

## 10. LOISELÄJÄT.

(Paratises.)

Kirj. John E. Nordqvist.

Nuotti: Sven Dufva.

Loiseläjät, suur' syöpäläiset, verenimijät,  
Laiskurit nää työmme tuotteet kaiken riistäjät;  
Ei he tunne vilua, ei nälkää puutetta,  
Ain' mielin määrin maailmaa he saavat hallita.

Loiseläjät ain' loistossa mässää ja hekumoi,  
Miljonat vaan vaivojansa itkee, vaikeroi,  
Vaikk' nääntyy alle sorrannon, heillä ei konsanaan  
Oo pyrkimystä valohon, he huokailepi vaan.

Jos alle punalipun kaikki taistoon yhdytään,  
Loiseläjät näin kaikkialta pois me pyyhkäistään.  
Kun kaikki luokkajärjestykseen liittyypi unioon,  
Syöttiläät nää kukistuu, maailma meidän on.

# 11. VIIMEINEN TOIVONI.

(My Last Will, kirj. Joe Hill.)

Nuotti: Tuo kaukainen ranta j. n. e.

Nyt toivoni viimeisen ilmaista saan,  
— Mull' jaettavaa rikkautt', ei kultaa;  
Ei toverit aikaa teillä suremaan,  
Ain' lietsokaa vain vihan, taiston tulta.

Mun ruumiini? — Itse jos määrätä saan  
Sen tuhkaksi poltettavan soisin;  
Kun tuulonen vieno käy puhaltamaan  
Näin liidellä mä kukkien luo voisin.

Niin silloin kai kuihtuva kukkanen vois'  
Eloon elpyisi, kukkia lois jälleen.  
— Tää viimeinen tahtoni, toivoni ois',  
Ain' onni olkoon teidän elämälle!

# 12. YHDEKSÄNKYMMENTÄ YHDEKSÄN.

(The Ninety and nine)

Kirj. Rose E. Smith.

(Suomennos)

Yhdeksänkymmentä yhdeksän  
Kuolee viluun ja nälkähän.  
Ett' yksi vois käydä silkeissä



Hekumoida ja mässästä  
Nää kymmenet hökkeleiss' asustaa  
:::Ja yksi vaan palatsin loistossa.:,:

Työstänsä erämaa kukoistaa  
Ja metsätkin kaatuilevat.  
Mökit he halvatkin rakentaa  
Myös palatsit uljaimmat.  
Yhdet vain omistaa aarteet maan  
:::On kymmenill' tyhjät kädet vaan.:,:

Vaan vihdoin loppuu tää synkkä yö  
Ja koittavi aamun koi.  
Silloin joukkojen taisto, työ  
Halki ilman kaikuen soi.  
Maan ääristä ääriin kuuluu vaan:  
::: Nyt kaikin voitosta riemuitaan! :,:

### 13. SODAN LIEKIT.

Oma sävel. Sävel: Ikuinen muisto.

Nyt sodanliekit leimuavat yli Europan,  
Miehet nuoret, vanhuksetkin viedään rintamaan.  
Hävitystä kuolemaa se ympärilleen luo,  
Muistot synkät seuraukset ikipäiviksi tuo.

Ei kärsimysten suuruutta voi sanoin kuvata,  
Ei kirousten kauhua, ei suurta julmuutta.  
Virtoina kuin vuotaa veljein veri ruskea,  
Oi haavoissansa viruvien kuolon tuskia!

Tykit tulta sylkeepi ja kuulat vinkuvat,  
Kuolon kitaan ammottavaan syöksee miljonat.  
Ain' lisää vain se uhriksensa vaatii urhoja  
Aina yhä enemmän leskiä, orpoja.

Siell' niittomies nyt tuonelan saa sadon runsahan,  
Valtaluokka ylväsnä vaan kiittää saalistaan;  
Ei edes veljeyskään tuota estää voi;  
Ain' raivoisammin hyökätään ja vihan nuolet soi.

Siell' raunioiksi ammutaan kaupungit ihanat,  
Tantereeksi muutetaan pellotkin viljavat.  
Myös aurat taotaan aseiksi, kenpä niitä vois  
Nyt käytellä kuin surmataa kaikki raatajat siell'  
pois?

#### 14. IDÄN SANKAREILLE.

Oma nuotti.

Kirj. Hilja Liinamaa.

He sorrosta, sumusta ryntäili  
Nous, huomenen koittoa kohti.  
Veriruskojen halki he katsahti  
Miten vuossodan aamu se hohti.

He nousivat kalskeessa kalpojen  
Oli vastassa tykkien nielut —  
He nousivat nuoruus-innossaan,  
Tulikukkihin puhkesi sielut.

“Ylös”, huusi he “kuolema toivottunas  
Vain orjan kahleita seuraa.  
Vie taisto se kansan vapauteen,  
Mitäs siitä jos sortajat meuraa?”

“Ylös”, huusi he: eessämme elämä,  
Vaan takana yöhyt ja turma.  
Tää kansa on luotu kasvamaan,  
Pois orjuus, se kansan on surma.

He nousivat, sankarit urhoiset  
Moni kalpeni kentälle uhri.  
Ja herjat ne kansansa uhmaajat  
Veritahroihiin kätensä tuhri.

He nousivat, myrskynä ilma soi  
— Heit Europa kunnioittaa  
Mutt' sortaja hiovi peitsiään,  
Ja hitaasti aamu se koittaa.

He nousivat, nousivat tutkimaan  
Yön valtaako ijäti kestää?  
Ja kansaa, mi ottavi oikeuden  
Ken taitavi kaataa, estää!

## 15. VEREMME PUNAINEN.

Nuotti: Tehtaan Tyttö.

Kirj. M. Kaikkonen.

Kolkolta tuntuu olo tää,  
Synkältä elämä;  
Sydämet saapi sykkimään  
Riistäjäin veri sää.

Kuin meren aallot vaahtopäät  
Eteenpäin rynnistää;  
Kuolon virttä surman säät  
Laulamaan kiirehtää.

Sodassa jyskyy kanunat,  
Suur' voimat myllertää;  
Tuhannet äidit turvatta,  
Ja lapset orvoks' jää.



Nyt kutsuu meitä kuolema  
Näin nuorella ijällä.  
Miljonihin nouseva  
On surman saalis tää.

Veremme ruusunpunainen  
Kentille vuotaa saa.  
Kenenkä eestä — tiedät sen  
Me käymme kuolemaan?

**16. ÄLKÄÄ VIEKÖ MUN ISÄÄNI POIS.**

Dont take my papa away from me.  
Kirj. ja sävel. Joe Hill. — Suomennos.

Tyttönen pieni mi äidistään  
Jäi orvoksi poloinen,  
Kans' isänsä halvass' mökissä  
Asui takana merien.  
Syttyvi sota nyt hirmuinen  
Sinn' isänsä kutsun saa.  
Tää pieni tyttönen näin  
Nyt kyynel silmissäin  
Vaikeroiden virkkoaa:

Älkää mun isääni viekö pois,  
Ainoa turva hän mun.  
Kenpä mun hoivani silloin ois  
Ken lohtuu tois suruhun!  
Vertaistaan mistään löytää en voi  
Kuollut kun äitinikin.  
— Älkää mun isääni viekö pois  
Hän hoiva mun kallihin.

Tyttösen rukous turhaa vaan,  
Pois isänsä hält' raastettiin.

Ei nähdä häntä saa konsanaan,  
Hän sodass' kun surmattiin.  
Vaikk' urhokin ol', hän sankari  
Sydän kerran suruhuñ saa.  
Hän kuolintuskissaan kun  
Kuuli äänen tutun  
Vaikeroiden virkkoavan:

Älkää mun isääni j. n. e.

17. UNIOSSA ON VOIMA.

There is Power in a Union.  
Kirj. Joe Hill. — Suomennos.

Sävel: There is power in the Blood.

Jos tahdot et' vapaus orjien ois,  
Käy joukkohon  
Suur' Unioon!  
Jos tahdot et' kurjuus poistuisi pois,  
Laill' miehen sä käy taistohon.

Kuoro:

Siinä voima, on voima  
Kun kaikin astutaan,  
Taisteloon,  
Unioon.  
— Se on voima, on voima  
Jolla hallitaan,  
Maan aarteet me voitetaan.

Sä taivahanko aarteista uneksit ain,  
Ja päällä maan  
Oot puutteissa?  
Sä enkelin siipiä toivotko vain,  
Ja rääsyihin tääll' tyydyt vaan?

Jos kyllin jo Karitsan verta sä joit,  
Käy joukkohon,  
Suur' Unioon. —  
Jos täydestä vatsasta vain unelmoit  
Laill' miehen sä käy taistohon.

Jos hurttien ruoska suo huvittaa vaan  
Oot jästipää,  
— Myös siksi jää. —  
Jos sulla mieltä ei parempaan,  
Käy pomoas turpailemaan.

Raatajat kaikki nyt kautta maan!  
Käy joukkohon,  
Suur' Unioon.  
Maan aarteista osamme vaaditaan  
Lailla miehen siis taistohon!

# 18. TAISTELUUN ORJAT.

Sävel: There is power in The Blood.

Taisteloon orjat nyt kaikk' yhtykää.  
Yhdistykää,  
Rynnistäkää!  
— Kenpä nyt moinen raukka ois,  
Et rivistä pois  
Jäädä vois?

Kuoro:  
Meillä voima, on voima  
Taisto yhteinen.  
— Eespäin vaan,  
Nyt marssimaan!



Siinä voima, on voima orjajoukkojen  
Kun me yhdessä taistellaan.

Puutteiden alla me ain eletty,  
On kärsitty,  
On näännytty,  
Herrojen kukkarot täytetty vaan,  
Me ainiaan,  
Kautta maan.

Me linnat ja palatsit on rakettu,  
On taisteltu,  
On uhrattu.  
On piiskurin ruoskaa suutelemaan,  
Matelemaan,  
Käyty vaan.

Me kullat ja timantit kaivanehet  
Tuottanehet,  
Rikkaudet.  
Sorto ja kahleet meillä on vain  
Ollut on ain'  
Osanain.

Orjat on verellään peittäneet maan,  
On tuskissaan  
Rukoilleet vaan.  
Apua meille ei taivaasta lie,  
Mutt' taiston tie,  
Voittoon vie.

Jo teidän nyt aika yhtyä on  
Joukkohon,  
Suur' Unioon.

Kaikki siis yhteistoimintaan  
Katkomaan  
Kahleitaan.

Nyt rukous auta, ei ristipuut,  
Ei vainajain luut,  
Ei itkevät suut.  
Vaan sankarin lailla kuin eespäin vaan  
Me marssitaan  
Voitetaan.

Kerran viel' loppuu tää sorron yö  
Vapaus lyö  
Kun yhteistyö  
Orjajoukkoa innostaa  
Se valloittaa  
Maailman.

## 19. VAPAUDEN MARTTYYRIT.

Kirj. Kaarlo Terhi.

Te kaaduitte uhreina vapauden,  
Te kannoitte lippua veljeyden,  
Te sorruitte urhojen lailla.  
Niinkauan kuin rinnat ne lämminnä lyö  
On muistomme kertova sankarityö,  
Vaikk' on hautamme patsasta vailla.

Nyt ilkkuvi kosto, ei sääliä näy  
Ja korpit ne räakkyen haaskalle käy,  
Verituomiot syytöntä ohjaa.

Vain itku ja voihkina täyttävät maan  
Ja kuolevat kuihtuvat tuskissaan,  
Ei konnien riemulla rajaa.

Ah, turhako taistelu, päätönkö yö,  
Min vuoksi on uhrattu tuhanten työ  
Ja vuotanut veljen verta?  
Ei — uskomme kirkasna olkoon vaan  
Ja säilämme valmisna taistelemaan,  
Niin päivä on koittava kerta.

Verikylvöstä, maamme mi kastellut on,  
Kevättoukona nouseva aurinkohon  
On vapauden kultainen laiho.  
Ja urhojen haudalta haastavat luut  
Ja toivoja kuiskivat kumpujen puut  
Ja poistuvi mielistä kaiho.

Syvä aukko, min taistelurintamaan  
Löi sortajamahti, taas korvataan  
Tuhatvertaisin voimin nuorin.  
Ja kaikuvin lauluin ja pystyssä päin  
Vapauttaja-armeija rynnistäin  
Käy maalia kohden suoriin.

Pian viimeinen hetki jo lyö kukaties,  
Siis valmisna! Paikalleen joka mies  
Ja voittoon tai kuolohon rinnan!  
Alas sortajat! Kunnia urhoillen!  
Emme pyydä vaan vaadimme vapauden.  
Me jo maksoimme kalliin hinnan.

## 20. VAPAUTEEN.

Voi laulaa nuotilla: "Kansa joukko on urhoisa".

Taisto on nyt toivoisa,  
Jos rivein riennämme,  
Se murtaa sorron rintaman,



Joka meitä vainoaa.  
Siispä sota-marssi raikukohon  
Jo aika lähenee,  
Se vaatii taistoon urhojamme,  
Niin voitto meille jää.  
Oi! vapaus, oi oikeus.  
Se on orjain kalleus.

Solmuruoska ja vankila  
On aina tarjona  
Jos vaan käymme vastustaan  
Työläisten riistäjää,  
Ja viel' petteureina konnain maille,  
Armotta tuomitaan.  
Ja vuosikaudet vankiloissa saamme,  
Uhreina kitua.  
Hei! nouskaamme nyt jo taisteluun,  
Se on meidän tehtävä.

Siel' idän orjat kamppailee,  
Hirmuvaltaa vastahan.  
Joka vuosituhannet,  
Sorti orjat kahleilla.  
Siis mekin joukkoon rynnätkäämme,  
Nyt aika kallis on.  
Voiton mekin taistelussa saamme.  
Kun yhdessä riennämme,  
Nyt rintamaan, nyt taistohon,  
Se on taisto vapauteen.

Vaikka taiston hurmeissa,  
Me veriin tallataan,  
Ja vaikka toverista parhaimmat  
Uhreina surmataa.  
Niin kosto ei jää kostamatta,  
Me jonka vannomme,

Se on, tuottajille oikeus ja valta  
Eikä sortajillemme.  
Nyt ottakaa, nyt vaatikaa,  
Se on raatajain oikeus.

Kun vapaus on taisteltu  
Ja oikeus orjilla.  
— Käytkäämme työstämme nauttimaan,  
Toinen ei sitä anasta.  
Se on orjan suuri riemun aika,  
Jot' ei voi kuvata,  
Että orjuutemme suuri taika,  
Voiton eessä häviää.  
Oi onnea, Oi riemua,  
Sen tenho valtaa sydämen.  
Oto Korpi.

## 21. PUNALIPPU.

Venäjän vallankumouksellisten marssi.  
Opistolle suomentanut Santeri Nuorteva.

Reippaasti riveihin riennä!  
Taistelu intoa tuo.  
Hehkuvin mielin me käymme,  
Punasen lippumme luo.

Kahleisiin raskaisiin lyöty  
Meitä jo kylliksi on,  
Armoa emme me pyydä,  
Murskaamme kahlehet nuo.

Raataja-luokka me oomme,  
Riistetty onnemme on.  
Vapauteen, valtaan meit' johtaa  
Lippumme tahraamaton.

**22. TAISTELUN MARSSI.**

Kirj. Vennu Kari.

Oma nuotti.

Rintamaan, rintamaan!  
Rientäkäätte rintamaan  
Vanhat, nuoret,  
Heittäkäätte arkihuolet  
Empimättä huomeneen.  
Taistoon tuttu airut soittaa,  
Päivä kuuma meille koittaa.

Laulakaa, laulakaa,  
Laulu uljas laulakaa!  
Taiston taika  
Veikko kuule:  
Nyt on aika  
Valta väärä lannistaa.  
Sorto, riisto päätään nostaa,  
Taistellen aijomme kostaa.

Taistelkaa, taistelkaa,  
Tuimasti nyt taistelkaa!  
Väell' vimman  
Katso kuinka  
Kaikki rinnan  
Riistoo vastaan rynnistää!  
Asettansa kukin käyttää,  
Vihaa, voimaa, taitoo näyttää.

Iskekää, iskekää  
Kaikin voimin iskekää.  
Jumal'auta!  
Kierous, koiruus  
Nyt ei auta;  
Siksi riemun päivä tää,  
Herrasvalta surman saakoon,  
Tuoni sille turman taatkoon.



23. TOVEREILLE.

Nuotti: Ikuinen muisto.

Vihurit vinhat ja tuuliaispäät  
Nyt vastaamme ärjyy ja myrskyiset säät;  
Huuhkaimet ulvoopi pimeessä yös,  
Maan mustimmat peikot ne kaikki on työs.

Vaan uljaasti joukko sä eespäin käy,  
Yön varjossa paljon vaikk' valoo ei näy;  
Tok' kerran viel' aamukin meill' sarastaa,  
Tyyntyypi myrsky ja päivä kajastaa.

Niin paljon on orjat jo kärsineneet,  
Vuos'tuhannet tuskia tuntenehet;  
Vaan kärsimys meitä ei lannistaa saa,  
Se taistelun tahtia vain tuimentaa.

Vaikk' vankilat, runneltut lihakset, luut  
On osamme ollut ja hirsipuut,  
Niin korkealle lippumme hulmuilemaan;  
Sen eestä vieläin vaikka kuolemaan!

Niin jaloa puolesta vapauden  
On taistella ihmisoikeuden;  
Siis rohkeesti, uljaasti eespäin vaan,  
Orjien oikeutta puolustamaan!

Viel' kerran loppuvi synkkä tää yö  
Ja orjien vapaudenkellot ne lyö;  
Kaikk' enteet jo aamua ennustaa,  
Ja siksipä huuhkaimet niin ulvoaa.

24. RIISTETTYT MILJONAT.

Me tukki souvar' ritarit  
Ja kuusten kukistajat;  
Me aherramme ain'  
Ja raadamme vain.  
Me tiedämme että töistämme  
On miljonat nuo koottu,  
Joista emme riemuita voi;  
Se ensi askel ois,  
Ken laskea ne vois  
Kuka ne on riistänyt miljonat pois.

Kun ankarasti uhkaavina  
Talven tuiskut riehuu,  
Kun lumet pyryää  
Ja pedot lymyää,  
Niin silloinhan nuo repaleiset  
Ryysy jätkät riehuu  
Luonnon voimia vastustaen.  
Se ihmettä ois  
Ken uskoa vois  
Että tuommoisissa kääpiöissä  
Ihmisverta ois.

Kun päivän työt on päättäneet  
Ja voimat uupuneita.  
Me käymme suojihin,  
Kuin myyrät luolihin,  
Se ihmettä ois  
Ken uskoa vois  
Että meiltä on riistetty miljonat pois.

Kotimme on kostea  
Ei päivä sinne paista,  
Niin kolkko on ja kolea,

Itikkaa monellaista  
Se ihmettä ois  
Ken uskoa vois  
Että meiltä on riistetty kotimme pois.

**25. MAAMME.**

Nuotti: Suuri idän kansa.

Amerikan manner  
Orjain lahtitanner  
Hiki helvettien liekit  
Aina leimuaa.  
Verratointa tuhlausta,  
Sodan suuren kustannusta  
Kiireen kautta  
Kansat täällä  
Koittaa huojentaa.

Työläinen on orpo  
Töittensä suuri korko,  
Min' jäntevillä jänterillä  
Maailmalle saa.  
Juoksee vallan ylvähille  
Orpo lasten sylkijille,  
Kautta aikain saarnatussa  
Vapauden maas.

Turvamme on LAKKO  
On siihen meillä pakko,  
Kun nuo kunnottomat riistää  
Leipä palasen.  
Ne eivät sääli henkeämme  
Eikä meidän lapsiamme  
Teurastajat veren kanssa  
Maljat kallistaa.



On kapuloitu meitä  
Vallan virka teillä  
Onko meillä ihmis oikeutia ollenkaan.  
Oi verratonta teurastusta  
Vankiloihin kuljetusta  
Porvareitten lauletuksa  
Vapauden maas.

Skääppi kurja houkka,  
Kun järjestynyt joukko  
On noussut taistelohon  
Eestä elinehtojen.  
Niin nuo kurjat karvajalat  
Viimeisenkin leipäpalan  
Riistämään käy suusta  
Orpolapsien.

Ei äänestykset auta,  
Ei totta jumal'auta  
Kukistaissa kapitaalia  
Hirmuvalta tuo.  
Muistelkaatte ehtojanne  
Tietäkääte tehtävänne  
Teollisuuden työläiset,  
Kun järjestyksen luo.

Mooses Kaikkonen.

## 26. JOULUNA.

Nuotti: Suloisessa Suomessamme.

Taikurit taas ilakoivat,  
Papit, piispat pomiloit;  
Enkel'laulun apinoivat,  
Kiitoshymnit, messut soi.  
Ja he pöntössänsä pauhaa

Hoosiannaa korkeuden,  
Maassa onni olkoon, rauha,  
Hyvä tahto ihmisten!

Tuolla loistaa idän tähti,  
Joka viittaa seimen luo.  
Siitä valo kirkkain lähti,  
Vapauden mi rauhan suo.  
Näin tomppelit hymysuussa,  
Valehurskaat huutaapi;  
Vapaus vaikk' ristipuussa  
Joulunakin roikkuupi.

Rauha maassa! — äänet soivat,  
Valtaluokat toitottaa.  
Palatsissaan hekumoivat,  
Samppania pulppuaa;  
Riemusta kohooi rinta,  
Juhla heillä tää on verraton;  
Palkkaorjain veren hinta  
Riistäjät saa karkeloon.

Rauha maassa! — Idän manner  
Verestä vaikk' punottaa,  
Hirmuinen on taisto tanner,  
Tulimerta suitsuttaa.  
Kanunat kun jyskää, pauhaa,  
Kuularuiskut räiskyvät,  
Katsos moista joulurauhaa  
Kristikansat viettävät!

Rauha maassa — kaikkialla  
Orjajoukot vaikeroi.  
Uuvuksissa kahlein älla,  
Solmupiiska selkään soi.  
Maan mustissa uumenissa  
Hiki, veremme vuotaapi,

Myllyissä ja tehtahissa  
Surma meitä vaaniipi.

Ei idän tähtönen loista  
Orjajoukon majoihin;  
Rikkahitten asunnoista  
Sen valo vaan välkkyypi.  
Konnat köyhäin messiaksen,  
Ristinpuulle ripusti,  
Ja valejumalakseen  
Kultapussin kruunasi.

Kohta koittaa uusi aika,  
Aamurusko sarastaa;  
Valon, vapauden taika,  
Orjain kahleet katkoa.  
Nyt jo taivaan rantamilla,  
Tähti uusi säteilee;  
Tien viitta on raatajilla  
Vapauden seimelle.

## 27. KUINKA KAUVAN.

Sävel: Varsovalainen.

Kauvanko kestää nää myrskyjen vimmat,  
Kauvanko kurja tää taistojen sää;  
Kauvanko sortajat saastaisimmat  
Saa aseitaan ansojaan virittää?  
Kauvanko orjilta oikeus puuttuu  
Kauvanko kahleita kannetaan;  
Milloinka yö tämä päiväksi muuttuu,  
Ja vapaaksi pääseepi koko maa.  
:,:Taisteluun käykää oi siskot ja veikot  
Taisto meidät vaan voittoon vie!,::



Kauvanko maaemon kentät ja kedot  
Sydänveremme kostuttaa vaan;  
Kauvanko ihmishaahmossa pedot  
Lihaamme, luitamme runnella saa!  
Kauvanko hyenat raatelee meitä,  
Shakaalit saastaiset vainoaa?  
Milloinka vaellamme valojen teitä  
Ja vapaaksi pääseepi koko maa.  
Taisteluun käykää j. n. e.

Kauvanko kahlaamme kyynelveyssä  
Kauvanko tuskamme yltyvi vaan;  
Kauvanko hornan kauhut meill' eessä  
Kauvanko pimeys peittävi maan!  
Kauvanko kärsimme siskot oi veljet  
Kauvanko yössä me nukutaan.  
Milloinka särjemme sortajain teljet  
Ja vapaaksi pääseepi koko maa?  
Taisteluun j. n. e.

Niin kauvan, niin kauvan taistojen vimmat  
Niin kauvan myrskyt nää myllertää:  
Kuin yhteistunto saa orjien rinnat,  
Täyttää — ja kohooi halpojen pää.  
Yhteistyössä vaan meidän on voitto;  
Se suuri kumoustaistelo on,  
Joka vie orjat huomenen koittoon,  
Kautta teollisuusunion.  
:,:Taisteluun käykää oi siskot ja veikot  
Taistelo meidät vaan voittoon vie!,::

## 28. PUNALIPPU.

On kansan lippu punanen,  
Se verhos' ruumiit marttyyrein;  
Mi verellään sen punasi,  
Ja taistoss' henkens' uhrasi.

Kuoro:

Nyt lippu tää jo nostakaa,  
Sen varjoss' elää, kuolla saa;  
Ei petost' siedä suojassaan,  
Eest' oikeuden se hulmuu.

Sen punaa Ranska rakastaa,  
Ja laulaa Saksa sen kunniaa;  
Sen hymnit holveiss' Moskovon  
Ja Chicagoss' kuulet kaikuva.

Jo hulmusit kuin nuort' ol työ,  
Kun voiton toivon verhos' yö;  
Sä urhotöitä todistit  
Ja sillä väris' pyhitit.

Sä voitoistamme muistutat,  
Ja rauhan toivon julistat;  
Sä merkki ylväs, puhtoinen,  
Oot jaloimpien aatteiden.

Päät paljastain me vannotaan  
Se kuoloon saakka kannetaan;  
Tul' hirsipuut tai vankilat,  
Näin viime sanamme kaikuvat.

Kuoro:

Nyt lippu tää jo nostakaa  
Sen varjoss' elää, kuolla saa;  
Ei petost' siedä suojassaan,  
Eest' oikeuden se hulmuu.

**29. SOLIDARISUUTTA AINA.**

(Solidarity forever)

Kirj. Ralph K. Chaplin.

Sävel: John Browns Body.

Suomennos.

Kuoro:

Kun yhteistunto, ymmärrys saa orjat unioon  
Ei löydy voimaa mahtavampaa alla auringon,  
Vaan yksin ollen onpi kukin heikko, avuton  
Vaan uniossa voima on.

Solidarisuutta aina!  
Kuin kahleet, ikeet meitä painaa.  
Solidarisuutta aina!  
Sillä uniossa voimaa on.

Oisko mitään yhteistä meill' kanssa rosvojen,  
Joiden mahtivalta syöksi meidät orjuuteen?  
Tää keino eikö ainoa — taisto yhteinen?  
Sillä uniossa voima on.

Kaupungit, kylät, rautatiet raatajat rakentaa;  
Kaivannot, myllyt, tehtahat työtämme todistaa  
Tään loiston kaiken keskellä vaan nälkää  
nähdä saa.  
Vaan uniossa voimaa on.

Rikkaudet maailman kaikk' kuuluu meille vaan  
Sen perustukset laskimme, sen saimme kohoomaan  
Omistus ja hallinto — sitä me vaaditaan.  
Sillä uniossa voimaa on.

Miljonat mi työmme loi he kävi riistämään,  
Vaan ilman meit' ei yksikään käy pyörä  
pyörimään  
Me voimme heidät kukistaa kuin kaikki käsittää  
Uniossa et voimaa on.



On voima meillä suurempi kuin kullan kuninkuus,  
Suurempi kuin armeijatkin, valtain mahtavuus.  
Tään järjestelmän raunioille raketaan me uus.

Sillä uniossa voimaa on.  
Solidarisuutta aina j. n. e.

### 30. KODIN KAIPAUS.

Sävel: Ulkomailla reissupoika j. n. e.

Amerikan kultalassa  
Mä koditonna harhailen,  
Näläss', viluss' puuttehessa  
Katkerasti kamppailen.

Ei nuo korpit sääli meitä  
Vertammekin janoovat;  
Kun riistoedut vaatii heitä  
Armotta meit' surmaavat.

Ei saa orjat osattomat  
Kodin suloo nauttia,  
Oikeutta vailla ovat  
Vain tuskaa saavat tuntea.

Niin moni sortuu orja raukka  
Onneansa etsien.  
Rukous, ei armo auta  
Voitto saadaan taistellen.

Nouskaa orjat! — torvet soittaa,  
Alas lyödään sorron ies,  
Että kerran meille koittaa  
Vapauden kotilies,

E. K.

31. VALLANKUMOUKSEN AATTONA.

(When the Revolution Comes)

Suomennos.

Kirj. J. B. Glasier.

Sävel: Yankee Doodle.

Ylös kaikki siskot, veljet  
Kahleet päältä' katko.  
Pelon, petoksien teljet,  
Sorron siteet ratko.  
Pian saapuu vallankumous  
Riistovallan kukistus  
Valon voittoon, aamun koittoon  
Viepi vallankumous.

Laiskat jotka rosvoavat  
Riistää työläisluokkaa.  
Pian he itse käyttää saavat  
Lapioa, kuokkaa.  
Kun riistovallan kukistus  
Saapuu vallankumous  
Valon j. n. e.

Lain basilleill' he myrkyttääpi  
Suuret kansanjoukot.  
Orjat tulen sytyttääpi  
Savuun saa kaikk' loukot.  
Kun riistovallan j. n. e.

Jos herroja, suur'nylkyreitä  
Nähdä tahdot silloin.  
Etsimähän käy sä heitä  
Museoista illoin.  
Kun riistovallan j. n. e.

Nyt tervehtikää aamun koittoa  
Päivään mi vie uutteen,  
Pohjajoukon johtaa voittoon  
Rauhaan onnekkuuteen.  
Kun riistovallan j. n. e.

**32. AMERIKA.**

Sävel: Suuri Idän kansa.

Amerikan manner,  
Orjain tappotanner  
Sun kurjuuttasi kuvata, ken kertoella voi;  
Sun mahtavata mainettasi,  
Rikkauttas' kunniaasi,  
Kansat, vallat kaikkialla aivan jumaloi.

Mik' on maamme mahti,  
Tään kansan onnen vahti:  
Se rahavallan perusteilla lepää yhä vaan  
Tyrannit on kansanvallan,  
Kukistaneet sorrannallaan;  
Vapaus on poljettuna kautta koko maan.

On kulta kuninkaamme  
Ja taala valtikkamme  
Jumalamme kassakaapeiss' meillä asustaa.  
Dollaria kirkon papit,  
Kumartaapi mustatakit,  
Kultavasikkata meillä aina palvellaan.

Kell' on dollareita,  
Ne meill' on sankareita,  
Vaikk' petos asuu sydämessä, tyhjä ompi pää.  
He virkapaikat anastaapi,  
Laitkin kansallemme laati,  
Orjajoukon kahlehia yhä kiristää.



Orjat ahkeroipi,  
Kun nälkäruoska soipi  
Ja rikkahien vatsat, kassat paisuu yhä vaan.  
Orjain itkut, valitukset,  
Tuskan huudot, vaikerrukset  
Ylettääpi yli koko laajan lännen maan!

Oi konsa koittaa aika,  
Vapauden taika,  
Mi rahavallan kuolinkellot kaikumahan saa?  
Konsa kansan valta saapi,  
Sorron suuren kukistaapi,  
Yhteisvoimin orjain kahleet kaikki katkoa?

### 33. LAPSEN HAUDALLA.

Sävel: Ma ruusun löysin j. n. e.

Oi miksi kolkko kuolo elon viljaa  
Niittää saa niin mielin määrin vaan!  
Vienoimmankin kukan, kevät liljan,  
Armotta kaataa ensituoksussain.

Tää eikö väärin että elon pursi,  
Näin ruhjoi tään lapsen pienen?  
Se isän, äidin ilot, toiveet mursi.  
Tää oisko ollut tahto taivaisen?

Näin moni kysyy — vastaa terve järki,  
Miksi vyöryy myrskyn lainehet;  
Miksi saapi kalman peitsen kärki,  
Tuhota pienet ihmistaimehet.

— Lausun tässä syiden koko summan,  
Ei se ole taatto taivainen.  
Syy on järjestelmän, yhteiskunnan  
Riistovallan, sorron, puutteiden.

Kapitaali kurja, petomainen  
Ain' ihmisverta janoo, himoitsee;  
Ei lapsiakaan säästä katalainen  
Kaikk' allensa vaan ruhjoo, runtelee.

Vannokaa nyt vala vakavainen  
Taistelumme tauota ei saa  
Kunnes orjat kautta kaikkein maiden  
Vapaus, rauhan hymnit kaiuttaa!

### 34. MIKSI? — SIKSI.

Sävel: Usein uupuvat hengen hehkut j. n. e.

Miksi vihmoopi vihan vimmat,  
Kalman kalvat ne kalskahtaa;  
Miksi turman ja tuskan inhat,  
Rintain riemut saa runnella!  
— Miksi? — missä on syy?

Miksi vapaus vangittuna,  
Veljeys veren on verhoma;  
Miksi kauneus kahlittuna  
Rauha ja rakkaus raukeaa?  
— Miksi — missä on syy?

Siksi, siksi kun onnen vahti,  
Kulta kurja on mahti maan;  
Siksi tuskien, turman tahti,  
Orjan osa on meillä vaan!  
Siksi — siinä on syy!

35. SIPERIAN VALLANKUMOUKSELLISTEN  
HAUTAUSHYMNI.

Mukaelma.

Sävel: Niin musta on musta maan alla yö j. n. e.

Niin kolkko on luonto,  
Jo laskevi kuu,  
Ja pilvet ne leijailee vaan.  
:,: Kaihoten toverit laskevat sun  
Ikilepohon, povehen maan. :,:

Lauhkea tuuli se kuiskaelee, —  
Ei lohtua tuovan se näy.  
:,: Toverit raskaasti huokaelee  
Ja lapsetkin kyyneliin käy. :,:

Sydäntäs jaloa, niin lempeää  
Me hellästi rakastettiin.  
:,: Viimeinen tervehdys ompi nyt tää  
Sun siskoiltas, veljiltäsi. :,:

Lauhkea tuuli se kuiskavi viel':  
Ei kyyneliin vaipua saa;  
:,: On enämpi surua elonne tiell'  
Kuin konsaan on povessa maan. :,:

— Tää hauta vaikk' kolkko  
Mull' suojaansa suo  
Maan povi mun rauhaan vaan vie  
:,: On hautaakin kolkkompi vankila tuo,  
Sen muuritkin vahvemmat lie. :,:

Nyt katseemme korkeelle kohottakaa!  
Viel' kerran teill' vapaus soi.  
:,: "Vaikk' vahvatkin vankilan muurit on nuo,  
Joukkovoima ne särkeä voi!" :,:



36. ORJAIN KEVÄT MARSSI.

Sävel: Työväen marssi.

Nyt eespäin proletaarit hoi!  
Jo nouskaa sorron alta!  
Nyt säilät soimaan, huuto soi,  
Alas riisto, harvain valta!  
Jo aika meidän tullut on  
Siis rohkein mielin taistohon  
:,:Käy eespäin joukko pelvoton!,::

On kyllin me jo kärsitty  
Sortovallan taakkaa;  
Jätteitä konnain järsitty  
Kehdosta hautaan saakka.  
Meill' piina, tuska, kidutus,  
On ollut orjan alennus,  
:,:Ain' rahavallan kirous!,::

Ain' herrat meille ilkkuu vaan  
Ja pitää pilkkanansa;  
Kurjina vetojuhtinaan  
Ja astinlautanansa.  
Ne oikeutt' ei meille suo  
Vaan vertammekin konnat juo  
:,:Miljonille turman tuo!,::

Rosvot vain juo ja mellastaa,  
He palatseissa mässää;  
Meill' nälkäruoskan ojentaa  
Ain' ovat nylkemässä  
Profiitti kasvaa biljoniin  
Ja orjain luku miljoniin  
:,:Näännyttää meit' uuvuksiin.:,::

Ei saa me enää nöyrtyen  
Tyytyä armopalaan

Ei lupauksiin lurjusten  
Ei luottaa narrein valaan.  
Pää pystyyn orjat! Oikeus  
Vaatikaamme vapaus,  
::Ja ihmisarvon tunnustus!::

Nyt proletaarit vannokaa  
Vannokaa jumal'auta!  
Heill' koston ja kuolemaa  
Valloille varma hauta:  
— Näin kultakruunut kukistuu,  
Orjilta ikeet irtaantuu  
Ja kevät kaunis, toukokuu  
::Proletarein kirkastuu!::

### 37. MR. PÖLKKYPÄÄ.

Sävel: Casey Jones.

Hän raataja vain arvoltaan, on orja niinkuin muut  
Kruppinsa on kuihtunut ja jäykistyneet luut;  
— Mutt' mieli hällä ylväs on, myös käytös ylpeä  
Hän kuin aina ollut on vain Pölkkipää!

Kuoro:

Pölkkipää, senhän kaikki tietää,  
Pölkkipää, vaikka ihminen,  
Pölkkipää, hän iskujakin sietää;  
Aasi hän vain ompi kaksijalkainen!

Järkeä ei kallossansa tuskin ollenkaan;  
Sitä kyennyt käyttämään ei ole milloinkaan.  
— Miksi hänet luotihin se arvoitukseksi jää,  
Hän vain aina ollut ompi Pölkkipää.

Kuoro:

Pölkkipää, miksi sinut luotiin?  
Pölkkipää olet arvoitus;

Pölkkipää, miks' housut sulle suotiin?  
Oot kehnoimmasta luomistyöstä todistus!

Hän tyytyväisnä raataa ain', ei koskaan kapinoi;  
Pyrkii "tuppein" tuttavaksi, pomoille pokkuroi;  
Liukkahalla kielellään heitä nuolee — livertää,  
— Hän kuin aina ollut on vain Pölkkipää.

Kuoro:

Pölkkipää, olet jukolauta!  
Pölkkipää, vain suuri arvoitus.  
Pölkkipää, halpamainen nauta  
Kehnoimmasta luomistyöstä todistus!

Hän miljonista uneksii ja laskee lanttejaan,  
Kun vuoden pari raatanen, niin tuhannen jo saan;  
Hän puskee, pukkaa hiessä päin ja vyötään kiristää  
Hän kuin aina olla tahtoo Pölkkipää.

Kuoro:

Pölkkipää, sä rikkahana kuolet,  
Pölkkipää sä suuri tolvana!  
Pölkkipää, jos vain kestää suolet  
Tuhatvuoden päästä sull' on miljona!

Luokkataisto "tuplajuu" on hälle kauhistus,  
Tää järjestelmä herttainen on Luojan sallimus;  
Jos ootte köyhä itseänne siitä syyttäkää,  
Moinen uskontunnustus on Pölkkipään.

Kuoro:

Pölkkipää — olet kurja orja  
Pölkkipää sa suuri kiros.  
Pölkkipää kuin kuolo sinut korjaa  
Helvetissäkin sä olet kummitus.



Työpäivä kymmentuntinen häll' liian lyhyt on  
Palkka kaksitaalanen se onmpi verraton;  
Rikkahitten vastukset ne häntä saalittää;  
Hän kuin aina ollut on vain Pölkkypää.

Kuoro:

Pölkkypää olet suuri sika  
Pölkkypää suurin tomppeli.  
Pölkkypää, missä lieenee vika,  
Kun ei Luoja luonut sua miuliksi.

Työlakoissa hän rikkurina aina tunnetaan  
Hurtaksi ja karvajalaks' usein mainitaan.  
Ei neuvot, haukkumisetkaan voi häntä kehittää,  
Hän kuin aina ollut on vain Pölkkypää.

Kuoro:

Pölkkypää, kurja karvakoipi,  
Pölkkypää onmpi vaiva maan.  
Pölkkypää vaikka ruoska soipi,  
Ain' rypee vain hän törkeässä saastassaan.

Kun vihdoin kurja kruppinsa maan alle kuopataan  
Ja musta sieluparkansa, kun jättää maan,  
Niin pirut varmaan ilomielin häntä tervehtää,  
Hän kuin aina ollut on vain Pölkkypää.

Kuoro:

Pölkkypää, kun peittää sinut multa,  
Pölkkypää, hyvästi nyt vaan!  
Pölkkypää, paras työ on sulta,  
Kun menet vertaistesi tykö paistumaan!

### 38. MAAILMAN PROLETARIT NOUSKAA!

(Workers of the world awaken)

Suomennos.

Kirj. ja säveltänyt Joe Hill.

Proletarit nouskaa kaikin

Kahlehia katkomaan!

— Rikkaudet, jotka luotte

Ahnaat rosvot anastaa.

Tahdotteko sorron taakkaa

Tyytyväisnä kantaa ain'?

— Kehdosta ain' hautaan saakka,

Halpa olla orja vain?

Kuoro:

Ylös kahlein alta yhteisvoimin,

Ylös vapauden taisteluihin!

Nyt orjat kaikki innoin, toimin

Yhteen Unioon!

— Kun nälkään nääntyy lapset heikot,

Miljonat surmaa sorron peikot:

Päämäärä pyhittääpi keinot

— Sääntö meidän on!

Orjat jos tahtoo, voivat

Kaikki junat nopeat,

Valtamerten suuret laivat,

Kahlehilla sitoa. —

Kaivannot ja myllyt, tehtaات,

Laivastot ja armeijat,

Kaikki tuotannon rattaat

Käskystänsä seisovat.

Proletarit yhtykäämme

Kaikki Yhteen Unioon;

Alas syöstään riistäjämme

Lailla hyökyaallokon!

Seista voimme yhtyneinä  
Hajallaan me kaadutaan,  
Tää on tunnussana meidän:  
Niinkuin yksi kaikki vaan!

Proletarit kaikkien maiden  
Nouskaa taistoon, toimintaan!  
— Rikkaudet luonnon kaiken,  
Ne on meidän, meidän vaan.  
Onni, rauha kaikkialla  
On, kuin lippu punainen  
Hulmuileepi korkealla  
Tasavallass' työläisten.

### 39. LONG WAY AND SHORT WAY.

Sävel: Tipperary.

Pappi se noituu synninunta  
Saarnaa, pomiloi;  
Autuudesta seurakunta  
Yhä unelmoi.  
Kun villat kaikk' on keritty,  
Käy lampaat määkymään.  
Näin pappi heitä lohduttaa,  
Tään virren virittää:

Kuoro:

“Its a long, long way to vapauteen,  
Kaita ompi onnen tie;  
Joka Kaanaan maahan uuteen,  
Syntisparat vihdoin vie.  
— Tyytyväisnä ken suolivyötä,  
Maan päällä kiristää;  
On nöyrä, kärsii, raataa työtä,  
Saa taivaan periä.”



Rikkaudet, onnen lähteet  
Herrat omistaa.  
On raatajilla niukat jätteet,  
Nälkää nähdä saa;  
— Vaan vaivojaan ken valittaa,  
Kun puutteet yllättää,  
Näin he sua lohduttaa,  
Tään virren virittää:

Kuoro:

“Its a long, long way to vapauteen,  
Kaita ompi onnen tie,  
Joka köyhät rikkauteen,  
Ihmisarvoon vihdoin vie.  
Tyytyväisnä ken suolivyötä,  
Vain aina kiristää.  
On nöyrä, säästää, raataa työtä  
Rikkautta hälle jää.”

Politiikkaa pohtii listit,  
Opit syvimvät,  
Keinot heillä varmat, vissit,  
On lakipykälät.  
— Kun nälkä kurnii vatsassas’  
Ja puutteet yllättää,  
Tää olkoon sulla lohtunas’  
He virren virittää:

Kuoro:

“Its a long, long way to vapauteen,  
Mutkikas on voiton tie;  
Joka orjat onnekkuuteen  
Lihapatain ääreen vie.  
— Raada, kärsi neljä vuotta  
Käy sitten rääkymään,  
Vain “ääni” sille voiton tuottaa.”  
Kun me virkaan vihitään.

Jo kuuluu kutsu kautta maiden:  
Silmät aukaiskaa!  
Ettei herrat ijankaiken  
Teitä pettää saa.  
Olkaa itse johtajanne,  
— Omin voimin siis,  
Heiluttakaa aseitanne,  
Herrat vieköön hiis!

Kuoro:

It's a short, short way to vapauteen,  
Suora on tää taiston tie,  
Joka yhteiskuntaan uuteen,  
Pohjajoukot voittoon viē.  
— Yhteistyössä meidän voitto,  
Se on luokkataistelo.  
Vapauden kallis aamun koitto,  
Suur' teollisuusunio.

#### 40. TYÖLÄISET YHTYKÄÄ.

(Working men Unite.)

Suomennos.

Kirj. E. S. Nelson.

Sävel: Red Wing.

Meill' olot kurjat on,  
Niin moni onneton;  
Te sorron luoja,  
Turman tuoja  
Vihollista ette huomaa —.  
— Niinkauan orjat saa  
Puutteissa ahertaa,  
Kun harvain mahti,  
Riiston vahti  
Teitä johdattaa.

Kuoro:

Vieläkö orjan alennusta,  
Sallimme mustaa,  
Suurt' kirousta?  
— Maa kuuluu kaikki raatajille  
Ei sortajille  
Vapauden.

Pien' valtaluoikka vain,  
Vaikk' suuri mahdiltaan;  
Meill' keino oivin,  
Tarmoin, toimin  
Iskeä on, yhteisvoimin.  
Ei eessä muuta lie  
Kuin suora taiston tie,  
Mi vapauteen, oikeuteen,  
Orjajoukon vie.

Työläiset, yhtykää!  
Ja taistoon ryhtykää,  
Ett' sorrannasta katalasta  
Ylös noustaan julmimmasta.  
Ei taisto turha tää  
Maan arteet meille jää,  
Siis ootko vainen  
Narrimainen  
Ja puollat riistäjää?

#### 41. AIKOJEN TOIVO.

(Hope of the Ages.)

Kirj. E. Nesbit.

Sävel: Red, White and Blue.

Mukaellen suom.

Edistyksen tielle jos esteet,  
Sulut laitatte, — turha se vaan



Virta murskaa tää kaikki telkeet  
Tuhon teille tuo tullessaan.

— Me vaan ilkumme teille konnat,  
Virta eespäin aina syöksyää.  
Padot vauhtia sille vaan antaa  
Yli teidänkin viel' vyöryää.

Kuoro:

Lippu korkeella liehuupi vaan  
Käymme teille jo uhmailemaan.  
Taisto meidän on aikojen taisto  
Toivo meidän on maailman.

Me ilkumme niille ken vainoo,  
Vaaputtamme ain' vastustaa.  
Mitä raskaampi kahleiden paino,  
Sitä tuimempi taistomme vaan, —  
— Voiton saamme ja tyrannit halvat  
Lailla ruumenein hajoitetaan.  
Yhä kiivaammin heiluupi kalvat,  
Voiton varmuus kuin meit' innostaa.

Vaikka kuljemme elomme teitä,  
Hajallaan vaan ympäri maan:  
Sama aate yhdistää meitä,  
Sama tahti on taistossa vaan.  
Samat toivehet intoa luopi  
Sama matkamme pää, pyrkimys,  
Sama tunne meill' voimia tuopi:  
Vapaus sekä veljeys!

Vaikk' on myrskytkin kokea saatu,  
Päivän koittoa vaikk' aina ei näy;  
Vaikka tuhannet taistossa kaatuu,  
Uudet urhot ain' aseisiin käy.  
Vapaus sana kallis — sen vaisto  
Lipun alle tää joukkoja saa.  
— Taisto meidän on aikojen taisto —  
Toivo meidän on maailman!

42. RAATAJAN ISÄNMAA.

Kirj. Emmi.

Sävel: My Country, 'tis of Thee.

Raatajan isänmaa  
On koko mailma,  
Suuri se on. —  
— Niin rikas, viljava,  
Vaik' itse puutteissa,  
Nälässä ja vilussa  
On oneton.

Raataja poloisen  
Kuin syksyn kukkasen  
On elon tie:  
Routa sen raatelee,  
Vihurit kaatelee  
Yön hallat sen runtelee;  
— Surmahan vie.

Raatajan isänmaa  
Nyt pelkkä nimi vaan,  
Petosta vain.  
— Kerran me vallataan,  
Omamme otetaan,  
Näin suuri tää isänmaa  
On ratajain.

43. KAIVANTOMIEHEN LAULU.

Kirj. Emmi.

Sävel: Niin mustaa, on mustaa.

Kaivannon pillit kun kiiruntavat  
Maan alle mun matkani käy,  
:,: Kolkot on komerot syvyydess' maan  
Ja siellä mun hautakin lie. :,:

Kaivannon pillit ne kolkosti soi,  
Luo tunnelmat niin katkerat;  
:,: Ne orjien kahleista kertoa voi  
Myös vertakin muistuttavat. :,:

Kaivannon pillit kun kiiruhtavat  
Me nöyrästi tottelemme;  
:,: Niin varhain vaikk' aamulla toittavat  
Ja jäykät on jäsenemme. :,:

Me aarteita kaivamme povesta maan  
Kaikk' timantit, kullat ja muut.  
:,: On palkkamme ruoska ja kirous vaan  
Ja murskatut lihakset, luut. :,:

Oi kaivanto kamala, kammottava  
Helvetti ammottava,  
:,: Paljon sä elämää työläisten juot,  
Niin paljon sä kauhua luot. :,:

Vaikk' eessämme onkin vain taistojen tie,  
Niin rohkeesti ryntäämme vaan.  
:,: Jalompi taistossa kuollakin lie  
Kuin raataa ain povessa maan. :,:

44. EESTÄ VELJEYDEN.

Kirj. E. K.

Sävel: Viaporin valssi.

Miksi sodat riehuaapi,  
Kansat kaikk' verta juo?  
Ihmisyiden varjostaapi  
Surman synkkä vuo?  
Äidit murheen murtamana  
Itkeepi lapsiaan,  
Sodan kauhun painamana  
Vaipuu hautahan.



Kuuluu käsky ihmisyyden:  
Rauhaa sa rakasta  
Yhteistunto veljeyden  
Että versoaa.  
Poista vääryys, valvo, toimi,  
Pahaa ain' karta vaan,  
Eestä aatteen kaikin voimin  
Käyös vaeltamaan.

Rauhan työhön veljeyden  
Kuuluupi kutsumus,  
Et' aika tasa-arvoisuuden,  
Koittais vapaus.  
Ei silloin puutteet ahdistaisi,  
Taivas oisi päällä maan,  
Konnat kaikki kallistaisi  
Myrkkymaljojaan.

#### 45. KULKURIPOIKAIN LAULU.

Sävel: Vielä niitä honkia j. n. e.

Vaikka me oomme vain kulkuripoikia  
Maailman markkinoilla,  
Vielä me kerran tyyntäkin soudamme  
Elomme ulapoilla.

Vaikka vaan orjan osa nyt meillä  
Ja kahleita kantelemme,  
Vielä me kerran piiskureille  
Potkuja antelemme.

Vaikka nyt hoopoina "kaaran" katolla  
Lauluja laulelemme,  
Vielä me kerran "Pulmannin" vaunussa  
Haikuja vetelemme.

Vaikka me oomme kulkuripoikia,  
Kodin hoivaa vailla,  
Vielä me kerran palatseissakin  
Istumme herrain lailla.

Vaikka nyt nylkyrit sortaa meitä,  
Kun heillä on suuri kassa,  
Vielä me kerran itsekin istumme  
Vallan satulassa.

**46. LINNOITUKSEMME.**

Sävel    Pidä Linna.

Nyt riviin tulkaa siskot, veljet,  
Torvet kutsoin soi —  
Ja eespäin käykää, vaikka pilvet  
Tulta salamoi.

Kuoro:

Linnoitus tää meillä vankka  
Uniomme on,  
Eespäin siis sä joukko vankka,  
Viime voittohan!

Rautakorko raskas meitä  
Vaikka puristaa,  
Emme kulje armon teitä  
Kaikki vaaditaan.

Linnoitus j. n. e.

Joukko tää on voittamaton,  
Taisto innostaa;  
Punalippu tahraamaton  
Meitä johdattaa.

Linnoitus j. n. e.

Meill' on voimaa, meill' on valtaa  
Riisto lopettaa;  
Kun me noustaan kahlein alta,  
Maa me hallitaan.

Linnoitus j. n. e.

Joukkomme ain' nousee, kasvaa,  
Murtua ei voi.  
Ylös käymme sorrannasta,  
Torvet kutsuin soi.

Linnoitus j. n. e.

#### 47. LAKKOLAISTEN MARSSI.

Sävel: Napoleonin Marssi.

Työn orjat, nyt torvet ja pasunat soi,  
Mylviipi myrsky ja tulet salamoi.  
Eespäin vain uljaasti, rohkeasti vaan  
Käymme taistelun kalpaa heiluttamaan.

Kuoro:

Kädet känsäiset kammeista irtaumaan,  
Koukkuinen selkä nyt suoristumaan!  
Karkeaniskat kuin lepohon käy,  
Pelastusta ei silloin peikoille näy.

Hikihelvetit, vankilat, härkäkarsinat  
Nyt taistohon orjia kiiruhtavat;  
Tehtaissa, myllyissä, syvyyksissä maan  
Sotatorvien äänet saa kajahtamaan.

Ken kuvailla, kertoa vois kyöneleet,  
Verivirratkin vuolaat, jotka vuotaneet,



Nylkyrein ruoska kun selkäämme soi,  
Ja kärsimysten maljoista orjat kun joi?

On aika jo murskata kahleet, ikehet,  
Pois murskata tieltämme esteet, telkehet;  
Vihan vimmat vaikk' vastaamme tulta suit-  
suttaa,  
Kuni kipinän orjat sen sammuttaa.

Meill' riistäjät ilkkuupi, ain' ilakoi,  
Vaan yksikään pyörä ei pyöriä voi  
Kuin karkeaniskat vain lepoon käy —  
Pelastusta ei silloin peikoille näy.

Nyt taistelön torvet ja pasunat soi,  
Maan aarteet kaikki työmme kuin loi,  
Me varmasti kerran ne valloitetaan  
Ja vapaaksi saamme tään orjien maan!

Kuoro:

Kädet känsäiset j. n. e.

#### 48. EESPÄIN VOITTOON.

Sävel: Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom.

Nyt kuulkaa orjat, jotka ootte alla puutteiden  
Kuinka jo taiston torvet soivat!  
Ne kutsuu kaikki lipun alle veripunaisen  
Kahleissa jotka vaikeroivat.

Kuoro:

Eespäin nyt voittoon  
Hurraa, eespäin!  
Vapaus koittoon

Kaikk' riennetään  
Nyt korkealle punalippu hulmuilemaan  
Kaikumaan vapauden soitto!

Vihollinen vankka vaikka vastassamme on,  
Murskaten alas sen me lyömme;  
Me tarjota ei konsaan heill' kättä sovinnon,  
Vaadimme — kaiken kun loi työmme.

Tehtahissa, myllyissä ja komeroissa maan  
Orjat nyt päätänsä jo nostaa.  
On vapauden laulut jo heillä huulillaan,  
He nousevat ylös sorrannosta.

Vaikk' halpa ompi joukko tää, vain puettu rääh-  
syihin,  
Rohkeutta sykkivi sen rinta,  
Ei konsaan tieltä väisty, ei käänny takaisin,  
Vaikk' kalliskin on vapauden hinta!

#### 49. TOVERIN MUISTOLLE.

Sävel: Jo kaukainen ranta j. n. e.

Kun mylviipi myrskyt, riehuu, myllertää,  
Ja vihaiset vimmat raatelepi;  
Yön huurteiset hallat kun harmajapää  
Kaunihimmat kukat kaatelepi. —

Kun luonto on kolkko, niin synkkä, pimeä,  
Ja luolistaan peikot ulos saapi.

Jos joskus vain tähtönen pieni pilkistää,  
Sen pilvet mustat heti varjoaapi. —

Niin myrskyn tään keskellä elon matkamies  
Vain vaivoissa vastuksissa kulkee;  
Kaameat kahleet ja inhojen ies,  
Useankin matkan suunnan sulkee.

Näin eksyen hän nyt harha-askelin  
Matkaansa rämeiköissä jatkaa.  
Jotkut ne kääntyvi tieltä takaisin,  
Kotiliettä toivomasta lakkaa.

Sä toveri kuljit ain' suoraan eteenpäin,  
Sull' oikeus oli opas oivin;  
Sä kalpahan tartuit ja rynnistäin  
Urhon lailla riensit taisteluihin.

Sun silmäisi loiste ain' tulta salamoi,  
Ei ne vaipuneet koskaan unteluihin;  
Suur' henkesi hehku ain' valoa loi,  
Synkimpiinkin syksyn pimennoihin.

Sä raataja olit vaan halpa-arvoinen,  
Ain' kannoit sä orjuuden taakka;  
Vaan vapaus-aatteelle uskollinen  
Sä olit aina kuolemaasi saakka.

Niin paljon sä kärsit, niinkuin kärsinyt  
On miljonat orjat mieron tiellä; —  
— Sun polkusi, tiesi, mi on nyt päättynyt,  
Sä kostuttaa sait verelläsi, hiellä.

Ei patsailla koristeta hautakumpuas,  
Tuskinpa kukkapenkereillä;  
Vaan vapaus-liekki, mi hehkui rinnassas,  
On muisto kaikkein kallihimpi meillä,



Tää muistosi jaloin ei koskaan sammua,  
Ei vaivu se ünholoiden yöhön;  
Se taistohon meitä aina vaan kiiruhtaa,  
Intoa luo toimintahan, työhön.

Niin totta kuin lepää nyt povessa maan,  
Me työtäsi tahdomme jatkaa;  
Taisteloa kalpaa me heilutetaan  
Siihen asti kunnes sorto lakkaa!

50. VOIMA ON OIKEUS.

(Might is Right.)

(Covington Hall'in mukaan.

Sävel: Sven Dufva.

On voima kautta aikojen  
Halinnut maailmaa;  
Tää sääntö onpi muinainen  
Sen nytkin nähdä saa.  
Kun voima onpi oikeus,  
On silloin kansain kuninkuus;  
Totuudenkin tunnustus,  
Ja valtain mahtavuus.

Niin, voima oli oikeus,  
Kun Kristus surmattiin;  
Ja Craccus sekä Spartacus  
Kuin sortui hurmeisiin.  
— Se sääntö sama silloinkin  
Kun Ludlow poltettiin,  
Kun Mesaban ja Buttenkin  
"Työlakot murskattiin."

Ja voima oli oikeus  
Kun Ranskan Communin,

Tuo vallan hirmu hallitus  
Hurmeisiin hukutti.

— Näin silloin, samoin vieläkin,  
Tään säännön saman nähdä saa;  
Sen Ferrer, Hill ja Littlekin  
"Verellään todistaa".

Niin voima onpi oikeus,  
Kuin surman loukot saa;  
Se riistovallan ahneus,  
Orjille rakentaa.  
Vuostuhansien sorranta,  
Piina ja kidutus vaan  
Voiman oikeudesta  
"Vain onpi todistus".

Voima onpi oikeus  
Myös silloinkin kun saa  
Suuri vallankumous  
Joukkomme pelastaa.  
— Voima oli oikeus,  
Kun Ryssän Nikolai,  
Hirmu-itsevalti,  
Virastaan potkut sai.

**Voima orjain verraton**  
On päällä koko maan;  
Siis kaikki yhteen unioon  
Voimaamme tuntemaan.  
Voima onpi oikeus,  
**Voimaamme käyttäkää;**  
— Silloin orjain vapaus  
Meill' perinnöksi jää!

51. NOUSKAA, RAATAJAT!

(Stand up! You Workers.)

Kirj. Ellen Conner.

(Suomennos.)

Nouskaa, nouskaa, raatajat!  
Nouskaa kaikin voimin!  
Lippumme alle astukaa  
Vapaus-taisteluihin.  
— Voitosta rientää voittohon  
Tää armeijamme suuri;  
Maa kunnes orjain oma on,  
Alas lyöty sorron muuri.

Nouskaa, nouskaa raatajat,  
Kautta kaikkein maiden!  
Unioon suureen — Taistelkaa  
Eest' oikeuden kaiken.  
— Punakortti, orjan kypäri,  
Kas siihen kaikk' kuin luottaa;  
Saa silloin ahnaat tyrannit  
Itse leipänsä tuottaa.

Nouskaa, nouskaa raatajat!  
— Kohta on meidän voitto;  
Tämän taiston pauhinat,  
Huomenna vapaus-soitto!  
— Nyt palkkaorjat taistohon,  
Kahleet katkokaamme;  
Kaikk' yhteen suuren Unioon,  
Maailma voittakaamme!

52. I. W. W. MARSSI.

Kirj. Emmi.

Sävel: Kansainvälinen.

Nyt kuuluu kutsu: Järjestykää!  
Unioon tulkaa suurehen,  
Näin taistelomme kärjistäkää



Kapitaalin juurehen.

— Ylös palkkaorjat sorron alta,  
Kahlehia katkomaan.  
Alas lyökää harvain mahti valta!  
Se vapaaksi saa maan.

Kuoro:

“Nyt on aika jo nousta  
Orjajoukon taistohon.  
— Siis siskot, veikot tulkaa  
Kaikk’ suureen Unioon!”

Joukkomme hajottaa he tahtoo  
Valtansa että säilyisi vaan,  
Pois meidät pyyhkäistä kuin vaahto  
Mahtavalla voimallaan.  
Ylös palkkaorjat! Nyt jo kuulkaa:  
On jo aika toimintaan!  
Unioon suureen kaikki tulkaa;  
Kutsu kuuluu kautta maan.

On kyllin riistetty jo meitä,  
Verihin on selkä suomittu;  
— Kuljettu petosten on teitä,  
Häväisty ja tuomittu.  
Yhtykää nyt Unioon suureen,  
Kaikki käsi kätehen;  
Tää taisto tähtää perusjuureen,  
Kapitaalin sydämmeen.

Päämäärä meillä onpi vainen  
Taistohon meitä kiihoittaa.  
Vaan yhteisvoimin voimme voittaa,  
Riistovallan kukistaa.

Liehumaan nyt lippu purppurainen,  
Vain sen alla on pelastus.  
Päämäärä meillä ompi vainen  
Suuri vallankumous!

53. TIE VAPAUTEEN.

(The Road to Emancipation.)

Kirj. Lone Wolf.

Sävel: Tipperary.

(Suomennos.)

Työläisjoukot, jotka ootte alla puutteiden,  
Taisteluun nyt tarmokkaasti eest' vapauden,  
Ettei enää riistäjämme teitä johtaa saa;  
Siis yhdy luokkajärjestöön — heill' potkut antakaa.

Uniossa tie vapauteen  
Oikeuden on se tie;  
Joka orjat onnekkuuteen,  
Viime voittoon varmaan vie.  
Maa kuuluu raatajille.  
Tää tunnussana on:  
Hyvinvointi kaiken tuottajille  
Kautta suuren Union!

Älä sa ole orjamainen, joka matelee,  
Älä sa konsaan ruoskijasi kättä suutele;  
Älä sa pelkää, tulkoot vaikka kahleet, hirsipuut;  
Laadi omat lakisi — hiisi vieköön muut.

Työläiset, kun työttömyys teit' uhkaa—muistakaa!  
On elinehto ainoa: Omanne ottakaa.  
Vain itsemurha ilkeä on puute ravinnon;  
— Siis järjestykää miehekkäästi yhteen Unioon!

54. IKUINEN MUISTO.

Te kaaduitte taistossa vapauden,  
Eestä ihmisarvon ja oikeuden;  
Urhojen lailla te kärsitte vaan  
Ja astuitte marttyrikuolemahan.

Teitä kidutettiin kolkoissa vankiloissa,  
Ja piinattiin kidutuskammioissa;  
Nuo pyövelit ihmisteurastajat  
Teill' hirveimmät tuomiot langettivat.

Vaikk' kuljitte rääsyissä, ketjut helisi,  
Mi kiinnitetty käsiin, oli jalkoihin;  
Niin tyynenä eespäin te marssitte vaan,  
Vapaus-hymnit ja laulut huulillaan.

Te ette voineet siskojen eikä veljien  
Kuolontuskia katsella nääntyvien,  
Ja siksipä kaikkenne uhrasitte,  
Oman henkenne alttiiksi annoitte.

Välkkyypi kahleetkin päivänpaisteessa  
Vaikka saastaiset madot on ilmassa.  
Maan pinta vaikk' verestä punoittaa,  
Se viimeistä taistoa vaan ennustaa.

Kun sydämessä puhdas on totuus vakava,  
Se on mahtavampi kuin valtiat maan.  
— Viel' koittaapi päivä, jolloin punnitaan  
Se veri mi käynyt onpi vuotamaan!

Hirmuvallan salongit kullalla verhotaan,  
Niiss' köyhän kansan verihäitä juhlitaan;  
Vaan kirjoitukset ankarat seinille sen  
On jo piirtänyt kädet marttyrien.



Viel' kerran tää kansa on ylös nouseva,  
Teidän sankarityönne heitä innostaa;  
— Hyvästi nyt urhot kerta viimeinen,  
Te kaaduitte rehellisnä eestä veljien!

55. JOE HILLIN MUISTOLLE.

(November Nineteen.)

Kirj. John E. Nordqvist.

Sävel: Punalippu.

(Suomennos.)

Joe Hillin roistot surmasi,  
Rintansa luodill' lävisti. —  
Muistonsa jalo meitä vaan  
Nyt kutsuu taistoon, toimintaan.

Kuoro:

Korkeelle lippu liehumaan!  
Jonk' eestä astui kuolemaan;  
Viel' konnat kerran katuvi,  
Joe Hillin kuin he surmasi.

Kun hurtat rintaans' tähtäsi,  
"Mä valmis oon," hän hudahti.  
Näin sankarina kaatui hän,  
Ei syytä meillä itkemään.

Kynänsä vaikka ruoste syö,  
Ain' säilyvi elonsa työ;  
Lauluinsa hehku herättää,  
Viel' kerran orjat yhdistää.

Kaik' kapitaalit, porvarit  
Ja Salt Lake Cityn mormonit,  
Viel' joskus vapista he saa  
Suur' Unionne voimasta.

Mars eespäin joukko, mahti maan!  
Kaikk' käykää riviin, rintamaan;  
Joe Hillin henki et nähdä saa,  
Kun vapaana on koko maa.

**Kuoro:**

Korkeelle lippu liehumaan!  
Jonk' eestä astui kuolemaan;  
Viel' konnat kerran katuvi,  
Joe Hillin kuin he surmasi.

**56. KIERTOLAINEN.**

**(The Tramp.)**

Kirj. Joe Hill.

Sävel: Tramp, tramp, tramp j. n. e.

**(Suomennos.)**

Jos saan luvan, laulelen,  
Mä kulkurista juttelen,  
Mi rahatonna vaan joutui vaeltamaan.  
— Ei hän ollut laiskuri,  
Työtä hartaast' halusi,  
Vaan kaikkialla hälle vastataan:

**Kuoro:**

Kulje kurja kiertolainen,  
Ei täällä moista tarvita;

— Jos sun vielä nähdä saan,  
Laitan heti vankilaan,  
— Oot kiertolaiseksi luotu päällä maan.

Hän ristin rastin katuja  
Kulki repaleisena;  
Näin riensi taloon, siell' suoraan rouvan luo;  
Kumartain hän virkkoaa:  
Mä puita jos saan pilkkoa;  
Vaan vastaus tää hälle tuskaa tuo:

Hän kerran kuuli ihmeissään  
Papin juttelevan näin:  
"Sä Jesukselle työskentele ainiaan."  
— Voi hitto! Nyt ma "jopin" saan;  
On maassa kohta kontallaan;  
Vaan ruoalle mennen pappi huutaa vaan:

Erään kerran poliisi  
Kiinni hänet kaappasi  
Ja oikeuteen nyt, sinne matkan pää.  
— Siell' Kiertolainen syynätään,  
Vaan taskussa ei senttiäkään;  
— Niin tuomarikin hälle ärjyää:

Vihdoin Kiertolainen saa  
Pois maailmasta matkustaa;  
Niin varma on hän nyt viime voitostaan.  
Vaan taivaan portille kun käy,  
Ei pelastusta siellään näy.  
— Näin Pietarikin hälle karjuua:



**57. PIDÄ LINNA.**

(Hold The Fort.)

Sävel: Hold The Fort.

(Suomennos.)

Eestä Union nyt suuren  
Äänet kaikumaan,  
Eestä kalliin vapauden  
Vaikka kuolemaan!

Kuoro:

Pida linna! Olkaa vankka  
Miehet Union!  
Käsi käteen, joukko sankka!  
Eespäin voittohon!

Toverit, jo korkealla  
Liput liehuvat,  
Apujoukot kaikkialla  
Meitä tukevat.

Kuulkaa kuinka torvet soivat,  
— Rivit taajenee!  
Yhteistoimin pohjavoimat  
Voittoon astelee.

Vaikka kauan, katkerasti  
Saatiin taistella,  
Rohkeasti, uljahasti,  
Eespäin käykää vaan!

**58. LUMBERJÄKKIEN MARSSI.**

Sävel: Porilaisten Marssi.

Veikot, korven asukkaat,  
Me metsissä vain raadetaan,  
Männyt, kuuset kaadetaan;

Siell' on meill' koti kunnoton,  
"Pinsit", "porkka", margariini loppumaton.  
Kumppanitkin kurjimmat:  
Karhut, sudet,  
Täit ja luteet,  
Pirulliset "hännäntupet";  
Vertamme he janoovat,  
Päivät kaikki, yötkin meitä vainoovat.  
Vain kämppäsäkki  
On meidän lemmikkimme;  
Lumberjäkki,  
Siinä tittelimme. —  
Rääsyinen on pukumme,  
Ylenkatse kaikkialla osamme.  
Vaan kerran vielä päänsä nostaa  
Ylös sorrannosta,  
Nousee halvatkin.  
Nyt sotahuuto tää jo kaikuvi:  
Ylös kahlein alta lumberjäkkikin!

Veikot, metsän asukkaat,  
Me tuulet tuimat,  
Myrskyt huimat,  
Orjavoudit kirotuimmat,  
Kaikki kovat kokeneet,  
Luonnon sekä riiston kauhut kantaneet.  
— Vannokaamme vala tää:  
Ei niinkuin nauta  
Jumal' auta  
Sorruta me orjan hautaan!  
Taistoon tarmoin riennetään.  
Veripunalipun alle kiirehditään.  
Pois pomo valta,  
Kiot, kidutukset!  
Trustein alta  
Alas perustukset.  
Pois, pois sorron yöstä, pois —  
Kenpä kurja juhta enää olla vois?

Orjat jo kautta kaikkein maiden  
Lailla hyökylaineen ryntää, hyökkääpi.  
Siis eespäin veikot, mekin aseisiin,  
Niin vapaa kerran onpi lumberjäkkikin!

**59. KAIKKI YHTEEN UNIOON.**

**(Paint 'er Red.)**

Kirj. Ralph H. Chaplin.

Sävel: Marching Through Georgia.

**(Suomennos.)**

Työläisjoukot kaikkialla  
Yhteen liittykää,  
Palkkaorjat kahlein alla,  
Rivit täyttäkää  
Taistoon riistäjiä vastaan,  
Pois ne pyyhkikää  
Voimalla **Yhden Suur' Union!**

**Kuoro:**

Hurraa! hurraa! — Meill' lippu tahraton  
Hurraa! hurraa! tien viittaa voittohon;  
Vapaus, tosi kansanvalta  
Koittaa verraton  
Voimalla **Yhden Suur' Union!**

Tehtaat, myllyt, kaivannot,  
Me kaikki valtaamme;  
Tuimmatkin taistelot  
Me kerran voitamme,  
Johtotähti vapauteen  
Onpi oppaanamme  
**Yksi Suur' Teollisuus Unio!**



Nyt riviin kaikki liittykäämme,  
Lippu liehumaan;  
— Lippu, jota kyöneleemme,  
Veri kostuttaa. —  
— Valtaluokka vapisee  
Kuin orjat huudahtaa:  
Eläköön **Yksi Suur' Unio!**

Näin herrat meille ilkkuvat:  
On kaikki "tuplajuut"  
Vain juhtia ja nautoja,  
Mutt' irviss' heill' suut,  
Kuin kassat, rahat kuihtuvat;  
Heille jää vain luut  
Voimalla **Yhden Suur' Union!**

Meill' luokkaviha verraton,  
Sitä ei sammumaan  
Saa armopalat, antimet;  
Me kaikki vaaditaan,  
Ja vanha järjestelmä kuin  
Me kumoon kaadetaan,  
Jääpi vaan **Yksi Suur' Unio!**

## 60. KUMOUSNAINEN.

(Rebel Girl.)  
Kirj. Joe Hill.  
(Suomennos.)

Monellaisia maailmass' tässä  
On naisia — tiedätte sen;  
Palatsissakin useat mässää  
Silkipuvusa käyskennellen.

Kuningattaret, prinsessat loistaa,  
Pärlyt, timantit heit' koristaa;  
Vaan kumousnaista — et moista  
Heissä nähdä saa.

Kuoro:

Vallankumous, vallankumous,  
Kas siinä kuin naisen on tunnustus.  
Rohkeutta ja tarmoa tuo,  
Toverilleenkin intoa luo.  
— Meillä monta jo on,  
Lisää tarvis on  
Saada naisia Suur' Unioon.  
Niin suurta vain,  
On rinnakkain  
Käydä taistohon.

Vaikka arvoltaan on vain halpa,  
Kädet känsäiset hällä lie vaan;  
Niin karkean pukunsa alla  
Sydän sykkivi orjille maan.  
— Valtaluokkien valtaapi kauhu,  
Peikot pelvosta niin ulvoaa,  
Kuin naisetkin taistojen pauhu  
Rintamahan saa.

## 61. YLÖS NAISET.

Sävel: Red Wing.

Jo kuuluu kautta maan  
Tää huuto: Rintamaan  
Sä käyös nainen  
Raatavainen  
Vaikka lietkin heikonlainen.  
Meidän aika on,  
Nyt käydä taistohon.

Sorron suuri  
Valtamuuri  
Kukistukohon.

Kuoro:

Siis siskot kaikki taiston kalpaan!  
Et oo sa halpa,  
Sill' meill' on valta.  
Uljaasti riviin astukaamme  
Ja poistakaamme  
Tää sorron ies!

Jo kautta aikojen,  
Vuos'satain, tuhanten  
On ollut nainen  
Orja vainen  
Miehelleenkin alamainen.  
Uhrinauta vain,  
On ollut arvoltain;  
Puuttehissa,  
Uuvuksissa,  
Kyynel ruokanain.

Pois arkuus, ujous,  
Pois kehno kainous,  
Pää pystyyn nosta;  
Ahdingosta  
Ylös nouse, sorrannosta!  
Ei vapauteen lie  
Oo' muu kuin taiston tie.  
— Siis siteet ratko,  
Kahleet katko,  
Ne surmaan sua vie.



On meillä siskot ain'  
Vaan ollut osanain  
Rimsut, helut,  
Lasten lelut,  
Irtailijain imartelut.  
— On kyllin kärsitty,  
Jätteitä järsitty;  
On armopalat,  
Narrein valat  
Meille syötetty.

Pois muotihulluus, pois!  
Ken tapain orja ois?  
Pois pappein pauhut,  
Piru-kauhut,  
Helvetinkin liekit, sauhut!  
— Ei järkeämme nää  
Saa enää pimittää.  
— Siis sisko parka,  
Ellös arka,  
Taistoon riennetään.

Oi sisko kulta, oi!  
Jo sotatorvet soi!  
Ei aikaa kellään  
Mietiskellä,  
Ole enää viivytellä.  
Rivit täyttäkää  
Peikoille näyttäkää,  
Ett' nukan lailla,  
Tarmoo vailla  
Nainenkaan ei lie!

62. PUUKENKÄ-ARMEIJAN MARSSI.

Lauletaan Napoleonin Marssin nuotilla.

Nyt orjat, kaikk' raatajat kautta maailman  
Jo joukoissa liittyvät yhteistoimintaan.  
Ja sortajan kahleet he murskaksi lyö,  
Näin tuottaapi onnea vuosien työ.

Kuoro:

Sitä kapitaali pelkää ja herrat vapisee,  
Kun työläiset kadulla asteskelee.  
Puukenkä marssin kuin kaikumaan saa,  
Se herroille tuhoa ennustaa.

On kyllin jo herrat meitä pettäneet,  
Vaan jätteitä kurjia meille syöttäneet.  
Viel' kerran heill' tuomion pasuna soi,  
Orjien säilät kun tulta salamoi.

On vankilan luolatkin meille tuomittu,  
Ja ruoskalla selkämme veriin suomittu.  
Vaan lävitse vankilain, kahlehitten  
Soi laulu, miss' henki on työläisten.

Niin paljon on meillä vielä tehtävää,  
On käytävä joukkoja järjestämään.  
On saatava orjat kaikki tuntemaan  
Mahtivoiman, mi heillä on päällä maan.

Kerran aurinko nousee, itäkin punottaa,  
Tehtaat ja mainit on meidän hallussa.  
— Viljakentät, kämpät, koko tuotanto,  
Ne työläisten sotavoittoa on.

Kun pimeyden valta on pois poistettu,  
Ja kapitalin valta rikki murrettu;  
Se työläiset riemuitten juhlimaan saa,  
Maan aarteet he kaikki kuin omistaa!

Otto Korpi.

### 63. KUN PAPPEJA EI OISI.

Sävel: Suuri Idän Kansa.

Kun pappeja vaan puuttuis,  
Niin maa ja taivas muuttuis,  
Ei helvettikään silloin oisi enää ennallaan.  
Kenpä silloin sielujamme  
Siunais, sekä ruumiitamme,  
Ravitsisi henkeämme armopaloillaan?

Ken silloin holhois meitä,  
Ken manais perkeleitä;  
Ken lampahilta selkävillat keritsisi pois.  
— Ken pirun juonet paljastaisi,  
Syntis-raukkaa lohduttaisi,  
Kenpä silloin kiirastulta suitsutella vois?

Jos pappeja ei oisi,  
Ken ihmeet tehdä voisi,  
Ken ukot, akat uudestaan viel' syntymähän sais,  
Ken miehen, naisen pomiloisi,  
Yhdeks' lihaks' muuttaa voisi,  
Vanhan Aatam'-vainajankin jälleen kuolettais'?

Jos papit häviäisi,  
Niin kirkot tyhjäksi jäisi,  
Ei sielu-markkinoita enää missään tunnettais.  
— Taivaan portit suljettaisiin,  
Pietarikin levon saisi,  
Virastansa Jehovakin poies potkittais.



Myös helvettikin sammuis,  
Sen kättiloista, pannuist'  
Sieluparat kiirehesti kämpsisivät pois.  
— Pirut joutuis joutilaaksi,  
Tulimeri erämaaksi.  
Jos ei täällä maailmassa pappeja vaan ois.

Jos pappeja ei oisi,  
Kenpä silloin voisi  
Kristus-verta viinapolttimoissa valmistaa?  
Kenpä saisi taikinasta,  
Syntymähän Jumal'-lasta,  
Joka lihan himot meistä kaikki karkoittaa.

Jos papit hylättäisiin,  
Ei neitseet synnyttäisi,  
Ei pyhä henki taivahista alas horjahtais;  
— Ei naista tehtäis kylkiluusta,  
Vapahtajaa ristipuusta;  
Tyhmyyttä ei prenikoilla silloin palkittais.

#### 64. HOOPON LAULU.

Oma sävel.

Tula, tuulan tuli, ala lei!  
Ken se multakin onneni vei?  
— Vei heilani armaan, sen simakkasuun,  
Vei kodin, vei leivän, vei vaatteet ja muun,  
Nyt hoopona vaellan ja kärsin.

Tula, tuulan tuli, ala lei!  
Kenpä pappien säkistä vei  
Pois pohjan ja laudatkin, — jätti vaan suun,  
Sinne kerää hän villat, lihan — vaan luun  
Saa laumansa nälkäinen järsii.

Tula, tuulan tuli, ala lei!  
Ken nerot kaikk' helvettiin vei? —

Ja taivaaseen mättää vaan — sonnit ja muut.  
Kaikk' roistot ja tomppelein haisevat luut  
Saa taivaassa kruunua kantaa.

Tula, tuulan tuli, ala lei!  
Se kun käärmeeinkin Edeniin vei,  
Sill' sarvetkin keksi, sorkat ja muut —  
Nimen moisen: perkele, pelsepuup,  
Mi miljoonill' kauhua antaa.

Tula, tuulan tuli, ala lei!  
Sama herroilta hävynkin vei,  
He hoopoll' ei pettuukaan olevan sois,  
— Mun vatsatta Luoja luonut kuin ois,  
Ei herroilta riemua puuttuis!

Tula, tuulan tuli, ala lei!  
Nyt mä hihkasen veikkoset hei!  
Ylös jätkät ja hoopot, trämpit ja muut,  
Ylös tukkimaan herroilta säkkien suut!  
— Vaikk' taivaskin helvetiks' muuttuis!

## 65. PORVAREILLE.

Sävel: Kansainvälinen.

Voi teitä roistot, konnat halvat,  
Yön peikot synkän syvyyden!  
Te edistyksen tielle salvat  
Rakennatte uhmaillen:  
— Eihän konsaan saane pato, sulku  
Virran juoksun muuttumaan. —  
— Jos hetken seisoo — on sen kulku  
Sitä mahtavampi vaan.

Kuoro:

“Nyt on meidän jo aika  
Käydä viime taistohon;

On orjain voiman taika  
Suur' Uniossa on."

Me ilkumme vaan teille peikot,  
Mi meidän on, sen otamme.  
Vaikk' yksin ollen oomme heikot,  
Joukossa on voimamme.  
— Rukoukseen emme luota, armoon,  
Oikeus kun meidän on:  
Luotamme omaan joukkotarmoon,  
Yhteen suureen Unioon.

Me ilkumme vaan teille, peikot,  
Nyt sulut suuret laittamaan.  
— Vaikk' yksin ollen oomme heikot,  
Joukkovoima mähdillaan  
Telkeet murskaa, särkee sulut, salvat,  
Virta syöksyin myllertää.  
— Näin vapaaksi saa orjat halvat;  
Voi sitä, ken alle jä!

"Nyt on meidän jo aika  
Käydä viime taistohon;  
On orjain voiman taika  
Suur' Uniossa on."

66. TAISTELUUN.

Sävel: Hark! The Battle Cry is Ringing.  
(Suomennos.)

Kuulkaa, torvet kajahtaapi,  
Toivo rinnat intoon saapi,  
Taisteluhun meitä vaatii.

Vasten sortajaa.

Vaikk' ei miekka aseenamme,  
Veljeys vaan kalpanamme,  
Yhteistunto voimanamme:



Pelätä ei saa.  
Kuule kutsumusta,  
Lasten valitusta.  
— Yhteen yhdy,  
Taistoon ryhdy;  
Joukko lisää uskallusta.

Kuoro:

Eespäin kaikki raatavaiset,  
Eespäin käykää miehet, naiset!  
Taistoon eestä oikeuden,  
Voittoon vapaus!

Vaikk' kauan piinaa, kidutusta,  
Nälkää, orjan alennusta,  
Kärsimme suurt' kirousta,  
Rikkain riistäntää.  
Huolet synkät päältä poista,  
Toiveittesi kammioista  
Anna valon kirkkaan loistaa,  
Häipy myrskysää.  
— Konnat varokaa!  
— Päivyt sarastaa.  
Urhoin taisto,  
Valon vaisto  
Orjajoukot vapaaks' saa!

Kuoro:

Eespäin kaikki raatavaiset,  
Eespäin käykää miehet, naiset!  
Taistoon eestä oikeuden,  
Voittoon vapaus!

## 67. SUURI IDÄN KANSA.

Suuri Idän Kansa  
Jo nousi unestansa,  
Vuosisatain sorron yöstä jo päänsä kohottaa,  
— Vapauden aamun koittoon.

Tosi-kansanvallan voittoon  
Venään suuri jättiläinen orjat nostattaa.

Jo sortui yksinvalta,  
Kun kansa kaikkialta,  
Miljonittain pohjajoukot eespäin rynnistää,  
Ryskyin murtuu telkeet, salvat,  
Valtaan nousee orjat halvat,  
Kukistui jo Romanoffin julma pyövel'pää.

Kun sota surmaa kylvi,  
Kaikk' hornan henget mylvi;  
Kiroit, kauhut, kidutukset kansaa ahdistaa;  
Silloin soipi taiston torvet,  
Vastaan kaikuu arot, korvet:  
Voittoon tahi kuolemaan nyt suuri Idän maa!

He nousi pimennosta,  
Vankilain komeroista,  
Siperian luolista, rinteiltä Uralin,  
He nousi kautta idän, lännen,  
Nyrkkiin käypi jätti-kämmen,  
Sirpaleiksi ikeet iski voimin mahtavin.

Alas hirmuvalta!  
Nyt kuuluu kaikkialta;  
Pyrokraatit, tyrannit kaikk' maahan tallatkaa.  
Vuosisatain tuskain meri,  
Tuhansien urhoin veri  
Vaatii koston kirousta, konnain kuolemaa!

Nyt pistimet ei auta,  
Nagaikat, tulirauta,  
Tuomiot, ei uhkaukset, — kansan petturit.  
Kätyrit jos hetken saapi  
Vallan, — heidät kukistaapi  
Bolshevikit, pohjajoukon uljaat sankarit.

Suuri Idän Kansa  
Jo nousi unestansa,  
Tien viittaa ylös vapauden, valon valkamaan  
Työläisjoukot kaikkialla,  
Taistoansa seuraamalla,  
Valloittaapi kohta koko idän, lännen maan.

68. RAATAJAIN LAULU.

Sävel: Varsovalainen.

On helvetin voimat nyt valloillansa,  
Manalan-mahti on irrallaan. —  
Surma ja kuolema saalitasnsa  
Niittääpi kautta kaiken maan.  
— Europan kentillä kanunat jyskää  
Miekat ja sapelit salamoi,  
Kuulat ne vinkuu, painetit ryskää;  
Saatanat ilkkuu ja ilakoi!  
::: Verinen taistelu, kurja ja katala  
Työläisjoukkoja teurastaa. :::

Kirot ja kauhut nyt kaikkialla,  
Täyttänyt onpi kaiken maan;  
Miljoonat orjat kahleiden alla  
Nääntyy, sortuu tuskissaan.  
— Tehtaissa, myllyissä, maan komeroissa  
Hikeä, vertamme vuotaapi,  
Kidutusluolissa, vankiloissa  
Veljemme, siskomme huokaapi.  
::: Taisteloon orjat, vapaustaistoon  
Taisteloon raatajat, eespäin mars! :::

Silkkit ja purppurat valmistemme,  
Itse vain rääsyjä kannamme;  
Palatsit uhkeat rakennamme,  
Hökkelit kurjat on asuntomme.



— Lapsemme nääntyy, vaimomme kärsii  
Herrat kun mässä ja hekumoi;  
— Orjajoukot vain pettua järsii,  
Solmupiiska selkään soi.  
∴ Taisteloon orjat j. n. e.

Me lurjusten lupauksiin ei luota,  
Tyydy ei armopaloihin;  
Rosvoilta emme me apua vuota,  
Usko ei taivaankaan jumaliin —  
Me vaadimme kaiken, luonut kuin työmme  
Vaikkapa väkisin otamme,  
Porvarit perkeleet maahan me lyömme  
Riistäjäjoukon kaadamme.  
∴ Taisteloon orjat j. n. e.

Eespäin nyt raatajat, säilät soimaan,  
Taisteloon kalpa heilumaan! —  
Työläisjoukossa mahti on voima,  
Valloittakaamme aarteet maan.  
— Kosto huutaa jo miljoonain hauta,  
Vääryys palkkaansa odottaa;  
Kerran me kostamme, totta Jumal'auta,  
Et' vapaaksi vihdoin pääsee maa!  
∴ Taisteloon orjat, vapaustaistoon  
Taisteloon raatajat, eespäin mars! ∴

## 69. MIKS'EI KANTELEENI HELKKYIN SOI?

Nuotti: Mustalaiseks' olen syntynyt j. n. e.

Miks'ei kanteloni helkkyin soi,  
Miks'ei rintain riemuin lauleloi;  
Miksi sävel sorasoinnun saa,  
Usein lauluin' tenhon vaimentaa?

— Tiedät miksi lintu häkissään,  
Valitellen virren visertää;  
Tiedät miksi vanki vaikeroi,  
Kahlein kalske korvissaan kuin soi.

Kuoro:

Olen orja, orpo osaton,  
Siksi lauluin sävel soinnuton;  
Olen vanki, siksi poloinen  
Kanteleeni kaikuu kaihoten.

Laske laululintu häkistään,  
Päästä orja irti ikeestään;  
Rientää rinnat riemuin lauleloon,  
Syttyy syömmet juhla-soittohon!

## 70. PUNALIPPU.

Tää lippu proletaarien,  
On väriltänsä punainen,  
Sen väri kansainvälinen,  
Siks' juri veripunainen.

Sen varjoss' veri marttyyrein,  
Aatteemme ylväin sankarein,  
He elämänsä uhraten,  
Ja sydänverens' antaen.

Jo Moskovassa liehuvi,  
Jo Ranska siitä mieltivi,  
Saa mielet Saksan kuohumaan  
Siit' Chicagossa lauletaan.

Se nostaa mieltä alhaisen,  
Ja orjan mielen hurmaten,

On riistäjälle kauhuna  
Tää punalippu liehuva.

Jos oot sa meidän joukosta  
Ja veri sulla punaista,  
On paikka sulla valmiina —  
Tään punalipun juurella.

Viel' kerta päivä koittavi,  
Kun punalippu liehuvi,  
On yksi kansa, yksi maa,  
Ja yksi lippu liehuva.

Päin paljastetuin vannomme,  
Ett' eespäin sitä kannamme,  
Viel' holveiss' kurjain vankilain —  
Tää laulu huulillamme ain'.

## 71. JOE HILL'IN MUISTOLLE.

Nuotti: Punalippu.

Joe Hilli lauluniekkamme,  
On poissa keskuudestamme,  
Ei laulele hän lauluja,  
Kuvaile olosuhteita.

Kuoro:

Hän kuoli eestä aatteensa,  
Vuodatti sydänverensä,



Me vannokaamme koston —  
“Ett’ emme koskaan unhoita”.

Ne laulut jotka kirjoitti,  
Hän verellänsä leimasi,  
On koston päivä koittava —  
“Me emme koskaan unhoita.”

Nyt mustasielut, pelkurit,  
Ja tekopyhät mormoonit,  
He saavat kuulla lauluja —  
Ennustain **Suurta Huomista.**

Ei murhemielin muisteta,  
Joe Hilli kuoli pelotta,  
Viimeiset oli sanansa:  
“Oon valmis; saatte lauaista.”

Ei lepäjä hän haudassa,  
On ruumihinsa tuhkana,  
Se tahto oli viimeinen,  
Tään laulajan ja sankarin.

Hän päivää ennen kuolemaa  
Kirjoitti viime tahtonsa.  
Oi Utahi, Oi Utahi — — —  
Veit meiltä kelpo sankarin. — — —

Paul Miller.

72. KAIKKI UNIOON.

(What we want.)

Kirj. Joe Hill.

(Suomennos.)

Sävel: Rainbow.

Nyt työläisjoukot kaikkialla järjestykää  
Suur' Unioon mahtavaan!  
Kun me yhdessä taistellaan,  
Maan aarteet me vaaditaan.  
Kun orjat oman voimansa vaan käsittäis,  
Niin voitto meidän ois,  
Ja riistäjäluokka pois  
Pian pyyhkäistäis.

Kuoro:

Tulkaa kaikki nyt palkkatyöläiset —  
Tulkaa kautta maan,  
Unioon mahtavaan,  
Kahleita katkomaan.  
Kun orjat vaan yhtyy, niin sopusointuisuus  
Meill' koittaa aamu uus',  
Suur' onnekkuus.

Kaikk' sahurit ja "svampparit", kaikk' lum-  
berjäkit,  
Kaikk' ojan kaivajat,  
Sekä pellon raivaajat,  
Myös lannankin ajajat,  
Mainarit ja "trammarit", kaikk' "timperman-  
nit,  
Myöskin "rakkapikkarit",  
Sepät sekä "nikkarit" —  
Kaikki Unioon.

Kaikk' "tiskarit" ja "veitarit", kaikk' palkka-  
piijat,  
"Mojakan" keittäjät,  
"Petienkin" peittäjät,  
Sekä vaattein pesijät.  
Kutojat ja latojat, kaikk' miehet, naiset,  
Ja pienokaiset myös,  
Kaikki, jotka raataa työss',  
Kaikki Unioon.

73. ME LAULAMME LAULUN.

(We'll sing one song.)

Kirj. Joe Hill.

(Suomennos.)

Sävel: My old Kentucky Home.

Yhden laulamme laulun me palkkaorjasta,  
Mi vain halpa on, känsäkourainen;  
Hän raskaasti raataa kehdosta hautahan,  
Vaan nylkyrit riistää hedelmät sen.  
— Toisen laulamme laulun valtalukasta,  
Irtolaiset he silkipuvussa,  
Ahnaat laiskurit elää he työmme tuotteista,  
Ihmisvertakin konnat janoaa.

Kuoro:

Järjestöön, oi raatajat, kaikki järjestöön,  
— Silloin laulamme laulun työntasavallasta,  
Jossa onni sekä rauha asustaa!

Yhden laulamme laulun me virkaherrasta;  
Politikka ain' hällä aseenaan, —  
Vaalipäivänä ryypyt, sikarit tarjoaa,  
Orjain hiestä hänkin elää vaan.



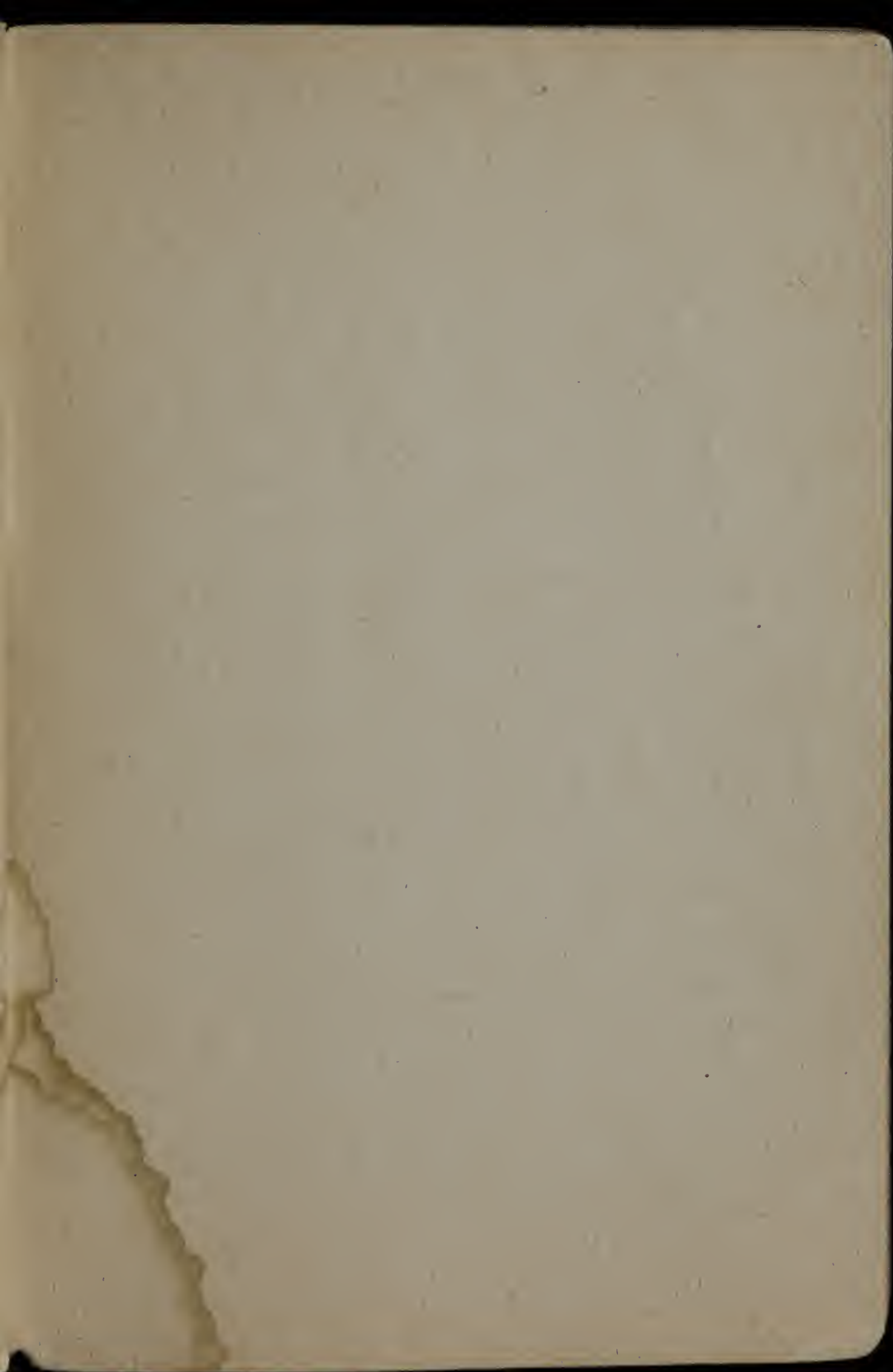
— Toisen laulamme laulun tytöstä langenneen,  
Jota kaikkialla häväistään; —  
Palatsissaan vaan mässää tosisyyllinen;  
Voitot suuret hän nauttii "liikkeen" tään.

Yhden laulamme me laulun mustatakista,  
Tien viittaa mi uuteen —salemiin;  
— Ole nöyrä ja kärsi, — et saa sa napista,  
Muuten varmaan sa joudut helvettiin.  
— Toisen laulamme laulun kulkurista maan,  
"Koti" hällä on aina mukana,  
Liian vanha on, kuihtunut raskaan raadantaan,  
Kiertolaisen vaan osa hällä ain'.

Yhden laulamme laulun pienokaisesta,  
Lapsuus-iloista on mi osaton;  
Hän tehtaassa raataa ja hikipajassa,  
Kunnes vaipuvi kurja kuolohon.  
— Toisen laulamme laulun Union mahtavan,  
Tuki, turva ja toivo orjien.  
Mahtivoimin se vyöryypi kautta maailman,  
Roistot, nylkyrit alleen murskaten.

Kuoro:







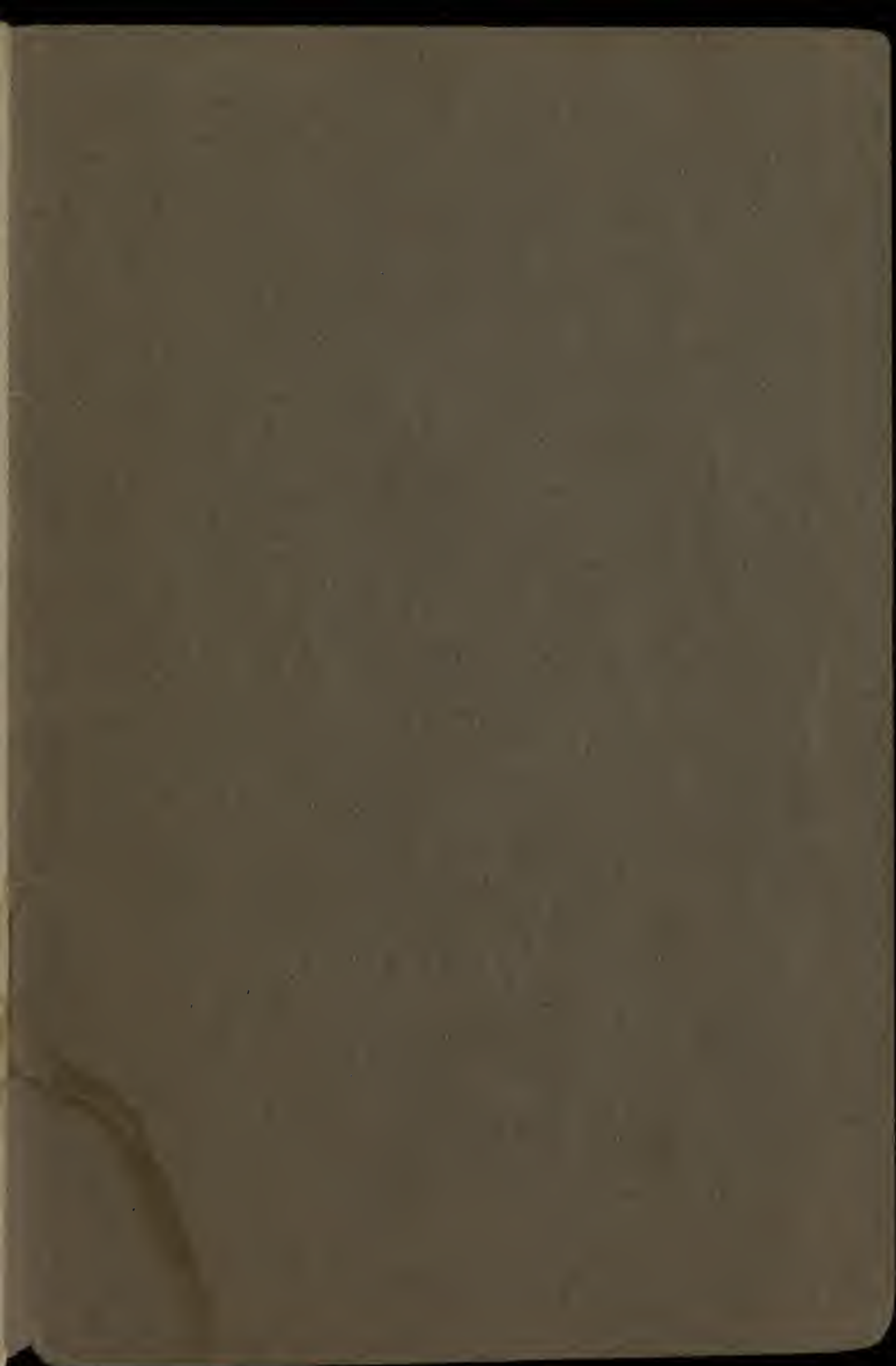


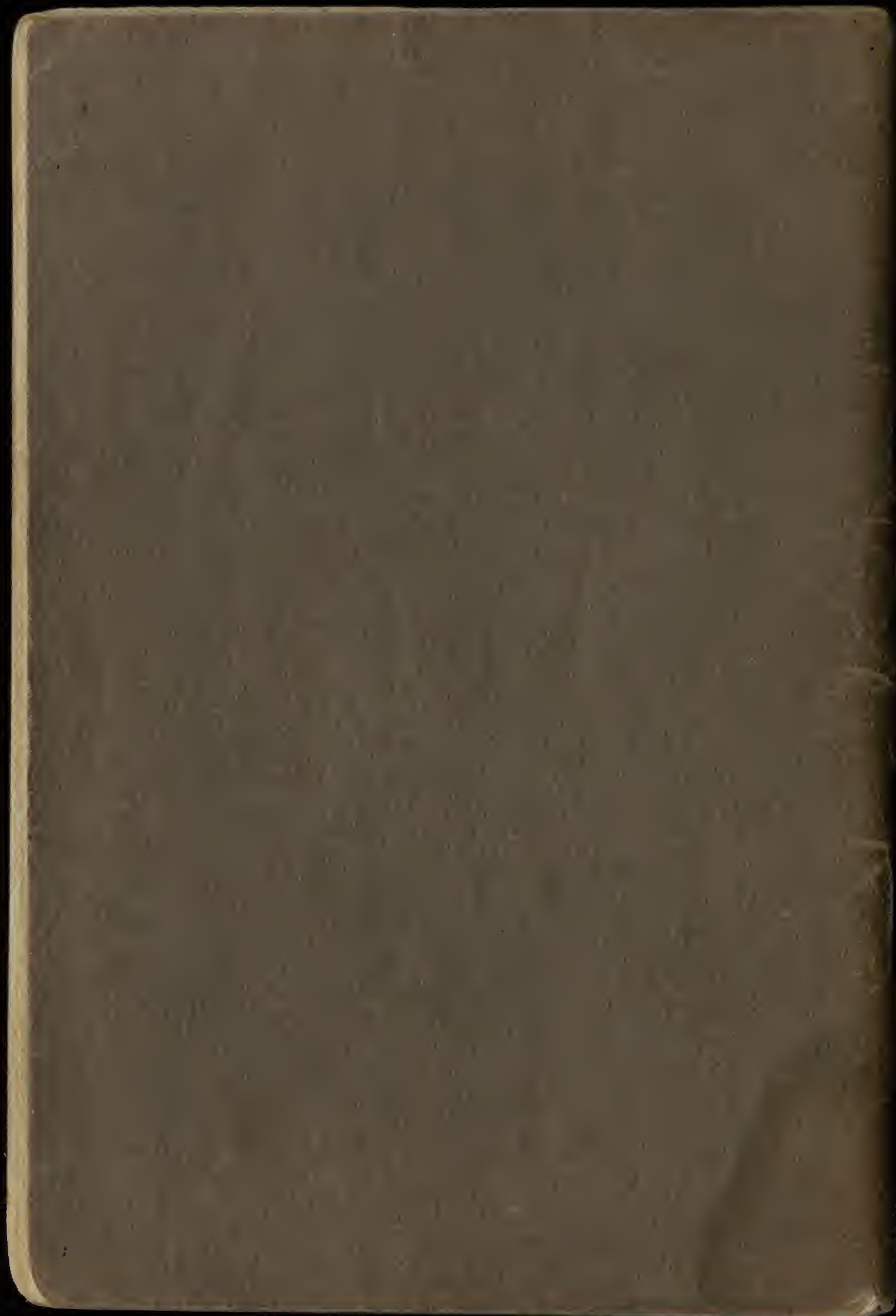
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# ПѢСНИ Труда

Сборник Революціонных  
Пѣсен и Стихотвореній



Цѣна 15 Сентов

И з д а н і е

Издательскаго Бюро  
Индустріальных Рабочих Міра

Чикаго, Иллинойс

---





## ИНТЕРНАЦИОНАЛ.

Вставай, проклятем заклеяменный,  
 Весь мір голодных и рабов!  
 Кипит наш разум возмущенный  
 И в смертный бой вести готов.  
 Весь мір насилья мы разроем  
 До основанья, а затѣм  
 Мы наш, мы новый мір построим:  
 Кто был ничѣм, тот станет всѣм!

— Это будет послѣдній  
 И рѣшительный бой!  
 С Интернационалом  
 Воспрянет род людской!

Никто не даст нам избавленья —  
 Ни бог, ни царь и ни герой!  
 Добьемся мы освобожденья  
 Своею собственной рукой.  
 Чтоб свергнуть зло рукой умѣлой,  
 Отвоевать свое добро, —  
 Вдуйте горн и куйте смѣло,  
 Пока желѣзо горячо!...

Это будет послѣдній и т. д.  
 Лишь мы работники всемірной  
 Великой арміи труда,  
 Владѣть землей имѣем право, —  
 Но паразиты — никогда!  
 И если гром великій грянет  
 Над сворой псов и палачей, —  
 Для нас все также солнце станет  
 Сіять огнем своих лучей...

Это будет послѣдній и т. д.

## ПОСЛѢДНЕЕ ПРОСТИ.

Замучен тяжелой неволей,  
 Ты славною смертью почил...  
 В борьбѣ за народное дѣло  
 Ты голову честно сложил...  
 Служил ты не долго — но честно  
 Для блага родимой земли...  
 И мы, — твои братья по дѣлу, —  
 Тебя на кладбище снесли...  
 Наш враг над тобой не глумился...  
 Кругом тебя были свои...  
 Мы сами, родимый, закрыли  
 Орлиныя очи твои...  
 Не горе нам душу давило, —  
 Не слезы блистали в очах,  
 Когда мы, прощаясь с тобою,  
 Землей засыпали твой прах;  
 Нѣтъ, злоба нас только душила!  
 Мы к битвѣ с врагами рвались  
 И мстить за тебя беспощадно  
 Над прахом твоим поклялись...  
 С тобою одна нам дорога: —  
 Как ты, мы в острогах сгнием...  
 Как ты, — для народного дѣла  
 Мы головы наши снесем ;  
 Как ты, — мы, быть может, послужим  
 Лишь почвой для новых людей,  
 Лишь грозным пророчеством новых,  
 Грядущих и доблестных дней...  
 Но знаем, как знал ты, родимый,  
 Что скоро из наших костей  
 Подыметсѣ мститель суровый  
 И будет он нас посильнѣй.



## КРАСНОЕ ЗНАМЯ.

Слезами залит мір безбрежный,  
 Вся наша жизнь — тяжелый труд.  
 Но день настанет неизбежный,  
 Неумолимый грозный суд!

Лейся вдаль наш напѣв! Мчись кругом!  
 Над міром наше знамя вѣет  
 И несет клич борьбы, мести гром,  
 Сѣмя грядущаго сѣет.  
 Оно горит и ярко рдѣет,  
 То наша кровь горит огнем,  
 То кровь работников на нем!

Пусть слуги тьмы хотят насильно  
 Связать разорванную сѣть,  
 Слепое зло падет безсильно,  
 Добро не может умереть!

Лейся вдаль, наш напѣв! и т. д.  
 Бездушный гнет, тупой, холодный,  
 Готов погибнуть, наконец.  
 Нам будет счастьем труд свободный  
 И братство даст ему вѣнец.

Лейся вдаль, наш напѣв! и т. д.  
 Скорѣй, друзья! Идем всѣ вмѣстѣ,  
 Рука с рукой и мысль одна!  
 Кто скажет бурѣ: стой на мѣстѣ?  
 Чья власть на свѣтѣ так сильна?

Лейся вдаль, наш напѣв! и т. д.  
 Долой тиранов !Прочь оковы,  
 Не нужно старых, рабских пут!  
 Мы путь землѣ укажем новый,  
 Владыкой міра будет труд!

Лейся вдаль, наш напѣв! и т. д.

### ПОХОРОННЫЙ МАРШ.

Вы жертвою пали в борьбѣ роковой  
Любви беззавѣтной к народу,  
Вы отдали все, что могли, за него,  
За жизнь его, честь и свободу!

Порой изнывали по тюрьмам сырым;  
Свой суд беспощадный над вами  
Враги-палачи изрекали порой,

И шли вы, гремя кандалами.  
А деспот пирует в роскошном дворцѣ,  
Тревогу вином заливая,  
Но грозныя буквы давно на стѣнѣ  
Чертит уж рука роковая!

Настанет пора, и проснется народ,  
Великій, могучій, свободный!  
Прощайте же, братья! Вы честно прошли  
Ваш доблестный путь благородный!

---

### ПУСТЬ ГРЯНЕТ БОЙ.

Моя душа пылает страстью бурной,  
И грудь полна отвагой боевой.  
Ах! видѣть лишь свободы блеск пурпурный,  
Разсѣять мрак насилья вѣковой,  
И маску лжи сорвать с лица злодѣя,  
Вдруг обнажить его смертельный страх  
И бросить всѣм тиранам, не робѣя,  
Стальной руки неотвратимый взмах...  
Довольно слез! Пусть грянет бой побѣдный!  
Народ зовет, — преступно, стыдно ждать.  
Рази ж врага, мой честный меч наслѣдный!  
Я твой, весь твой, о родина, о мать!

И. Каляев.

# ВАРШАВЯНКА.

(Польская революціонная пѣснь)

Вихри враждебныя воют над нами,  
Темныя силы нас злобно гнетут,  
В бой роковой мы вступили с врагами,  
Нас еще судьбы безвѣстныя ждут .

Но мы подыдем гордо и смѣло  
Знамя борьбы за рабочее дѣло,  
Знамя великой борьбы всѣх народов  
За лучшій мір, за святую свободу.

На бой кровавый  
Святой и правый,  
Марш, марш вперед,  
Рабочій народ! (2 раза).

Мрет в наши дни с голодухи рабочій,  
Станем-ли дольше мы, братья, молчать?  
Наших сподвижников юныя очи  
Может ли вид эшафота пугать?

В битвѣ великой не сгинут безслѣдно  
Павшіе с честью во имя идей,  
Их имена с нашей пѣснью побѣдной  
Станут священны миллионам людей.

На бой кровавый и т. д. (2 раза).

Нам ненавистны тиранов короны,  
Цѣпи народа-страдальца мы чтим.  
Кровью народа залитые троны  
Мы кровью наших врагов обагрим.

Месть беспощадная всѣм супостатам,  
Всѣм паразитам трудящихся масс,  
Мщенье и смерть всѣм царям-плутократам,  
Близок побѣды торжественный час.

На бой кровавый и т. д. (2 раза).



# СЛУ — ШАЙ!...

Как дѣло измѣны, как совѣсть тирана,  
Осенняя ночка темна,  
Темнѣй этой ночи встает из тумана  
Видѣніем мрачным тюрьма....

Кругом часовые шагают лѣнливо,  
В ночной тишинѣ, то и знай,  
Как стон, раздается, протяжно, тоскливо:

Слу — шай!...

Хоть плотны высокія стѣны ограды,  
Желѣзные крѣпки замки,  
Хоть зорки и ночью тюремщиков взгляды,  
И всюду сверкают штыки,

Хоть тихо внутри, но тюрьма не кладбище,  
И ты, часовой, не плошай,  
Не вѣрь тишинѣ, берегися, дружище!

Слу — шай!...

Вот узник вверху за рѣшеткой желѣзной  
Стоит, прислонившись к окну,  
И взгляд устремил он в глубь ночи беззвѣздной,  
Весь словно впился в тишину...

Ни звука... Порой лишь собака залется,  
Да крикнет сова невзначай,  
Да мѣрно внизу под окном раздается

Слу — шай!....

"Не дни и не мѣсяцы — долгіе годы  
В тюрьмѣ осужден я страдать, —  
А бѣдное сердце так жаждет свободы, —  
Нѣтъ, больше не в силах я ждать!...

Здѣсь штык или пуля, — там — воля святая...  
Эх темная ночь, выручай!

Будь узнику ты хоть защитой, родная."

Слу — шай!...

Чу!... шорох, — вот кто-то упал, приподнялся,  
И два раза шелкнул курок,  
Вот что-то сверкнуло, и выстрѣл раздался,  
И ожил мгновенно острог...

Огни замелькали, забѣгали люди...

"Прощай, жизнь! Свобода, прощай!"

Так вырвалось воплем из раненой груди...

Слу — шай!...

И снова все стихло — на небѣ несмѣло  
Луна показалась на миг,  
И снова, сквозь слезы, из туч поглядѣла  
И скрыла заплаканный лик...

Кругом часовые шагают лѣниво...

В ночной тишинѣ, то и знай,

Как стон, раздается протяжно, тоскливо:

Слу — шай!...

---

### ПОГИБШИМ БОРЦАМ.

Пали всѣ лучшіе, в землю зарытые  
В мѣстѣ пустынном и диком легли,  
Кости, слезою ничьей не омытыя,  
Руки чужія в могилу снесли.

Нѣтъ ни крестов, ни оград, и могильная  
Надпись об имени павших молчит.  
Долу сколонила травка безсильная,  
Землю прикрыла и тайну хранит.

Были свидѣтелем волны кипучія  
Гнѣвно вздымаются, берег грызут,  
Но и онѣ, эти волны могучія,  
Родинѣ вѣсточку вдаль не снесут.

В. Фигнер.

## ДУБИНУШКА.

Много пѣсен слыхал я в родной сторонѣ,  
 Не про радость, про горе там пѣли;  
 Из всѣх пѣсен одна в память врѣзалась мнѣ,  
 Это пѣсня рабочей артели:

Ой, дубинушка, ухнем!

Ой, зеленая, сама пойдет.

Подернем! Педернем! Да ухнем!

И от дѣдов к отцам, от отцов к сыновьям  
 Эта пѣсня идет по наслѣдству,  
 И народ к ней вездѣ прибѣгает в бѣдѣ,  
 Как к вѣрному самому средству.

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.

Говорят, что мужик наш работать лѣнив,  
 Нужно-де взбороздить ему спину,  
 Ну, так как же забыть наш родимый мотив  
 И не пѣть про родную дубину?

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.

Англичанин-хитрец, чтоб работѣ помочь,  
 Изобрѣл за машиной машину,  
 А наш русскій мужик, коль работа не в мочь,  
 Он затянет родную дубину.

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.

Тянем с лѣсом судно, иль желѣзо куем,  
 Иль в Сибири руду добываем,  
 С мукой, с болью в груди одну пѣсню поем,  
 Про дубину в ней все вспоминаем.

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.

И на Волгѣ рѣкѣ, утопая в песокѣ,  
 Мы ломаем и ноги и спину,  
 Надрываем там грудь и, чтоб легче тянуть,  
 Мы поем про родную дубину.

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.



Нас и мучат и бьют, нас и в цѣпи куют,  
 Нам терзают избитую спину —  
 Мы-же терпим да ждем, да уныло поем  
 Все про ту же родную дубину.

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.  
 Но вѣдь время придет, и проснется народ:  
 Разогнет он избитую спину  
 И в родимых лѣсах на врагов подберет  
 Здоровѣе и крѣпче дубину.

Ой, дубинушка... и т. д.

### МАРШ АНАРХИСТОВ.

Споемте-же пѣсню под громы ударов,  
 Под взрывы и пули, под пламя пожаров,  
 Под знаменем черным гигантской борьбы,  
 Под звуки набата призывной трубы.  
 Разрушимте, братья, дворцы и кумиры,  
 Сбивайте оковы, срывайте порфиры;  
 Довольно покорной и рабской любви —  
 Мы горе народа затопим в крови!

Проснулась, возстала народная воля,  
 На стоны Коммуны, на зов Ровашоля,  
 На крики о мести погибших людей,  
 Под гнетом буржуя, в петлѣ палачей.  
 Их много, без счета, нуждою разбитых,  
 Погибших в острогѣ, на плахах убитых,  
 Их много, о правда, служивших тебѣ  
 И павших в геройской, неравной борьбѣ.  
 Их стоны витают под небом Россіи,  
 Их стоны, призывы, как ропот стихій,  
 Звучат под Парижем, Сибирью глухой  
 И нас призывают на доблестный бой...

## СМѢЛО, ДРУЗЬЯ...

Смѣло, друзья, не теряйте  
 Бодрость в неравном бою,  
 Родину-мать вы спасайте,  
 Честь и свободу свою!

Если ж погибнуть придется  
 В тюрьмах и шахтах сырых,  
 Дѣло всегда отзовется  
 На поколѣньях живых.

2 раза

Пусть нас по тюрьмам сажают,  
 Пусть нас пытаются огнем,  
 Пусть в рудники нас ссылают,  
 Пусть мы всѣ казни пройдем!

Если-ж погибнуть придется и т. д.

Стонет и тяжело вздыхает  
 Бѣдный наш русскій народ,  
 Руки он нам простирает,  
 Нас он на помощь зовет!

Если-ж погибнуть придется и т. д.  
 Час обновленья настанет,  
 Воли добьется народ;  
 Добрым нас словом помянет,  
 К нам на могилу придет.

Если-ж погибнуть придется  
 В тюрьмах и шахтах сырых,  
 Дѣло всегда отзовется  
 На поколѣньях живых.

2 р.

## СМѢЛО ТОВАРИЩИ...

Смѣло, товарищи, в ногу!  
Духом окрѣпнем в борьбѣ.

В царство свободы дорогу  
Грудью проложим себѣ. 2 раза.

Вышли мы всѣ из народа,  
Дѣти семьи трудовой .

"Братскій союз и свобода",  
Вот наш девиз боевой 2 раза.

Долго в цѣпях нас держали,  
Долго нас голод томил,

Черные дни миновали;  
Час искупленья пробил. 2 раза.

Время за дѣло приняться,  
В бой поспѣшим мы скорѣй;

Нашей ли рати бояться  
Призрачной силы царей? 2 раза.

Все, вѣдь, чѣм держатся троны —  
Дѣло рабочей руки...

Сами набьем мы патроны,  
К ружьям привинтим штыки. 2 раза.

Свергнем могучей рукою  
Гнет роковой навсегда

И водрузим над землею  
Красное знамя труда. 2 раза.



## МАРСЕЛЬЕЗА.

Вперед, сыны страны родной ,  
 Дни славы наступили!  
 Тираны дикою толпой  
 В наш вольный край вступили! (2 раза:  
 Вам слышны ли у очагов  
 Солдат свирѣпых клики?  
 Друзья, там ваших бьют сынов,  
 Подруг там ваших крики!

К оружію, народ!  
 Сомкни свои ряды!  
 Вперед! Вперед!  
 Пусть кровь врагов замочит их слѣды!

Что хочет здѣсь орда рабов  
 С злодѣями—вождями?  
 Кому желѣзо сих оков  
 Куется их царями? (2 раза).  
 Друзья, то нам!.. Какое звѣрство!..  
 И как тут злобой не пылать,  
 Когда нам рабство, изувѣрство,  
 Хотят штыками навязать.

К оружію, народ! и т. д.

Как! Чужеземныя толпы  
 Нам предписать закон посмѣют?  
 Как! Их наемныя орды  
 Сынов отчизны одолѣют? (2 раза).  
 Великій Бог!.. Скуют нам длани  
 И под ярмо поставят вновь,  
 Чтобы зачинщик этой брани  
 Мог вновь сосать народа кровь!?

К оружію, народ! и т. д.

Дрожи, тиран! Дрожите вы,  
 Крамольники в изгнаныи,  
 Измѣнники родной страны,  
 Вам будет воздаянье! (2 раза).  
 Здѣсь всяк — солдат, чтобы вас бить,  
 И пусть падут герои:  
 Земля родит иных, чтоб мстить  
 В ожесточенном боѣ!

К оружію, народ! и т. д.  
 Веди-ж побѣдным нас путем,  
 Любовь к странѣ святая!  
 Будь лозунгом своим борцам,  
 Ты, вольность дорогая! (2 раза).  
 И пусть, с побѣдой, прошумит  
 Гражданственность нам: "слава!"  
 Да вся вселенная узрит,  
 Что мы стоим за право!

К оружію, народ! и т. д.

#### ПО ВЫХОДѢ ИЗ ТЮРЬМЫ.

Тяжко мнѣ... но не хочу я  
 С злой судьбой моей мириться.  
 Я один... Но не могу я  
 С силой темною не биться.  
 Я погибну... ну так что-же?  
 Коль мое погибнет тѣло,  
 Будет дух мой так же биться  
 Все за то-ж святое дѣло!  
 Я желал бы сон нарушить,  
 Сытых счастье разрушить,  
 Мрак разсѣять, разогнать!  
 Всѣм униженным, скорбящим,  
 Всѣм о счастиі молящим  
 Я желал бы счастье дать!

## ЧЕРНОЕ ЗНАМЯ.

Нас давит, товарищи, власть капитала,  
Царящего мощно повсюду;  
Давно уж, товарищи, время настало  
Проснуться голодному люду.

На бой нас давно вызывает  
Буржуй — враг царящий повсюду;  
Пусть черное знамя собой означает  
Идею рабочего люда.

Нас давят нещадно, увѣчат, штрафуют,  
Толпами нас гонят в могилу;  
Однако, недолго наш враг поликует,  
Уж наша пора наступила.

На бой нас давно вызывает... и т. д.

Полиция к порядку штыком призывает,  
Поп чушь нам городит с амвона;  
Царь-батюшка только башкою кивает,  
Буржуй, мол, хозяин у трона.

На бой нас давно вызывает... и т. д.

Долой же позорную власть капитала,  
Царящего мощно повсюду;  
К оружию, товарищи! Время настало  
Проснуться голодному люду.

На бой нас давно вызывает... и т. д.





## ПАМЯТИ Н. Э. БАУМАНА.

Гордый, могучій боец за свободу  
Умер в борьбѣ за великій народ...  
Вышел он в поле в тяжкіе годы  
С криком призывным — вперед!  
Двигаться было и страшно и трудно,  
Грудь надрывалась... но голос звучал  
В этом туманѣ так смѣло и дружно,  
Взяться за дѣло великое звал!  
Годы тюрьмы... эти мрачные годы...  
Всякій, кто честно и смѣло служил  
Дѣлу могучему, дѣлу свободы,  
Ужас их весь пережил...  
Только что луч показался свободы,  
Только что весь вострепнулся народ,  
И задрожали тюремные своды, —  
Вышел, ты смѣло вперед..  
Вышел... И гордо погиб за свободу,  
Подлой сраженной рукой!..  
Спи безмятежно, защитник народа,  
Честный рабочій-герой!..  
Спи!.. Если гибнут великія силы, —  
Гибнут геройски за свѣт, за народ...  
Гибнут... но даже у края могилы  
Падают с криком призывным — вперед!  
Так и орел, пораженный стрѣлою  
В темном туманном ущеліи гор,  
С криком послѣдним, с послѣдней слезою  
К небу бросает сіяющій взор!...

Ал. Истомин.



## РАБОЧАЯ МАРСЕЛЬЕЗА.

Отречемся от стараго міра,  
 Отряхнем его прах с наших ног!  
 Нам враждебны златые кумиры,  
 Ненавистен нам царскій чертог.  
 Мы пойдем в ряды страждущих братьев,  
 Мы к голодному люду пойдем;  
 С ним пошлем мы злодѣям проклятье,  
 На борьбу мы его позовем,

Вставай, подымайся, рабочій народ!  
 Вставай на врагов, брат голодный!  
 Раздайся крик мести народной!  
 Вперед!

Богачи, кулаки жадной сворой  
 Расхищают тяжелый твой труд.  
 Твоим потом жирѣют обжоры;  
 Твой послѣдній кусок они рвут.  
 Голодай, чтоб они пировали.  
 Голодай, чтоб в игрѣ биржевой  
 Они совѣсть и честь продавали,  
 Чтоб глумились они над тобой!

Вставай, подымайся рабочій народ! и т. д.  
 Тебѣ отдых — одна лишь могила!  
 Каждый день — недоимку готовь!  
 Царь вампир из тебя тянет жилы;  
 Царь-вампир пьет народную кровь;  
 Ему нужны для войска солдаты:  
 Подавай же сюда сыновей!  
 Ему нужны пиры да палаты:  
 Подавай ему крови твоей!

Вставай, подымайся рабочій народ! и т. д.

Не довольно ли вѣчнаго горя?  
 Встанем, братья, повсюду зараз!  
 От Днѣпра и до Бѣлаго моря,  
 И Поволжье, и дальній Кавказ!  
 На воров, на собак — на богатых!  
 Да на злого вампира — царя,  
 Бей, губи их, злодѣев проклятых!  
 Засвѣтись лучшей жизни заря!

Вставай, подымайся рабочій народ! и т. д.

И взойдет за кровавой зарею  
 Солнце правды и братства людей;  
 Купим мир мы послѣдней борьбою,  
 Купим кровью мы счастье дѣтей.  
 И настанет година свободы,  
 Сгинет ложь, сгинет зло навсегда,  
 И сольются в едино народы  
 В вольном царствѣ святого труда!

Вставай, подымайся, рабочій народ!  
 Вставай на врагов, брат голодный!  
 Раздайся крик мести народной!  
 Вперед!



Ради злата наемный злодѣй обнажает свой меч;  
 Ради злата продажный судья искажает закон,  
 Но и горы богатства не купят правдивую рѣчь;  
 Безопасности вам не купить и за цѣлый милліон!





## П Е Р В О Е   М А Я .

Первое мая! Первое мая!  
 Праздник труда и весны!  
 Праздник, в который свобода святая  
 Шлет нам отрадныя сны!

Будут тѣ сны нам звѣздой путеводною  
 В битвѣ священной со злом!  
 Мизнью счастливою, жизнью свободною  
 Скоро мы всѣ заживем!

Первое мая! Первое мая!  
 Солнца весенняго луч,  
 В окнах фабричных маня и играя,  
 Шлет нам надежду из туч.

Время придет... Эти мрачныя зданія  
 Общими станут тогда  
 И обратятся из мѣста страданія  
 В братскіе храмы труда.

Первое мая! Первое мая !  
 Снова природа цвѣтет;  
 С свѣтлой улыбкой плоды обѣщая,  
 К дружной работѣ зовет.

Нашей работой оплодотворенныя,  
 Зазеленѣют поля  
 И перестанут стонать обдѣленные:  
 Общею будет земля!

Первое мая! Первое мая!  
 Сломаны цѣпи зимы!  
 Братья, природы завѣт соблюдая,  
 Освободимся и мы!

Прочь ты! терпѣнье вьючной скотины,  
Глянем, как люди кругом...  
Дружно! Расправим могучія спины,  
Полною грудью вздохнем!

Первое мая! Первое мая!  
Праздник весны и труда!  
Ради себя и родимаго края  
Сбросим ярмо навсегда!

Братья, нас много; их—горсть лишь нич-  
тожная,

И перед нами весь мір!  
Правда за нас! Наша сила — надежная!..  
В бой, как на праздничный пир!

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### ЖЕРТВАМ ДЕВЯТАГО ЯНВАРЯ.

Погибшіе братья ,вам вѣчный покой,  
Убійцам на вѣки проклятье!  
Погибли вы смѣло в борьбѣ роковой  
За нашу свободу и счастье.  
Убиты, вы братья, преступной рукой  
Того, кто народ угнетает,  
Рабочую кровь проливает рѣкой,  
Родную страну разоряет.  
Над вашей могилой мы клятву даем,  
Святой нашей кровью клянемся:  
Мы будем бороться с убійцей-царем,  
Свободы и счастья добьемся.  
Тогда мы на ваши могилы придем  
И скажем: "Погибшіе, братья!  
Ночь произвола смѣнилася днем  
Равенства, братства и счастья".

## ПЕРВОМАЙСКІЙ КЛИЧ.

Наш праздник рабочій пришли мы справлять; —  
 Да здравствует первое мая!  
 Товарищи, станем борьбу прославлять,  
 К свободѣ народ призывая.

Мы долго терпѣли царевы кнуты,  
 Мы долго кормили всѣ праздные рты, —  
 Долой эту вражью породу!  
 Свободу народу, свободу!

Горячее солнце на землю глядит  
 И к жизни зовет всю природу,  
 Огнем лучезарным в нас пѣсня кипит,  
 То грозная пѣснь про свободу.

Мы долго терпѣли царевы кнуты и т. д.  
 Горячее солнце — наш факел побѣдный,  
 Возстав из-под ига неволи,  
 Людских униженій и всяких невзгод,  
 Он в счастья требует доли.

Мы долго терпѣли царевы кнуты и т. д.  
 Во всѣх чужеземныхъ далекихъ краяхъ,  
 Гдѣ брат под работою гнется,  
 Милліонами душ и на всѣхъ языкахъ  
 Сегодня та пѣсня поется.

Мы долго терпѣли царевы кнуты и т. д.  
 Побѣду и счастья мы людям несем,  
 Мы всѣмъ завоюем свободу  
 И, кончив с врагом, одним радостным днем,  
 Ее отдадим мы народу.

Мы долго терпѣли царевы кнуты и т. д.



За мір, за свободу, за счастье людское,  
 За радости жизни, за братство святое  
 Мы дружно сомкнемся в бою.  
 Ударим же пѣсню свою!

Мы долго терпѣли царевы кнуты,  
 Мы долго кормили всѣ праздные рты, —  
 Долой эту вражью породу!  
 Свободу народу, свободу!..

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### ЗА СВОБОДУ.

Не трава в степи колышется,  
 Не в дубравѣ вѣтр шумит:  
 Клич удалый, мощный слышится,  
 В бой с врагом идти велит.  
 То не кречеты слетаются,  
 Чужая близость мертвецов:  
 Людъ рабочій ополчается  
 Мстить за дѣдов и отцов.  
 Не страшат борцов мученія,  
 Ни тюрьма, ни эшафот;  
 Полны мужества, презрѣнія,  
 Смѣло движутся вперед.  
 Так возстанъ же сила мощная,  
 Против рабства и оков!  
 Суд, чини расправу грозную:  
 Зуб за зуб и кровь за кровь.  
 Западетъ пусть в душу каждаго:  
 Подлость, зло с земли стереть,  
 Иль на трупѣ брата павшаго  
 За свободу умереть.

## ЗАВѢЩАНІЕ.

Здѣсь умирая, в казематах,  
 Мы завѣщаем всѣм друзьям  
 За муки бѣднаго народа  
     Отомстить врагам!  
 Самой судьбѣ бросайте вызов,  
 Уж раз к врагу она пошла,  
 С ним против братства и свободы  
     В союз вошла!  
 Когда же, в час побѣды свѣтлой,  
 Разволновавшаяся кровь  
 Утихнет в сердцѣ — завѣщаем  
     Одну любовь!  
 Пускай тогда меж вами, братья,  
 Не будет нищих, богачей,  
 Ни вѣчно загнанных страдальцев,  
     Ни палачей!  
 Вы храм воздвигните науки  
 На мѣсто храма лжи и тьмы,  
 И храм свободы лучезарной  
     Взамѣн тюрьмы!  
 Пусть край родной не оглашает  
 Ни стон страдающих людей,  
 Ни свист бича, ни гром орудій,  
     И звон цѣпей!  
 Святая личность человѣка  
 И честность мысли и труда  
 Пускай находят уваженье  
     У вас всегда!  
 Когда ж блеснет заря спасенья,  
 Настанет братства свѣтлый час,  
 В счастливой жизни вспомните  
     Друзья и нас!

## ХЛѢБ И ПУЛЮ.

Нѣту работы...семья голодает...  
 Двое малюток припали к отцу,  
 Рвут на нем платье, ѣсть просят, рыдают...  
 Мать на них молча глядит и страдает...  
 "Полноте, дѣти— отец утѣшает —  
 Наши страданья приходят к концу:  
 Хлѣба нам или свинцу  
 Завтра республика дать обѣщает".  
 Сдвинуты брови и скрещены руки  
 На молодецкой широкой груди.  
 Люди по улицѣ идут, и звуки  
 Пѣсни их грозной исполнены муки:  
 "Завтра раздастся здѣсь гром боевой;  
 Знайте же братья: вас ждет впереди  
 Хлѣб на столѣ или пуля в груди  
 Послѣ борьбы роковой!"  
 Знамя над грудой камней взвивается...  
 Строит народ баррикаду...  
 Завтра он здѣсь умирать собирается.  
 Здѣсь новой жизни заря загорается,  
 Здѣсь ьновой жизни заря загорается,  
 Людям грядущим в урок!  
 Будет героям награда:  
 Пуля, иль хлѣба кусок!..  
 Тѣни ночныя спустились над зданьями...  
 Полон рѣшимости мрачный народ:  
 Завтра он кончит с страданьями!  
 Полный надеждами и ожиданьями,  
 Жаждою полный борьбы,  
 Цѣлую ночь он очей не сомкнет;  
 Завтра он хлѣб или пулю возьмет  
 С бою у грозной судьбы!...



## ПѢСНЬ ПРОЛЕТАРІЕВ.

(На мотив Марсельезы).

Мы Марсельезы гимн старинный  
 На новый лад теперь споем —  
 И пусть трепещут властелины  
 Перед проснувшимся врагом!  
 Пусть пѣсни мощной и свободной  
 Их поразит, как грозный бич,  
 Могучій зов, побѣдный клич,  
 Великій клич международный:

Пролетаріи всѣх стран,  
 Соединяйтесь в дружный стан!  
 На бой, на бой,

На смертный бой

Вставай, народ-титан!

Вѣками длится бой упорный...  
 Не раз мятежною рукой  
 Народ платил за гнет позорный  
 И разрушал за строем строй.  
 Но никогда призыв свободный  
 Такою мощью не дышал,  
 Такой угрозой не звучал,  
 Как этот клич международный:

Пролетаріи всѣх стран, и т. д.  
 Силен наш враг — буржуазія!  
 Но вслѣд за ней, на грозный суд,  
 Как беспощадная стихія,  
 Ея могильщики идут...

Она сама рукой безпечной  
 Кует тот меч, которым мы,  
 Низвергнув власть позорной тьмы,  
 Проложим путь к свободѣ вѣчной!

Пролетаріи всѣх стран, и т. д.

Не устрасит нас бой суровый:  
 Нарушив ваш кровавый пир,  
 Мы потеряем лишь... оковы,  
 Но завоюем — цѣлый мір!  
 Дрожите-ж, жалкіе тираны!  
 Уже подхвачен этот зов:  
 Под красным знаменем борцов  
 Уж поднимаются всѣ страны!

Пролетаріи всѣх стран, и т. д.  
 В странѣ, подавленной безправьем,  
 Вам слышно-ль? Близок ураган:  
 То в смертный бой с самодержавьем  
 Вступает русскій великан...  
 Перед зарею пробужденья  
 Уже блѣднѣет ваша тѣнь!..  
 Вперед, на бой! Пред нами день;  
 Великій день освобожденья!...

Пролетаріи всѣх стран, и т. д.



### ОТВѢТ СУДЬѢ.

Суди судья, твори насилье,  
 Законов я не признаю;  
 Твой приговор — твое безсилье;  
 Своей вины не сознаю.  
 Суди судья, твори насилье,  
 Тебѣ мой дух не сокрушить,  
 Твой приговор — твое безсилье;  
 Тебѣ меня не побѣдить.

Саша Ч.

## П Р И З Ы В.

(Из листка Воронежского ком. Р. С. Д. Р. П.)  
Нас много, нас много! Вставайте же братья!

Не надо ни слез, ни бесплодной мольбы...

Проклятье насилью, тиранам проклятье!...

Мы долго страдали, вставайте-же братья,

И будем борцы — не рабы!

Глядите, — заря занялася свободы!...

В ком сердце отзывно и ум не погас?

Кто весь изстрадался за черные годы?

Сходитесь, вставайте под знамя свободы;

И время и правда за нас!..

Пусть кровь наша льется, пусть в злобѣ безсильной

Державный убійца нас смертью казнит...

Но рабства позором, но тишью могильной

Ему не сковать уже волюшки сильной

Того, кто отомщенъ горит!

За счастье народа, за свѣтъ и познанье,

Подыдем мы много мозолистых рук!...

Проснулось работников-граждан сознанье...

Довольно мертвящей нужды и страданья,

Довольно и крови и мук!...

Что создано потом, что кровью омыто,

Над чѣм, надрываясь, не спали ночей, —

Довольно вам, хищники, грабить открыто,

Вѣками вы кровь нашу пили до сыта,

Под гнетом жестоких царей!..

Нас много, нас много! Вставайте же, братья!

Не надо ни слез, ни бесплодной мольбы...

Проклятье насилью, тиранам проклятье!

Мы долго страдали, вставайте же, братья

И будем борцы — не рабы!

Рабочій.



Глубину, скажи мнѣ, кто измѣрил моря,  
 Высоту небес, кто, скажи мнѣ, знает?  
 Кто поймет печаль, тоску мою и горе  
 И что порой в одно их так сплетает?  
 В каменной Бастильѣ дни идут за днями...  
 Чахнет, изнывает там мой дорогой...  
 За стальной рѣшеткой заперт под замками  
 Он лишен свободы мерзкою рукой!  
 Мерзкою рукою, что в крови народной  
 Жадный аппетит свой знает утолять  
 И в странѣ, кичливо названной свободной,  
 Знает лишь одно: свободѣ рот зажать.  
 "Ты в странѣ свободы: нѣтъ рабов у нас!"  
 "Все равно, вѣдь мозг твой силѣ не указ!  
 "Не твое то дѣло, как живется рабу —  
 "Ты в странѣ свободы: нѣтъ рабов у нас!"  
 Так ли это, братец? Так ли, ты скажи?  
 Мозг мой протестует: что-то, да не так!  
 Думаю, не лучше-ль — выйдем в бой открыто!  
 Коль запретно мыслить — показать кулак!  
 Со стола богатых — бѣдным вволю хлѣба  
 Голых поодѣнем, босым — сапоги  
 Что дает земля нам, что дает нам небо  
 Правильно раздѣлят наши кулаки!  
 Мы довольно ждали... терпѣливо ждали...  
 Не по силам больше — должен быть конец.  
 Побросаем цѣпи в коих нас сковали,  
 В пепел превратим мучителей дворец!  
 Смѣло же за дѣло, братья, мы возьмемся!  
 Вѣчною обидою преисполнен всяк;  
 И в ряды тѣснѣе, живо мы сомкнемся —  
 Гдѣ мозгу нѣтъ мѣста, учит пусть кулак.

А. Лосьев.

## РУСЬ.

Только зорька загорѣлася,  
 А уж Русь вся просыпается,  
 Вѣрно спать ей не хотѣлося:  
 Видя зорю, улыбается:  
 Освѣтила зорька ясная  
 Жизнь суровую, туманную, —  
 И увидѣла несчастная  
 Свою долюшку обманную.  
 Будет! горя натерпѣлася,  
 Досыта наголодалася,  
 Пѣсен жалостных напѣлася,  
 До упаду настрадалася.  
 Надоѣла жизнь бесплодная,  
 Жизнь худая, подневольная,  
 Поднялася Русь голодная,  
 Хмурит брови недовольная —  
 Подымается могучая —  
 В сердцѣ гнѣвъ, да злоба жгучая —  
 На жестокаго мучителя,  
 На народнаго грабителя,  
 На опричину кромѣшную,  
 Что над Русью издѣвается,  
 Проливает кровь безгрѣшную  
 В златѣ-серебрѣ купается!  
 Много лѣтъ спала покорная  
 Сном тревожным, безотвѣтная;  
 Не спала одна упорная  
 В сердцѣ думушка завѣтная:  
 Дума крѣпкая о волюшкѣ  
 В сердцѣ трепетном таилася  
 И, созрѣвъ в лихой неволюшкѣ,

На свободу запросилася.  
И, в себѣ почуя силушку,  
Русь примолкла, призадумалась,  
И глубокую могилушку  
Рыть мучителям надумалась.



### "М А Л Ь Ч И Ш К А".

"Мальчишка" я!... Хотите вы сказать,  
Что молод я, ничтожен, не опасен. —  
Зачѣм же вам в тюрьмѣ меня держать?  
Зачѣм "мальчишка" так для вас ужасен?

"Мальчишка" мы!... Зачѣм же поднимать  
Вам из-за нас такую суматоху?  
Тревогу бить и голову терять,  
И жертвы несть судебному молоху?

"Мальчишка" я!.. Пусть так; но вы то кто ж?  
Идущіе с дрекольями, толпами  
На горсть "дѣтей", едва скрывая дрожь?  
Вас как назвать? Не доблести-ль мужами?

"Мальчишка" я!.. Но знайте — муж стальной  
В "мальчишкѣ" том стараньем вашим зрѣет!  
Спасибо вам: спознался я с тюрьмою —  
Она во мнѣ кой-что посѣет...

И не на радость вам такой посѣв взойдет:  
Клянусь, он будет вам на горе!  
Узнаете, когда в народном морѣ  
Девятый вал на ваш корабль найдет!



## ПѢСНЯ ТКАЧА.

Мучит-терзает головушку бѣдную  
 Грохот машинных колес,  
 Свѣтъ застилается в оченьках крупными  
 Каплями пота и слез.  
 Грохот машин, духота нестерпимая,  
 В воздухъ клочья хлопка;  
 Маслом прогорьклым воняет удушливо —  
 Да, жизнь ткача не легка!  
 Нитка порвалась в основѣ, канальская.  
 Эх, распроклятая снасть!  
 Сколько грѣха-то ты примешь здѣсь на душу,  
 Господи Боже, так страсть!  
 Эх, да зачѣм же, зачѣм же вы льетесь,  
 Горькія слезы из глаз?  
 Дѣлу помѣха — основа попортится —  
 Быть мнѣ в отвѣтъ за вас!  
 Рученьки, ноженьки ноют, сердечныя,  
 Спинушку ломит, бока...  
 Грохот машин, духота нестерпимая —  
 Да, жизнь ткача не легка!  
 Как не завидовать главному мастеру!  
 Знай под окошком сидит,  
 Чай попивает, да гладит бородушку, —  
 Видно, душа не болит!  
 Ласков на вид, а поди-ка ты вечером —  
 Станешь работу сдавать,  
 Он и работу бранит, и ругается —  
 Все норовит браковать!  
 Так вот и ладит, чтоб меньше досталось  
 Нашему брату — ткачу...  
 Эх, главный мастер, хозяин, надсмотрщики!  
 Жить вѣдь я тоже хочу...

## ПѢСНЯ НЕНАВИСТИ.

Вперед! скорѣй! чрез рѣки, через горы  
 Зарѣ на встрѣчу молодой.  
 Послѣдній поцѣлуй для милой, ласка взора...  
 И в бой, скорѣе в грозный бой!  
 Мы взяли в руки меч: пока онѣ не сгнили,  
 Мы не должны разстаться с ним.  
 Довольно мы врагов своих любили,  
 Мы ненавидѣть их хотим.  
 Нѣтъ, нѣтъ: любовь не даст рабам свободы,  
 И нѣтъ спасенія в любви.  
 Ты, ненависть, суди врагов народа!  
 Ты, ненависть, оковы разорви.  
 Там, гдѣ тираны трон свой нагло утвердили.  
 Престол мы в щепки обратим.  
 Довольно мы врагов своих любили,  
 Мы ненавидѣть их хотим.  
 Пусть в сердцѣ всѣх, в ком сердце страстно бьется,  
 Царит лишь ненависти жар.  
 Готовь костер; довольно дров найдется,  
 Чтоб на весь мір зажечь пожар.  
 Вы всѣ, борцы земли, что для свободы жили  
 Кричите братіям своим:  
 "Довольно мы врагов любили,  
 "Мы ненавидѣть их хотим!"  
 Разите же врагов, не уставая,  
 Разите смѣлою рукой.  
 И будет вам та ненависть святая  
 Священнѣе любви святой.  
 Мы взяли в руки мечъ: пока онѣ не сгнили,  
 Мы не должны разстаться с ним.  
 Довольно мы врагов своих любили,  
 Мы ненавидѣть их хотим.

### МАЙСКАЯ ПѢСНЬ.

Первое мая—праздник весны,  
Мощный прибой пролетарской волны...

Празднуйте первое мая!

Гимн вдохновенный могучим борцам,  
Клик дерзновенный усталым сердцам.

Празднуйте первое мая!

Всѣ, кто готов в безпощадном бою  
Грудью стоять за свободу свою,

Празднуйте первое мая!

Словно по взмаху рабочей руки,  
Смолкнут машины, котлы и станки...

Празднуйте первое мая!

Дрогнут всѣ темныя силы кругом  
Перед своим ненавистным врагом...

Празднуйте первое мая!

Первое мая — праздник весны,  
Мощный прибой пролетарской волны...

Празднуйте первое мая!

Дерзностный вызов рабочих полков  
Міру насилья, цѣпей и штыков...

Празднуйте первое мая!

### ДВА СТАНА.

В мірѣ два стана, нещадно враждующих  
В первом — с побѣдно поднятой главой  
Сонмы веселых, безпечных, ликующих,  
Сытых, довольных собой;  
Сонмы терзающих силы народныя,  
Нагло сосущих народную кровь,  
Топчущих в грязь все святое, свободное, —  
Честь, идеал и любовь.



С сердцем заплывшим ,душой пресыщенной,  
 Всюду внося с собой ложь и разврат,  
 Все попирают стопой загрязненной,  
 Куплей-продажей клеймят.  
 Совѣсть и честь для них звуки забытые,  
 Изгнаны правда, любовь, идеал:  
 Соки народные, в золото слитые, —  
 Вот гдѣ их бог, их Ваал.

Вѣчная праздность, разгул нескончаемый,  
 Пьянство, обжорство, безстыдный разврат,  
 Наглая ложь, произвол нескрываемый.  
 Здѣсь безпредѣльно царят....  
 В станѣ другом милліоны униженных,  
 Стонущих тяжело под гнетом оков,  
 Счастья не знающих, роком обиженных,  
 Цѣпи влачущих рабов;

Вѣчно надломленных, вѣчно страдающих.  
 Молотом, ломом, сохой топором  
 Жизнь и здоровье свое надрывающих  
 Над непосильным трудом;  
 Хищныя стаи жестоких мучителей,  
 Алчных вельмож и жестоких царей,  
 Царских холопов, чиновных грабителей  
 Кровью питают своей...

Только не вѣчно им рабство позорное,  
 Гнет ненавистный смиренно нести;  
 Кончится скоро молчанье покорное,  
 И задрожат палачи...  
 Близок уж час, уж борьба разгорается,  
 Мрак безпросвѣтный не так уж гнетет:  
 Это свободы заря занимается,  
 Это народ возстает...

## ПРОЛЕТАРІЮ.

В многотрудную дорогу  
 С ярким пламенем в груди  
 Подвигайся. Прочь тревогу!  
 Свѣтит счастье впереди.

\* \*

К свѣтлым полям, к лучшей долѣ,  
 Гдѣ нѣтъ рабства ни оков,  
 Ты зови забытых горем  
 И безправных мужиков.

\* \*

И под натиском усилій  
 Цѣпи рабства упадут,  
 И без рабства и насилій  
 Люди братски заживут.

М. А. Андрюнин.



## ЛЕВЕНВОРТСКІЙ УЗНИК.

I.

За массы угнетенныя  
 И крова, крох лишенныя  
     Он голос подымал.  
 Про битых, про линчеванных  
 Иль в кандалы закованных  
     Нам правду освѣщал.  
 Как в Бютѣ людям жилося  
 Иль в Бисби что творилося  
     Не мог он умолчать.

За то его "крамольного"  
 Тѣм "бытом" недовольного  
     Приказано убрать.  
 Пускай свои "идилліи"  
 Он в каменной бастиліи  
     Научится писать!

## II.

И нынѣ... плѣнник капитала,  
 Но.. Он не ранен, не разбит;  
 Ни кандалы, ни гной подвала  
 В нем гордый дух не усмирят.  
 Порой слезы туманят очи...  
 Но я горжусь: онѣ за тѣх,  
 Кто рабом жизнь и дни и ночи  
 Ведет без радости, утѣх!  
 За-них скорбит и негодует  
 Его душа в груди больной,  
 И мозг горит... и протестует  
 В борьбѣ за лучшей жизни строй.  
 И вѣрит он — уж не далеко  
 Тот день, что цѣпи раскует.  
 Пусть крѣпок враг, наш враг жестокий.  
 Но он уж падает... **Падет!**  
 И дни свободы, той свободы —  
 — Без дипломатіи и прекрас —  
 Настанут!... Братьями народы  
 Всѣ заживут в тот добрый час.

А. Лосьев.





## ПАМЯТИ ДРУГА.

О смерти твоей услышал я в тюрьмѣ,  
Товарищ и друг мой несчастный!  
Да будет же вѣчная память тебѣ  
И мир послѣ жизни ненастной!

В холодной Сибири, вдали от друзей  
Погиб ты замучен неволей...  
Но плакать-ли нам над могилой твоей,  
Над горькой, безрадостной долей?

О, плакать бы стоило, если-б могло  
Из слез наших мщенье родиться...  
Тираны и деспоты! — время пришло,  
Пора нам, пора расплатиться!

Давай-же, друга-борца схоронив,  
Живые покрѣпче сплотимся!  
За дѣло народное в битву вступив,  
С щитом иль на нем возвратимся!

И пусть нас по тюрьмам сажают,  
Ломают калѣчат и гнут, —  
Мощь наша растет, вырастает,  
Окрѣпнет и скоро сломает  
Оковы неправедных пут!

М. Андрійко.

\* \* \*

Кто золото добыл для царской короны?  
Кто сталь для солдатских штыков отточил?  
Ткал бархат и шелк на богатые троны,  
В ненастье и холод за плугом ходил?  
Кто дал богачам и вино, и пшеницу  
И горько томится в нуждѣ безысходной?  
Не ты-ль, пролетарій, рабочій голодный!

Кто с раннего утра до поздней ночи  
 Стонал, надрывался под грохот машин,  
 Безсмысленным трудом ослеплял себя очи,  
 Чтоб в роскоши жил фабрикант—господин?  
 Кто мощно вертит колесо мировое  
 И... гибнет безправным, как червь непригодный?  
 Не ты-ль, пролетарий, рабочий голодный!

Кто гнету насилья, как раб, подчинялся,  
 Царям ненасытным века прослужил,  
 За них, как холоп безразсудный, сражался  
 И кровь неповинную жертвенно лил?  
 О, бедная родина! Жалкое племя!  
 Обман ненавистный смежил тебя очи.

Проснись, пролетарий, проснись, рабочий!

Проснись! Собирайте дружину с любовью!  
 Под знаменем красным клянитесь, — кто смел,  
 Клянитесь, клянитесь, что купите кровью  
 Свободу, равенство и лучший удел!..  
 Клянитесь, что царство тиранов погибнет,  
 Что близится век справедливый, свободный!

К борьбе, пролетарий! К оружию, голодный!

В руках наших сила бессмертного знания,  
 Всемирною дружбой ваш крепок союз.  
 Дружные, как братья, направьте старанья  
 Разбить произвол деспотических уз!  
 Пусть царь вас осыплет солдатской картечью,—  
 Победа за вами, за силой народной...

Победа близка, пролетарий голодный!



\* \*

\*

("Вперед", кievская рабочая газета № 8-9).

Кто под землей и на землѣ  
В полях и в рудниках  
Проводит жизнь свою в трудѣ,  
А мрет в нужды когтях?  
Кто строит, ткет, из под земли  
Богатство' достает,  
Другим за жалкіе гроши  
Всю роскошь создает?  
Спины не может разогнуть,  
Спокойно жить и спать?  
Да, это ты, рабочій люд,  
Голодный, бѣдный брат!  
Кто потом, кровію труда  
И храмы, и дворцы воздвиг,  
Построил города —  
Сам чужестранец в них?  
Палаты, роскошь — для других,  
Чердак, подвал — себѣ,  
Ученье в школах дорогих  
Не дѣтям, не тебѣ!  
Кто, чтобы жить, продав свой труд,  
Всѣ силы вынужден отдать?  
Да, это ты — рабочій люд,  
Ты угнетенный брат!  
Твоим трудом весь мір живет,  
Другим ты все отдал,  
Себѣ ж, обманутый народ,  
Ты цѣпи лишь сковал!  
Оружье сдѣлано тобой —  
Обращено против тебя...

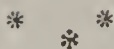


Проснись народ, пусть жребій твой  
 Твоя же выкует рука!  
 Пора свое тебѣ вернуть,  
 Себѣ свое забрать!..

Проснись, проснись, рабочій люд,  
 Идем на бой голодный брат!

### БѢСНУЙТЕСЬ ТИРАНЫ!

БѢснуйтесь тираны, глумитесь над нами,  
 Грозите свирѣпо тюрьмой, кандалами;  
 Мы вольны душою, хоть тѣлом поправы.  
 Позор, позор, позор вам тираны!  
 Пусть слабые духом трепещут пред вами,  
 Торгуя безстыдно святыми правами!  
 Тѣлесной неволи не страшны нам раны  
 Позор, позор, позор вам тираны!  
 Под гнетом труда в долѣ вѣчнаго рабства,  
 Народ угнетенный вам копит богатства,  
 Но рабство и муки не сломят титана  
 На страх, на страх, на страх вам тираны!  
 Кровавые слезы потом струятся,  
 Враги безпощадно над слабым глумятся,  
 Но рухнут пред сильным коварные планы.  
 Позор, позор, позор, вам тираны!  
 Грозите войсками, сверкайте штыками,  
 Ваш собственный страх не сковать вам цѣпями,  
 Предѣлы насилію вашему даны!  
 И месть, и месть, и месть вам, тираны!  
 От пролитой крови заря заалѣла,  
 Могучая всюду борьба закипѣла, —  
 Пожаром возстанья об'яты всѣ страны!  
 И смерть, и смерть, и смерть вам тираны!



( "Вперед", Киевская рабочая газета, № 8-9)

Сынам труда — свободу дать,  
Науки мощь и правды свѣтъ —  
Вот лозунг наш, вот наш завѣтъ!  
Довольно отдавать другим  
Свои труды — мы жить хотим!  
Не надо больше спину гнуть:  
Пора свободно всѣм вздохнуть!  
В борьбѣ мы можем потерять  
Свои лишь цѣпи, а найти  
Мир цѣлый счастья впереди!  
Пусть правда в этот мир придет,  
Народу счастье принесет:  
Его для всѣх хотим мы взять.  
Пусть тот, чья жизнь идет в трудѣ  
Не гибнет в тяжелой нищетѣ,  
Пусть тот, чьи руки в мозолях,  
Не стонет так в нужды тисках  
Пусть пот и кровь чужих трудов  
Не строит для богатых кров,  
Им роскошь, блеск не создает...  
Пусть всяк трудом своим живет!  
Развернувши знамена побѣдныя,  
Прошумите над миром грозой...  
О, вперед! — угнетенные, бѣдные,  
Чтобы не был мир больше тюрьмой!  
Написавши на знамени красном  
Боевые свободы слова,  
Поклянемся друг другу безстрашно,  
Что умрем за защиту труда!  
Через трупы борцов — угнетеніе

К торжеству никогда не придет,  
 На могилах их выростет мщенье  
 И свобода для всѣх расцвѣтет.  
 Разворачивай красное знамя,  
 Угнетенный рабочій народ,  
 О, горит уже бранное пламя,  
 Призывая безстрашных вперед!

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### В ДОБРЫЙ ЧАС.

Братцы! Дружно пѣсню грянем  
 Удалую — в добрый час!  
 Мы рабочих бить не станем, —  
 Не враги они для нас!  
 Только злые командиры  
 Их приказывают бить,  
 Чтоб солдатскіе мундиры  
 Этой бойней осрамить!  
 Брат пойдет ли против брата?  
 А крестьяне — братья нам!  
 И для честнаго солдата  
 Убивать их — грѣх и срам.  
 Сердце нам сжимали больно  
 Уж не раз их стон и плач;  
 Этой бойни нам довольно,  
 Русскій воин — не палач!  
 Пусть себѣ за ослушанье  
 Нас начальство душит всѣх;  
 Лучше вынести истязанье,  
 Чѣм принять на душу грѣх!  
 Так дружныѣ, братцы, грянем  
 Нашу пѣсню в добрый час:  
 Мы в крестьян стрѣлять не станем:  
 Не враги они для нас.



## ЧТО ЗА КАРТИНА...

Что за картина безсмысленно дикая!  
Гдѣ-ж она, гдѣ она сила великая,  
Чтобы конец положить?  
Эта толпа безотвѣтно покорная,  
Иго тяжелое, иго позорное  
Вѣчно-ли будет сносить?  
Ах, неужель ты, слѣпая и темная,  
Вѣчно голодная, вѣчно бездомная,  
Будешь покорно молчать?  
Всѣх нарядившая, всѣх накормившая  
Будешь не ѣвшая, будешь непившая,  
Вѣчно от стужи страдать?  
Нѣтъ, не вѣчно, нѣтъ, не вѣчно!  
Видишь, друг, со всѣх концов  
С пѣсней бодрою, сердечной  
Цѣпью длинной, безконечной  
Уж спѣшат толпы бойцов!  
Сила арміи священной  
Старый сор земли сметет.  
Коль один падет сраженный,  
Вмѣсто павшаго мгновенно  
Сотня новых возстает.  
Слышишь, друг мой, эти звуки?  
Это он, рабочій люд!  
То они, питомцы муки,  
Дружно взявшись за руки,  
Пѣсню звонкую поют.  
Не болѣзненной дремотой  
Пѣсня дружная звучит,  
И не будничной заботой,  
Новым тоном, новой нотой  
Пѣсня новая звенит.

Грянем, братья, гимн веселый,  
 Станем в тѣсныя ряды!  
 Перед нами путь тяжелый,  
 Ждут нас тяжкіе труды!  
 Но не страшны нам препоны,  
 Смѣло мы идем вперед!  
 Наши дѣти, наши жены,  
 Их страданія, их стоны...  
 Правда — все зовет!  
 Ну, греми же пѣснь святая!  
 Все, что честно, к нам придет!  
 Правды знамя поднимая,  
 Смѣло двинется вперед!

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### МОЛОДАЯ РУСЬ.

Прочь с дороги, мір отжившій,  
 Сверху до низу прогнившій:  
 Молодая Русь идет!  
 И, сплоченными рядами  
 Выступая в бой с врагами,  
 Пѣсни новыя поет.  
 Пни гнилые заслоняя,  
 Дружно зелень молодая  
 К солнцу тянется листвою,  
 К солнцу, к радости, к лазури,  
 Не страшась, ни туч, ни бури,  
 Насмѣхаясь над грозой.  
 Прочь с дороги все, что давит,  
 Что свободѣ сѣти ставит, —  
 Зла, насилія жрецы!  
 Вам пора покинуть сцену,  
 Выступаем вам на смѣну  
 Мы, отважные борцы!

Мы, рожденные рабами,  
 Мы ,вспоенные слезами,  
 Мы ,вскормленные нуждой!  
 Из тюрьмы, из злой неволи  
 Рвемся всѣ мы к лучшей долѣ,  
 Рвемся всѣ с неправдой в бой!  
 Дѣти родины опальной,  
 Шьем мы саван погребальный  
 Палачам родной страны.  
 В тюрьмах, в ссылкѣ отдаленной  
 Гимн слагаем похоронный  
 Царству зла, насилья, тьмы.  
 Крѣпче стали наши руки,  
 Не страшны нам смерти муки,  
 Не боимся мы цѣпей.  
 Мы не дрогнем, не отпустим,  
 Мы цѣной кровавой купим  
 Счастье родины своей.  
 К нам ,под знамя боевое,  
 К нам, все честное, живое,  
 К нам, борцов отважных рать!  
 Ураганом, бурей грянем,  
 И в бою с врагами станем  
 Счастье — волю добывать!  
 Прочь с дороги, злая силы!  
 Вас давно уж ждут могилы!  
 Молодая Русь идет!  
 И, сплоченными рядами,  
 Пѣсни новыя поет!





## ПЕРЕД УСМИРЕНИЕМ.

Чисти винтовки, ребята,  
Видно, всю ночь не спать...  
Сорок патронов на брата,  
Слышали, велѣно дать?...  
Долго мы честью и вѣрой  
Кровью служили царю,  
Долго скотиною сѣрой  
Шли на гибель свою.  
С крови-то нашей ребята,  
Ставленник божій не сыт:  
Хочет он взять у солдата  
Нынче и совѣсть, и стыд.  
Завтра, чуть свѣт, на заставы  
К фабрикам двинется рать —  
Царскому имени славы  
В братней крови добывать;  
Нашему тѣлу хозяин —  
Душу он тоже берет...  
Братцы, аль жив еще Каин?  
Проклят, кто брата убьет!  
Чисти, винтовки ребята,  
Пусть онѣ блещут огнем:  
Новую службу солдата  
Завтра впервой понесем.  
Братцы, в казарму глухую  
Родина зов подает:  
Бьется за волю святую,  
Бьется за счастье народ.  
Нищій, голодный, недужный,  
В селах, в поселках глухих  
Встал он, — идет безоружный,

Против злодѣев своих.  
 Гибнут от голоду дѣти,  
 Матери плачут — и вот  
 Плачущим пули и плети  
 Божій помазанник шлет.  
 Будет! Не сгибнет голодный  
 Болѣ от братской руки!  
 Пусть для свободы народной  
 Завтра заблещут штыки!...  
 Правил мы знаем не мало, —  
 Завтра иное возьмем:  
 Ротному пуля — сначала,  
 Всѣм, кто поменьше — потом!...  
 Чисти винтовки, ребята,  
 Штык наточи — наостри...  
 Труд небольшой для солдата —  
 Ночь просидѣть до зари...  
 Сколько вина командиру  
 С задняго перли крыльца!  
 До свѣту ихнему пиру  
 Нынче не будет конца...  
 Нас подольстить не забыли:  
 Трудный, мол, будет денек!  
 Чаркой вина угостили,  
 Выслали мяса кусок;  
 Братцы! За царскій обѣдок  
 Совѣсть им наша нужна!  
 Нужды нѣтъ! Мы напоследок  
 Все им заплатим сполна.  
 Нас они грызли немало —  
 Завтра их разом учтем:  
 Ротному пуля — сначала,  
 Всѣм, кто поменьше, потом.

Чисти винтовки, ребята,  
 Пусть онѣ блещут огнем...  
 Новую службу солдата  
 Завтра впервой понесем.  
 К бою готовься без шуму,  
 Всяк про себя, в тишинѣ,  
 Думай послѣднюю думу,  
 Думу о завтрашнем днѣ.

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### СПЯЩИМ.

Против бар и царей  
 За рабочих людей  
 Встаньте, братья, и гордо, и смѣло;  
 Мы борьбою живем,  
 Мы к борьбѣ вас зовем  
 За народное правое дѣло!  
 Свора наглых попов  
 Чтят бездушных воров,  
 Читить Романовых род призывает,  
 Говорит: всѣх людей,  
 Что идут на царей,  
 Убивать даже бог заставляет...  
 Нѣтъ, не вѣрьте попам:  
 Не друзья они вам,  
 А поповская служба "святая"  
 И грѣшна и вредна;  
 Вам свобода нужна,  
 А не чары волшебнаго рая...  
 Эх, когда-то и мы  
 Жили словно средь тьмы,  
 Ни о злом, ни о добром не знали,  
 Посылали дѣтей



Воевать за царей:  
Их богами земными считали;  
И коров и телят —  
Все тащили в заклад,  
Чтоб внести царю подати разом,  
Чтобы мог наш "отец"  
Украшать свой дворец  
Пышным бархатом, ярким алмазом!  
Но лишь только страна  
Пробудилась от сна,  
Как, столичные бросив палаты,  
Шайка этих "богов"  
Удрала в Петергоф  
И дрожит, ждет народной расплаты.  
А расправа близка;  
Уж плывут облака  
По когда-то прозрачной лазури,  
Скоро грянет кругом  
Оглушительный гром —  
Гром послѣдней, рѣшительной бури.  
Скоро, скоро народ  
Сбросит с плеч мрачный гнет  
И, воров вѣковых проклиная,  
Он царицу пошлет  
На работу в завод,  
Молотить и пахать — Николая!  
Против бар и царей,  
За рабочих людей  
Встаньте-ж, братья, и гордо, и смѣло;  
Мы борьбою живем,  
Мы к борьбѣ вас зовем  
За народное правое дѣло!..

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## РАБОЧИЙ МАРШ.

Друзья! Довольно слез и стонов!  
Довольно! Всѣ мы в бой пойдем!  
И смѣло, дружно, непреклонно  
Старый строй мы разобьем.  
Нам все равно... нѣтъ больше сил  
Так жить, сносить ярмо невзгод,  
Нам, право, легче мрак могил,  
Чѣм эта жизнь, чѣм этот стон и гнет.  
Мы много жили, много ждали;  
Давили нас и Власть и Капитал,  
Побои, голод — все сносили,  
Теперь довольно! час настал.  
Во имя равенства и братства  
Мы всѣ оковы разобьем!  
Довольно лжи, довольно рабства,  
Мы пѣснь свободы запоем.  
Свою мы долю в жизни новой  
Свободной жизнью обновим,  
За свой удѣл в борьбѣ суровой  
Мы иль умрем, иль побѣдим!  
Вперед друзья, вперед, без страха,  
Низвергнем гнет, исчезнет тьма,  
Не страшны нам ни смерть ни плаха,  
Не страшны пытки и тюрьма.



## ГОЛОС ИЗ ТЮРЬМЫ.

Откройте тюремныя двери  
И дайте увидѣть нам свѣт.  
Не люди вы — дикіе звѣри,  
И жалости братской в вас нѣтъ!  
Вы любите свѣт и природу  
И воздухом свѣжим дышать?  
Не в правѣ тогда вы свободу  
И солнца у нас отнимать!  
О, сердце в нас так и метется,  
Безсильных желѣзо сломать.  
И крик из груди так и рвется,  
И хочется плакать, рыдать.  
И негдѣ от мук отдышаться,  
Лишь голыя стѣны и свод,  
И нечѣм вокруг любоваться,  
И медленно тянется год.  
За что же вы нас оторвали  
От жизни, лишили друзей?  
За то ли, что ложь обличали  
Мы, родинѣ вѣрны своей?  
За то ли, что любим свободу  
И сѣяли правду кругом?  
Безстрашно твердили народу  
Ее и под вашим кнутом?  
Тогда нам не нужно пощады,  
Глумитесь, пытайте хоть нас...  
Огнем заблестят на и взгляды  
И высохнут слезы сейчас!

Яаша В.





## К СОЛДАТУ.

Постой-ка, товарищ! Опомнися, брат!  
 Скорѣй брось винтовку на землю  
 И гласу рабочаго внимли, солдат —  
 Народному голосу внимли!

Зачѣм ты винтовку свою зарядил?  
 В какого врага ты стрѣляешь?  
 Без жалости брата родного убил,  
 Дѣтишек его избиваешь...

Ты здѣсь убиваешь чужую семью —  
 В деревнѣ твою убивают...  
 И издали, грозно твоя же семья —  
 Тебя-же, солдат, проклиняет...

Постой же, товарищ! Опомнися, брат!  
 Ты кровью облит человѣка!..  
 Не смоешь ее уж ничѣм ты, солдат,  
 Не смоешь ту кровь, ты, во вѣки...  
 Всѣ улицы русских больших городов  
 Залиты народною кровью...  
 Там дѣти рыдают... И тысячи вдов  
 Клянут свою долюшку вдовью...

Несчастливая мать, потерявши дитя ,  
 Над трупиком горько рыдает  
 И грозно, солдат, проклиняет тебя!  
 Ты слышишь? — Тебя проклиняет!

Ты мать и отца у ребенка отнял,  
 И кто их убійца — он знает.  
 И вот с легионом рабочих дѣтей  
 Малютка тебя проклиняет...

Постой-же, товарищ! Опомнися, брат!  
 Скорѣй брось винтовку и с нами  
 Возстань за свободу, и вмѣстѣ пойдем  
 На бой, на кровавый, с врагами...

Так брось же винтовку и громко кричи:  
 "Нѣтъ, братья, солдат не убійца!  
 Солдат уж проснулся и даст вам ключи  
 К покоем царя "кропопійцы!"

Проснулась пѣхота, проснулся матрос,  
 Проснулась казацкая сила,  
 И грозный, отжившій, военный колосс  
 Уж жажда свободы сломила...  
 Постой-же, товарищ! Опомнися, брат!  
 Скорѣй брось винтовку на землю  
 И гласу рабочаго внимли, солдат,  
 Народному голосу внимли:  
 "Честнѣе на улицѣ в правом бою  
 Погибнуть за лучшую долю,  
 Чѣм там—на войнѣ—в чужеземном краю  
 Нам пасть, защищая неволю!"

Симферополец-Эмигрант.

### К Л Я Т В А.

"Пролетаріи, вперед!  
 Сняжайтесь к походу:  
 Бьет тот час, когда народ  
 Умирает за свободу...  
 Пусть же вызов боевой  
 Только тот подымет смѣло,  
 Кто клянется головой  
 Постоять за наше дѣло!"  
 Но в отвѣтъ перед вождем  
 Прогудѣло по народу:  
 "Всѣ клянемся, всѣ пойдем!  
 Грудью ляжет за свободу!"  
 Из толпы старик один

Молвит, мрачный и суровый:  
"С малых лѣтъ и до сѣдин  
Я влачил свои оковы...  
Я поля своих господ  
Орошал слезой и потом,  
Я весь вѣкъ, как мой народ,  
Изнывал под тяжким гнетом.  
С гнѣзд родимой стороны  
Нас опричники согнали,  
Для тюрьмы и для войны  
Сыновей моих забрали, —  
Я молчал... Но в глубинѣ,  
Сердце радуя невольно,  
Зрѣла, выросла во мнѣ  
Дума крѣпкая... Довольно!  
Наши слезы, кровь и пот  
Пролились зловѣщей тучей,  
Принесли свой поздній плод —  
Пламя ненависти жгучей.  
И, клянусь я сѣдиной,  
Вчас кровавой непогоды  
С первой ринусь я волной  
В бой под знаменем свободы..!"  
И, как бури дальній гром,  
Прогудѣло по народу:  
"Всѣ клянемся, всѣ пойдем!  
Грудью ляжем за свободу!"  
— "Я кузнец сказал другой:  
И душой и тѣлом молод...  
Любо мнѣ, когда дугой  
У меня играет молот.  
В этот миг, сдается мнѣ,  
Я спѣшу на подвиг ратный..."



Сам, как сталь, и весь в огнѣ,  
 Я кую свой меч булатный...  
 Пролетаріи! Меж нас  
 Всѣ родились кузнецами..  
 Бьет наш молот раз-за-раз  
 Вмѣстѣ с нашими сердцами.  
 Но в тот час, когда рабы  
 Им куют себѣ оковы, —  
 Мы борцы, лишь для борьбы  
 Подымать его готовы!..  
 Как чудовищный паук,  
 Гнет опутал нас сѣтями,  
 Давит тысячами рук,  
 Рвет желѣзными когтями...  
 Но из самых нѣдр его  
 Мы желѣзо вырывали  
 И свой молот из него  
 В жарком пламени сковали...  
 И когда ударит час  
 Сбросить гнет орды татарской,  
 Задрожат сердца у нас  
 Гнѣвом клятвы пролетарской!  
 И лишь только боевой  
 Кликнут клич всему народу,  
 Мы подыдем молот свой —  
 И скуем себѣ свободу!..“



## ПРИЗЫВНАЯ ПѢСНЯ.

Эй вы, русскіе люди рабочіе,  
До правдиваго слова охочіе,  
Деревенскіе люди, фабричныя,  
Голодать да работать привычныя!  
Эй, послушайте пѣсеньку новую,  
Невеселую пѣсню суровую,  
Из народно́й из крови рожденную,  
Пѣсню, скорбью великой согрѣтую  
Да мятелями зимними пѣтую.  
Ой ты гой еси, сердце народное!  
Тяжко горе твое неисходное!  
Все истерзано ты, окровавлено,  
Словно камнем, кручиной придавлено!  
Ой ты, кровь, ты народная, жгучая,  
Знать, на диво вкусна ты, горячая:  
Пьют, да пьют тебя царь да богатые,  
Все-то пьют, не напьются, проклятые!  
Ой вы, руки мужицкія, сильныя!  
Вы берите лопаты могильныя,  
Хороните вы разом в могилушку  
Трудовую крестьянскую силушку!  
Хороните вы силу народную:  
Все едино, вѣдь, в землю холодную  
Вся по капли источится в младости,  
Вся погибнет без пользы, без радости.  
Что же медлите, руки покорныя?  
Или слаще вам цѣпи позорныя?  
Иль вам лучше изсохнуть по малости,  
Или ждете отколь-нибудь жалости?  
Или есть еще в сердцѣ терпѣніе?  
Иль еще не велико мученіе?

Иль нахлынули думушки черныя?...  
 Что же медлите, руки покорныя?  
 Или новая сила удалая  
 Разыгралась в крови, небывалая,  
 Разыгралась да к сердцу прихлынула,  
 Да от сердца терпѣнье откинула?  
 Ой вы, руки народныя ,сильныя!  
 Вы берите цѣпы молотильные,  
 Обмахайте вы слезы соленыя,  
 Отбивайте вы косы каленыя!  
 Топоры наостряйте тяжелые,  
 Все обладьте под пѣсни веселыя!  
 Постарайтесь, возьмите заботушки:  
 Будет скоро вам много работушки,  
 Будет скоро вам жатва богатая!  
 Ой, держись ты, вся нечисть проклятая,  
 Свора жадная, сытая, барская,  
 Да порода змѣиная царская!  
 Погоди-ж ты, гнѣздо подколодное!  
 Вот встает оно, войско народное!  
 Не спасут тебя пули свинцовыя!  
 Ой, держитесь, министры, правители,  
 Палачи, кровопійцы, мучители!  
 Челядь царская, сволочь приспѣшная,  
 Жадных коршунов стая кромѣшная!





## НОВАЯ ТЮРЬМА.

(Из "Вперед").

### Прохожій.

Строится ,вижу, здѣсь что-то такое;  
Зданіе, кажется, будет большое...  
Что ты здѣсь строишь? казармы? Дворец?  
Знать любопытно: скажи, молодец!..

### Каменьщик.

Правда, работы здѣсь будет немало.  
Трудное время, брат, нынче настало,  
Слышь, зароптал наш рабочій народ;  
Полно работать ему на господ!  
Видно, не стало уж дольше терпѣнья  
Молча сносить всѣ неправды, мученья,  
Вѣчно трудиться для праздных гуляк...  
Думу задумал крестьянин — вахлак.  
Хочет он сам добывать свою долю;  
Ходят все слухи про новую волю...  
Вот и пошел, что-ль, указ от властей  
Страху нагнать на строптивых людей.  
Всѣх, кто стоит за народ наш голодный,  
Жалует царь наш тюрьмой новомодной!  
Каторги мало, знать, стало ему:  
Выдумал новую, злую тюрьму.  
Важная штука — могилушка эта.  
В ней не увидишь и божьяго свѣта;  
Стоны, рыданья лишь гулом пройдут;  
Заживо мертвым тебя погребут...

Так-то, земляк: не дворец, не палаты, —  
 Строим живому мы гроб здѣсь проклятый,  
 Каменный гроб для свободы людей,  
 Каменный гроб для народных друзей.  
 А велика: знать не мало народу  
 Стало теперь за святую свободу...  
 Был здѣсь сам царь и молебен служил,  
 Сам первый камень тюрьмы заложил,  
 Богу потом на колѣнках молился.  
 Я поглядѣл... и душою смутился...  
 Вишь, кровопійцы: людей-то морят,  
 Сами о Богѣ, любви говорят...  
 А как подумаешь, мы то что сами!  
 Строим мы тюрьмы своими руками,  
 Строим тюрьму для себя для самих,  
 Да для народных друзей дорогих...  
 Горькая дума! Болит ретивое!  
 Время-то тяжкое вышло такое....  
 Эх, брат, запѣла злодѣйка нужда!..

### Прохожій.

Полно тужить, молодец: не бѣда!  
 Видимо стало: не долго нам маяться!  
 Скоро придется всѣм хищникам каяться,  
 Скоро здѣсь буря вездѣ заревет,  
 Скоро возстанет рабочій народ,  
 Дрогнут враги его, страхом об'ятые:  
 Рухнут перед ним эти зданья проклятыя:  
 Тюрьмы, казармы, суды и дворцы...  
 С гордых царей он сорвет их вѣнцы...  
 Брось же товарищ, печаль и заботу:  
 Скоро нам будет иная работа...

## Каменьщик.

Слово ты, брат, не пустое сказал;  
 Я уж давненько его поджидал!  
 Больно уж много народу страданья;  
 Все не приходит наш час воздаянья!  
 Пусть он ударит, мы вмѣстѣ пойдем  
 Правду святую добыть топором!



## НА РОДИНѢ.

(Поется на голос: "Во Франціи два гренадера"..)

От павших твердынь Порт-Артура,  
 С кровавых Манчжурских полей,  
 Калѣка — солдат истомленный  
 К семьѣ возвращался своей.

Спѣшит он жену молодую  
 И малаго сына обнять,  
 Увидѣть любимаго брата,  
 Утѣшить родимую мать.

Пришел он... В убогом жилищѣ  
 Ему не узнать ничего:  
 Другая семья там ютится,  
 Чужіе встрѣчают его.

И стиснула сердце тревога...  
 — Вернулся я, видно, не в срок.  
 Скажите, не знаете-ль братцы,  
 Гдѣ мать, гдѣ жена, гдѣ сынок?  
 — Жена твоя... Сядь, отохни-ка,  
 Небось, твои раны болят...  
 — Скажите скорѣ мнѣ правду,  
 Всю правду... — Мужайся солдат!



Толпа изнуренных рабочих  
Рѣшила итти ко дворцу  
Защиты просить, с челобитной  
К царю, как к родному отцу.

Надѣв свое лучшее платье,  
С толпою пошла и она —  
И на смерть зарублена шашкой  
Твоя молодая жена.

— Но гдѣ-же остался мой мальчик,  
Сынок мой? — Мужайся, солдат!  
Твой сын в Александровском паркѣ  
Был пулею с дерева снят.

— Гдѣ мать?.. Помолиться к Казанской  
Старушка давно уж пошла...  
Избита казацкой нагайкой,  
До ночи едва дожила.

— Не все-ж еще взято судьбою,  
Остался единственный брат:  
Моряк молодец и красавец...  
Гдѣ брат мой? — Мужайся, солдат!

— Неужто и брата не стало?..  
Погиб, знать, в Цусимском бою...  
— О нѣтъ, не сложил у Цусимы  
Он жизнь молодую свою.

Убит он у Чернаго моря,  
Гдѣ их броненосец стоит, —  
За то, что вступился за правду,  
Своим офицером убит!

Ни слова солдат не промолвил,  
Лишь к небу он поднял глаза...  
Была в них великая клятва  
И будущей мести гроза.

## ПРОГРАММА ИНДУСТРИАЛЬНЫХ РАБОЧИХ МИРА.

Рабочій класс и класс нанимателей, не имѣют между собой ничего общаго.

Между ними мир невозможен до тѣх пор, пока голод и нищета царят среди милліонов трудового народа, а маленькая кучка, составляющая класс нанимателей, пользуется всѣми благами жизни.

Между этим двумя классами борьба должна продолжаться до тѣх пор, пока рабочіе всего міра, организованные как класс, не завладѣют землей и всѣми средствами производства и не уничтожат системы наемного труда.

Мы находим, что централизація производства, управленіе которым сосредоточивается в руках все меньшаго и меньшаго количества лиц, дѣлает трэд-юніоны неспособными бороться с все растущей силой класса нанимателей. Трэд-юніоны создают такое положеніе дѣл, благодаря которому в одной и той же промышленности одна категорія производителей может быть противопоставлена другой, способствуя таким образом взаимному их пораженію в борьбѣ против класса хозяев.

Болѣе того, трэд-юніоны помогают классу нанимателей вводит рабочих в заблужденіе, прививая им ложное понятіе, что рабочій класс имѣет общіе интересы с нанимателями.

Это положеніе дѣл можетъ быть измѣнено и интересы рабочаго защищены только, если организація будетъ построена такимъ образомъ, что всѣ ея члены в какой-нибудь отдѣльной отрасли или во всѣхъ отрасляхъ, если это необходимо, прекращаютъ работу, всякій разъ, какъ только стачка или локаутъ возникаютъ в какой либо части промышленности, признавая, такимъ образомъ, **страданіе одного ,страданіемъ всѣхъ.**

Вмѣсто консервативнаго лозунга "справедливая поденная плата за справедливый поденный трудъ" — мы должны написать на нашемъ знамени революціонный лозунгъ: "Уничтоженіе наемнаго труда".

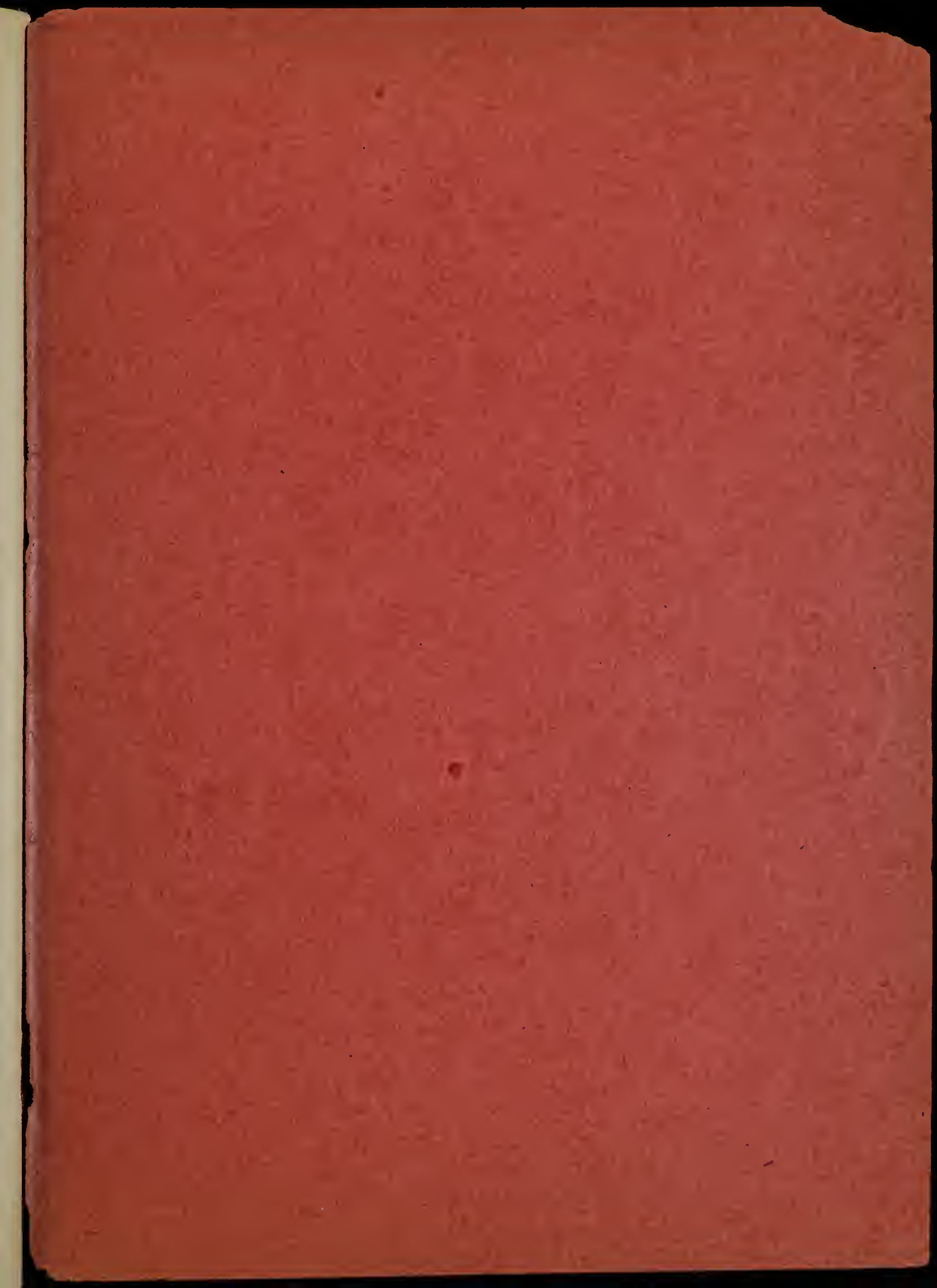
Историческая миссія рабочаго класса — уничтоженіе капитализма.

Армія производителей должна быть организована не только для повседневной борьбы с капиталистами, но также для того, чтобы продолжать производство, когда капитализмъ будетъ свергнутъ.

Организуясь индустріально, мы создаемъ ячейки новаго общества в оболочкѣ стараго.







В КОНТОРЪ ГАЗЕТЫ ГОЛОС ТРУЖЕНИКА  
имѣются для продажи слѣдующія брошюры:

- 1) Эволюція Индустріальной Демократіи  
А. Вудроф ..... 15 с.
- 2) Революціонный Индустріализм, Г. Перри 10 с.
- 3) Краткая исторія, строеніе и методы борьбы  
И. Р. М., В. Сан Джан ..... 10 с.
- 4) Праздник Перваго Мая ..... 10 с.
- 5) Необходимость Революціи, Ж. Грав .... 05 с.
- 6) Тѣ, кто владѣет и тѣ, кто производит ,С.  
Ниринг ..... 05 с.
- 7) Как попы поработили народ учен. Христа 08 с.

ЧИТАЙТЕ И РАСПРОСТРАНЯЙТЕ  
ЕЖЕНЕДѢЛЬНУЮ ГАЗЕТУ "ГОЛОС  
ТРУЖЕНИКА" И ЕЖЕМѢСЯЧНЫЙ  
ЖУРНАЛ "ТРУДОВАЯ МЫСЛЬ".

С заказами обращайтесь:

**GOLOS TRUJENIKA**

1001 W. MADISON ST.

CHICAGO, ILL.

# S Å N G E R

AV JOE HILL  
(JOSEF HILLSTRÖM)



I. W. W.-skald och marty, avrättad genom  
skjutning i Staten Utah, U. S. A.  
den 19 November 1915.

TREDJE UPPLAGAN



Utgiven av Stockholms Branch av M. T. A. I. U. No. 510 av I. W. W.

Pris 25 öre

108

M. T. W. I. U. 510  
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San Francisco - Calif.



## JOSEF HILLSTRÖM.

*Av Signe Aurell.*

Han föll för de mördande kulornas stål  
I kampen mot våldet till slut  
De mäktiga vunno sin seger, sitt mål,  
Som ofta och alltid förut.  
Om liv eller frihet han tiggde dem ej,  
Han fordrade rättvisa blott,  
Och svaret var domarnas stenhårda nej  
Och bössornas dödande skott.

Den tystnat den stämma som manande ljöd  
I livsvärm och segerrik tro,  
Det hjärta som klappat i brinnande glöd  
Har stelnat i dödsfylans ro.  
Dock minnet skall leva i kommande tid.  
Hans sång, fast vi sångaren mist,  
Skall följa vår fana i sekellång strid  
Till lycka och seger till sist.

Och vinden med frihetens budskap en gång  
Skall susa kring länder och hav  
Och sjunga sin mäktiga, jublande sång  
För blommor och gräs på hans grav.  
Den morgonsol varom han diktat och drömt  
Skall säkert med löften och hopp  
Ur skuggor och tårar, som strålglansen glömt,  
För kommande släkten gå upp.

PRÄSTEN OCH SLAVEN.  
(The Preacher and the Slave)

Av JOE HILL.

Översatt av *Ture Nerman*.

Melodi: "Till det härliga land"

Våra präster stå upp titt och tätt,  
Lär oss skilja på synd och på rätt.  
Men begär du ett torrt stycke bröd  
De dig svara med trosäker glöd:

Du får mat, o kamrat,  
Uti himmelens ljuvliga stat.  
Svält förnöjd: I guds höjd  
Får du mat på förgyllade fat.

Sedan svältningsarmén får du se  
Och de sjunga, de klappa, de be  
Tills de fått allt ditt mynt i sin håv,  
Då så får du som mat för ditt skrov:

Refr.

Ja, sen pingstvännerna du och ser,  
Och de skrika och väsnas och ber,  
Giv ditt mynt allt till Jesu behag,  
Han vill stilla din hunger i dag.

Refr.

Om du kämpar för barn och för vlv,  
Gör det bästa utav detta liv.  
Du en syndare är och man spår,  
När du dör, du till helvete går.

Refr.

Arbetsmän, sluten er nu till oss!  
Hand i hand vi för frihet vill slåss.  
När sen världen vi ha, mat och säng,  
Utsugarna får denna refräng:

Snart, ja snart får du mat,  
När du blir bra till kock, ej till gnat.  
Hugg dig ved, var ej lat.  
Du får mat uti himmelens stat.

## VÄRLDENS ALLA SLAVAR, VAKNA!

(Workers of the World awaken.)

Av JOE HILL.

Översatt av en kommitté.

Världens alla slavar, vakna!  
Bojan spräng och tag er rätt,  
All er mödas frukt ni sakna  
Den parasiter sig tillgodosett.  
Skall du ödmjukt böjd i stoftet  
Gå från vaggan till din grav?  
Är det höjden av din stolthet  
Att bli en god och lydig slav?

Res er, ni svältens trötta trälar  
Och slåss, så att vi världen helar.  
Slut upp, nationers alla slavar  
I En Union Stor.

Våra små för bröd igen nu gråter.  
Miljoner av hunger gå under åter.  
Så vår maning nu till alla låter.  
Då växer kampfronten stor.



Om arbetarna det blott vilja  
Stoppar de all järnvägstrafik.  
Varje skepp uppå sin bölja  
Mister farten med jobbets taktik,  
Varje hjul i sin rotering,  
Varje gruva, var maskin.  
Krig och örlog i sin gärning  
Kan på deras order ställas in.

Refr.

Slut er samman arbetsträlar,  
Män och kvinnor hand i hand.  
Vi skall krossa mammons själar,  
Likt en stormflod över land.  
Enade vi segern bjuda,  
Söndrade vi gå till fall,  
Må vårt motto städse ljuda,  
All för en och en för all.

Refr.

Världens proletärer vaknen,  
All er makt till verket sätt.  
Tag den rikedom I skapen.  
Er tillhör den med all rätt.  
För bröd och frihet ingen gråter,  
När en gång vår arbetshand,  
Den röda fanan svaja låter,  
I proletärers framtidsland.

Refr.

## HÄLLEN FÄSTET!

(Hold the Fort.)

Engelska Transportarbetarnas strejksång.

Översatt av *Fritz Andrén*.

För frihets sak vi möts i dag,  
Och höjer rösten för  
Att hand i hand, med Unions band,  
Vi kämpar eller dör:

Hållen fästet tills vi kommer,  
Förenta nu vi står.  
Hand i hand vi kämpar framåt.  
Segern skall bli vår.

Upp kamrater, se banéren  
Fladdra högt mot skyn,  
Hjälpen kommer när vi önskar.  
Sjung, kamrater, sjung.

Refr.

Våra skaror ständigt ökas  
Giv signal till dem.  
Med vår Union skall vi segra  
Över fienden.

Refr.

Vilt och länge kampen rasat,  
Stridd för älskad sak.  
Solidaritet har segrat,  
Jubla högt, kamrat.

Refr.

## DEN VITA SLAVEN.

(The White slave.)

Översättning av *R. Nyström*.

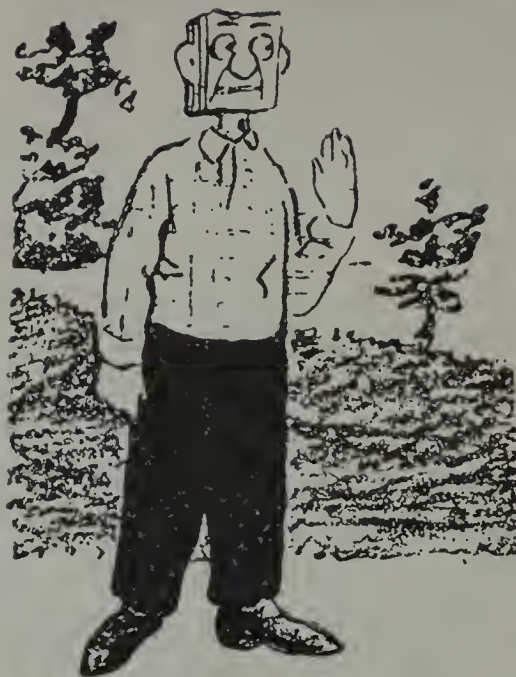
Mel.: "Möt mig i drömmens rike".

Än minnes jag väl hennes drag:  
Skär lyfte hyn under hatten.  
Trasig hon gick, en svärtlön hon fick  
så hon sov i en park under natten.  
En gammal häxa smög sig då  
Ur mörkret fram och talte så:  
Natten är kall min kära  
Följ mig! Ack var ej rädd!  
Jag bjuder guld och ära  
Och vila på sidenbädd,  
Pärlsmyckad du får åka och sköta din  
lyxbils ratt,  
Applådernas rus i rampens ljus  
Och lycka båd dag och natt . . .

Fem år förgått — tiden har brått!  
Flickan är icke densamma,  
Glädjen är slut, sjukdom släckt ut  
Kindernas rodnande flamma.  
Närhålst hon stannar, trött att gå,  
Hon hör en röst som viskar så:  
Refr.

Så varje dag svärtlönens slag  
Drabbar de trälände unga.  
Men den som bär, ansvaret är  
utsugarn av dem i klunga  
Arbetets kvinnor utan hem  
En avgrundsstämma frestar dem:  
Refr.





## JOHAN BLOCK.

Fritt efter Joe Hills "Mr Block" av Sege.

Mel.: "It looks to me like a big time tonight".

Var uppmärksamma alla för jag presentera må  
En man som är en stolthet för fanan gul och blå.  
Hans huvud är av ekträ, en riktigt solid knopp,  
Han är en vanlig slöflock och hans namn är Johan  
Block.

Och Block han tror han får  
Bli riksdagsman nå't år.

Ja, Johan Block, du blev född som en hund,  
Du är ej ung.  
Men du är dum.

Om nu Block med sin knopp tar ett hopp ut i spa't  
Skall vi införa friheten snart.

En dag då Block som medlem i S. S. U. for ut,  
Han kände sig så lycklig, han fick en båt till slut.  
Men där han bara svälte så han vart skinn och ben.

Till grabbarna i skansen då, han sa' på resan hem:  
"Vår ombudsman blir där,  
Och sköter om det här."

Refr.

När förtöjningen var utförd och ingen ombudsman,  
Så sade Block på kvällen: "Nu går jag väl i lann'  
Till unionexpeditionen för där har jag mitt stöd".  
Där åhördes hans klagolåt, och svaret? Jo, det löd:  
"Gå blott ombord min vän,  
Vi skall ordna't med skepparen."

Refr.

Hamnjobbarna de strejka och brytarna tog vid,  
Då jobba Block i lasten, och det på övertid.  
En I. W. W.-ist då sade: "visa din enighet!"  
Vips sprang då Block till union och spörjde: "hur  
är det?"

Från union de sa':  
"Vårt avtal är så bra".

Refr.

"Solidariteten, den känner inte jag",  
Sa' Block till en som krävde att vi slå till ett slag.  
"Från era unioner låt mej få vara i fre'  
Och hälst ifrån den dära som kallas I. W. W.  
Jag i den gamla unionen står,  
Gör det samma hur det går."

Refr.

Nu Block han dog en afton, jag är så glad därför,  
Han klättra upp för stegen som till himlaporten för.  
Han skrek: "Oh, kära Peter, jag önskar nu i kväll  
Att möta få herr Wallenberg och John D. Rockefeller".  
Herr Peter sa: "Du bör  
Hälst söka nedanför".

Refr.

## VAD VI VILL.

(What we want.)

Översättning av R. Nyström.

Mel.: "Rainbow." Populär twostep.

Arbetets folk i alla land, förenen er  
Uti en ring kring jordens rund,  
En union, ett världsförbund,  
Att slå förtrycket ned i grund.  
Du är blind, om du ej klart förstår och ser,  
Att både makt och rätt är vår,  
Att fienden då ej förmår  
Vårt anlopp trotsa mer.

Träd in i leden, ni löneslavar,  
Troget hand i hand.

Knyt ett brodersband  
Mellan alla land!

Men vägen in i frihetslandet heter organisation  
I en enda väldig Union.

Kom med kamrat, kom med, envar i arbetsblus,  
Från stormigt hav och kvav fabrik,  
Från ruskig gränd och grann butik.  
Vår maning följ, vårt hopp ej svik!  
Och du kvinna, som strävar i de rikas hus  
För ringa lön och ingenting  
Gå med uti vår syskonring  
Vid frihetssångens brus!

Refr.

Arbetare från hytta, smedja, gjuteri  
Från dammig gruva, soligt tak,  
Vid heta fyrar och motorspak,  
Kom, gör med oss gemensam sak!



Män från sjö, från skog och från all Industri  
Och kvinnor uti grottes kvarn,  
Avgrundens folk, arbetets barn  
Till striden kalla vi.

Refr.

## JOE HILLS TESTAMENTE.

(Joe Hills last will.)

(Skriven i hans cell den 18 Nov. 1915, kvällen  
före avrättningsdagen.)

Översatt av *Signe Aurell*.

Mitt testamente är helt kort,  
Ty intet finns att skifta bort:  
Sörj ej, kamrater, blott gå på.  
Rullande sten ej mossor kan få.

Min kropp till aska gör till slut,  
Strö stoftet fritt för vinden ut.  
På glättig lek i rymden blå,  
Till nejden där blommor stå,

En ros, vars fägring kanske flytt,  
Då blomma kan en gång på nytt.  
Det är min vilja, samt därtill  
Jag önskar lycka. Er

*Joe Hill.*

---

*Skulle du tycka om att se den dag då fabriks-  
visslorna blåste för att ge signal till parasiterna att  
börja dagens arbete? Ja!? Bevisa det.*

*Ett hekto av organisation är värt ett ton av vältaleri.*

## Världens industriarbetares (I. W. W:s) principförklaring.

Arbetarklassen och arbetsköparklassen ha ingenting gemensamt. Det kan icke bli fred, så länge som miljoner av det arbetande folket lever i nöd och umbäranden och de få, som utgöra överklassen, ha allt detta livets goda. Mellan dessa två klasser måste en strid pågå, tills hela världens arbetare organisera sig som en klass, tager jorden och produktionsmaskineriet i besittning och avskaffar lönesystemet. Vi finna att centraliseringen av ledningen över industrierna på allt färre händer gör det omöjligt för yrkesförbunden att kunna mäta sig med arbetsgivarklassens alltjämt växande makt. Yrkesförbunden åstadkomma ett tillstånd, som gör att den ena arbetargruppen kommer i konflikt med den andra arbetargruppen inom samma industri, varigenom de nedgöra varandra under lönestrider. Därjämte hjälper yrkesförbunden arbetsgivarklassen att vilseleda arbetarna till den tron, att arbetarklassen har gemensamma intressen med arbetsköparna.

Dessa förhållanden kunna ändras och arbetarklassens intressen upprätthållas endast genom en organisation så formad, att alla dess medlemmar inom en industri, eller alla industrier, om nödvändigt, kunna nedlägga arbetet när helst en strejk eller lockout pågår i någon del därav, därigenom görande en oförrätt mot en till en oförrätt mot alla.

I stället för det konservativa valspråket: »En god dagslön för ett gott dagsverke», måste vi på vår fana skriva det revolutionära mottot: »Ned med löneslavs-systemet!» Det är arbetarklassens historiska uppgift att avskaffa kapitalismen. Produktionsarmén måste organiseras, icke endast för de dagliga striderna mot kapitalismen, utan även för att övertaga produktionen, när kapitalismen är avskaffad. Genom att organisera oss industriellt, uppbygga vi det nya samhället inom ramen av det gamla.

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*Sprid "Marinarbetaren"*

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ORGANISATION FRIHET

Utgiven Av  
Skandinaviska Propaganda  
Gruppen Av., Seattle, Wash.



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Båd stat och lagar oss förtrycka,  
Vi under skatter digna ner!  
Den rike inga plikter trycka,  
Den arme ingen rätt man ger.  
Länge nog som myndlingar vi böjt oss;  
Jämlikheten skall nu bli lag.  
Med plikterna vi hittills nöjt oss,  
Nu taga vi vår rätt en dag.

Regeringarna oss förtrycka,  
Slå ned tyrannerna, giv fred.  
Med värnpliktsstrejk vi skola rycka,  
Just deras bästa vapen ned.  
Komma mot oss sen, I kannibaler?  
Stå vi alla såsom en,  
Och deras morska generaler  
Skall kulorna snart få igen.

Arbetare, i stad, på landet,  
En gång skall jorden bliva vår!  
När fast vi knyta brodersbandet,  
Då lättingen ej råda får.  
Många rovdjur på vårt blod sig mätta;  
Men när vi nu till vårt försvar  
En dag en gräns för dessa sätta,  
Skall solen stråla lika klar.

(Övers. av H. M-r efter E. Pottier.,



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## Marseljäsen.

Framåt, I barn av fosterlandet,  
Vår äras morgon lyser klar!  
Emot oss fräckt förtryckarbandet,  
::Djärvs höja sina blodsstandar:::  
Vårt öra re'n från fjärran lystrar  
Till soldateskens hemska larm,  
Som smyger skonlöst vid vår barm  
Att strypa mödrar viv och systrar!

Giv akt, medborgare!  
Slut leden rot vid rot!  
Framåt, framåt, om orent blod  
Än forsar vid vår fot!

Vad vill då denna hord av trälar,  
Som piskas våra led emot?  
Tror man sig kuva fria själar  
::Med fångsel och med fjättrars hot?:::  
Mitt folk! I forna dar de brände  
På krökta ryggar skymfens sår  
Nu ingen tvinga oss förmår  
I trældom åter och elände.

Vad? Skola främlingar befalla  
Och våra bygder stifta lag?  
Och våra unga krafter falla  
::För fala soldenärers slag?:::  
O, gud! Om trälar skola böja  
Vår nacke under okets tvång!  
Och nidingar ännu en gång  
Till våra härskare sig höja!

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Ve er, tyranner! Ve och bäva!  
Med fasa ser er an en värld!  
Ve er, menedare! Där sväva  
::I rymden redan domsens svärd::  
Ett folk i vapen står mot eder,  
Och stupar i sitt blod en man,  
Strax föder jorden då en ann  
Och jämna tättna våra leder.

Dock, skona denna arma skara,  
Som ej sitt ödes skam förstått.  
Låt högsint glömska straffet vara,  
::Som drabbar legohjonens brott!::  
Men slå till jorden utan skoning  
De blodsmän som dem driva fram,  
Som skända, sölande i skam,  
Sin egen moders hälga boning.

O kärlek du til fosterjorden.  
Sänk dina flammor i vår barm!  
Kom frihet, segerängel vorden,  
::Och led oss du i stridens larm!::  
Inför all världen så vi bära  
Ett vittnesbörd om samlad makt:  
Och ovän vi till fota lagt,  
Ser döende triumfens ära.

(Efter Rouget de l'Isle av E. Fredin.)

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### Tiggarens fosterland.

Vårt hemland, det är våra trasor,  
Vårt hemland, vår tiggarekost.  
Blott sommaren tänder oss brasor,  
Vårt hemland är dimma och frost.  
Vårt hemland är stenhårda marken,  
Vårt hemland är trug och förakt,  
Vårt hemland är knuffen och sparken  
Av envar, som har lust och har makt.

“Vårt hemland, vårt land är i fara,  
Till vapen att värna vårt land!”  
Det är rikemans fosterland bara,  
Som kan fresta en rövares hand.  
Låt de rika för mat och för brasor,  
För kläder, för njutningar slåss —  
Vårt hemland, det är våra trasor,  
Vårt hemland tar ingen från oss.

“Förrädare, skälmar I ären,  
Som ej ömken ert land i dess nöd!”  
Drag i fält, ni vid rikemanshären,  
Vårt hemland är tiggarebröd:  
Drag i fält, ni som diat av spenar,  
Edert land är en kelande mor —  
Vårt hemland har närt oss med stenar,  
Vårt hemland har smekt oss med klor.

Drag i fält ni, när trummorna rulla,  
Och när fanorna braska sin stå —  
Drag i fält: ni ha ränselarna fulla,  
Och befordran skall följa er stråt.



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Drag i fält, ni, som valt edra fäder,  
Ni som ärva en rikemansbörs;  
Drag i fält, ni, i nysydda kläder  
Och försvara ert land, om ni törs!

Drag i fält — när ni vunnit bataljen,  
Skall ni mötas med blommor och tal,  
Och den tappreste höstar medaljen,  
Och en greve blir nämnd general.  
Och freden ger ära och byten  
Och ämne för dikt och för dröm —  
Ja, freden belönar rekryten  
Med träben och tidningsberöm.

Drag i fält — när ni tappade slaget,  
När ni komma som hemlandets skam,  
Då kamrater av tiggare-laget,  
Då är tiden att våga sig fram.  
De ha flyktat för slagfältets fasor,  
De ha svikit sin kelande mor:  
Vårt hemland, det är våra trasor,  
Det skall värnas med händer och klor.

Till vapen, I tiggarkamrater,  
För luften, för hånet vi slåss!  
Vi äro som födda soldater,  
Ty intet förloras med oss.  
Vi tarva ej valthornets toner  
Och trummans förledarelåt —  
Vi föddes till mat för kanoner  
Och dö utan liktal och ståt.  
Till vapen, försvaren vårt rike,  
Kamrater vid traskompani't —

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Än sen, om man dör i ett dike,  
Man var nära att ta batteri't!  
När kanonerna upphört att dundra  
Och karteschen att plöja upp sand,  
Skall man hitta de trasige hundra,  
Som försvarat sitt fädernesland.

K. G. Ossian-Nilson.

## Jätten

Arbetet är mitt namn; jag är den starka jätte  
Vars saga än ej täljts, vars kraft än ingen mätte;  
Min styrka större blir för varje dag som går,  
Och ej jag åldras kan av dagar eller år.

Jag bryter stenig mark, och nysvedd teg jag röjer,  
Jag giver åkern ans, och vida fälten plöjer ,  
Jag svingar liens stål, och samlar ladan full,  
I skördeandens tid av mogna skördars gul.

Jag spränger klippan hård så hälleberget skälver,  
Jag timrar bondens gård, och tempelvalven välver,  
Jag bygger härskarns slott med hög och stolt fasad,  
Med högvälvd gylld kupol och pelarkolonnad.

Jag murar tempelvägg, jag altarrunden böjer,  
Och smäcker spiras spets mot blåa rymden höjer;  
Och ner i jordens djup på forskningsfärd jag går,  
Och gräver gruvans schakt, där evigt mörker rår.

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Jag ner i jordens sköt, ned i dess djup mig tvingar,  
Och ur dess dystra schakt dess dolda skatter bringar;  
Jag smälter gruvans malm uppå plutoniskt bål,  
Och smider spett och plog och svärd av härdat stål.

Jag byggt de jätteskepp som över haven ila,  
Emellan land och land, förutan ro och vila.,  
Och förer dem framåt på än ej stakad ban,  
På stiglös villsam stråt på skummig ocean.

Var ånghäst jag ock byggt; långt snabbare än hinden  
De ila fram likt moln som famnats utav vinden,  
De frusta gnistors glöd, då hän mot fjärran mål,  
De fly likt skjuten pil, på glatta skenors stål.

Varhålst en väldig flod sin jättefåra plöjer,  
Högt över böljesvall, jag broars bågar böjer,  
Och utav järn och stål jag väver med min hand,  
En jättespindelväv emellan strand och strand.

Jag tager forsens kraft och hopar den tillsamman,  
Och skapar därav ljus så klart som morgonflamman,  
Det glöder när jag vill, min vilja är dess lag,  
Då mörk och kolsvart natt sig ter likt solljus dag.

Jag svingar yxans stål och skogens jättar falla,  
Bland trädens pelarrad hörs huggens ekon skalla.  
Då djupt de sänka sig i ekens hårda stam,  
Där stark som AsaThor jag härjande går fram.

Där sågars ramar slå, och cirkelklingor fräsa,  
Där kedjors rassel hörs, och ångcylindrar väsa,



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Dit, skogens jätteträd som strån jag förer fram,  
Och där vid klingors vin klyvs furans stolta stam.

Och med titanisk kraft jag trotsar tusen hinder,  
Jag borrar bergets bas; jag haven samman binder.  
Jag störtar ned den mur och vräker bort den vall,  
Som i miljoner år skiljt deras böljors svall.

Vid stränderna av Rhen, och ner i solig söder,  
Jag prässar druvans saft som i pokalen glöder.  
Och uti varje land och zon min konst är spord,  
Att reda läcker rätt för rikemannens bord.

För lyckans skötebarn, för furstar och magnater,  
För firad adlig dam, för Lord, med stolta later  
Jag efter pärlor går i havets kamrar ned,  
Och fogar länk vid länk av kostbar gyllenked.

Min vana hand det är som fållar purpurbrämet,  
Som sömmar silkesdräkt, och formar diademet,  
Själv jag i trasor går, likväl om jag ej fanns,  
Var vore furstars prål och kungars prakt och glans?

Och smidde jag ej svärd, och göt ej jag kanoner,  
En barnlek vore då blott furstars kiv om troner,  
Om en Napoleon, en Moltke, ej en rad  
Då hade tecknats ned i pränt på hävdens blad.

Dock mycket som jag gjort, jag ville evigt glömma,  
Och utav blygd därför mitt sorgsna anlet gömma,  
Jag vill nu ropa ut, i sorgfyllt ångestskri:  
Jag städse korsfäst dem som sökt mig sätta fri!

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Jag frihetshjältar sett i lågor dö på bålen,  
Sett sanningskämpens lön har blivit spö vid pålen;  
Dock ej min fara sett, blott städse lugnt och tryggt,  
Jag smitt var bilas stål och varje kors jag byggt.

Dock frihetshjältars rop till sist mig lyckats väcka;  
Och nu jag vaken trår att mina bojor bräcka;  
Mig ingen söker nu i nya bojor slå,  
Jag skulle slita dem som fjättrar utav strå.

Väl är jag än ej fri, än tunga bojor trycka;  
Ur seklers slaveri, jag vill dock fri mig rycka,  
Och mina fjättrar nu jag slita skall som blår,  
Jag vill, jag SKALL bli fri, jag frihet trår.

C. Sahlin.

### Vår fana röd till färgen.

Jag vet en fana röd till färgen,  
Som har så djupt tilltalat mig,  
Som bäres högt för mig och dig,  
Som stormar trotsas utav bergen.  
Idén hon gav symbolisk form,  
Står trygg i var politisk storm,  
Vår fana röd till färgen.

O, hon är högröd som skarlakan,  
Hon svajar icke från palats,  
Men ringe männer ta sin plats  
Kring henne, och med barn och makan

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De alla in i kretsen gå,  
Som känt sin plikt att slutna stå  
Kring fanan röd till färgen.

Fäll proletär, ej modet, tåren,  
Fastän din stig är törnefull,  
Ty när som orätt lagts i mull,  
Skall lyckans balsam läka såren.  
Då skall ej finnas stora, små —  
Ett broderskap skall bildas då  
Kring fanan röd till färgen.

Sök aldrig herrskapsgunst att fånga,  
Den ger oss säkert ingenting —  
Nej, vidgen ut vår slutna ring,  
Att vi bli många, många, många!  
Av allt vad livet bjuda må,  
Vi kärast hålla må ändå  
Vår fana röd till färgen.

Ett skri skär genom ben och märgen,  
Ett nödrop, våra bröders skri!  
Skall vi då stå liknöjda, vi?  
Nej, upp kamrater, svärjen, svärjen  
Vid allt som för oss heligt är,  
Att in i döden hålla kär  
Vår fana röd till färgen!

Pehr Lindahl.



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## Till ungdomen.

Du unga, du friska, du modiga trupp,  
Som djärvt mot förtryck upptagit striden.  
Jag hälsar dig seklets förtröstan och hopp,  
Du stolta segrar vinna skall för friden.

Du yvs ej av minnen från råhetens dar,  
Då våldet var härskare på jorden.  
Jag vet du skall kämpa mot våld som är kvar,  
Och frid och lycka sprida över jorden.

## Ungdomsmarsch.

Vårt fädernesland är den vidsträckta jord,  
Ej gränser det har uti syd eller nord.  
Det sträcker sig kring alla länders rund:  
Vårt folk är de enade folkens förbund.  
Vi sleto hårt i herrars tjänst mång hundra år;  
Vi lystrade till prästens ord som lydiga får,  
Vi mördade bröder som kungen befallt,  
Och fordom som nu man bestal oss på allt.  
Men nu storma vi fram i oräkneligt tal.  
Hör vår sång hur den ekar kring skog och kring dal.

Fram till storms, fram till storms, mot allt gammalt  
och dumt,

Och lys upp där förut det var mörker och skumt.  
Men komma vi alla vi fattiga små  
Så kan rövarnas makt icke längre bestå.  
Vi räcka varandra en broderlig hand,  
Arbetare alla i stad och på land.  
Vi jubla ut vår segersång med frimodigt hopp;

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Vi veta, att intet mer kan häjda vårt lopp.  
Vi fylka oss tätt under stridsfanan röd,  
Det gäller en kamp uppå liv eller död.  
Ja, så storma vi fram i oräkneligt tal;  
Hör vår sång, hur den ekar kring skog och kring dal,  
Fram till storms, fram till storms, mot allt gammalt  
och dumt,  
Och lys upp där förut det var mörker och skumt.  
(“Nemo.”)

### Löneslaven.

(Mel.: “Red Wnig.”)

Proletärens lott är svår,  
Han ständigt lida får,  
Men tycks ej se sin fiende,  
Utsugarna de mäktige.  
Arbetaren fattig är,  
Förbliver alltid där  
Så länge han ej själv går fram  
Att ta sin goda rätt.  
Skall vi slavar förbli och ständigt lida,  
Och tåligt bida?  
Nej, upp att strida!  
Denna jord med rätt tillhör oss trälar,  
Ej dem som krälar  
I överflöd.

Våra herrar äro få.  
Dock ha de allt ändå.  
Men samlens tätt, kräv ut vår rätt  
Och handling bakom ordet sätt.

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Ej kompromissas kan,  
Slut leden man vid man.  
Se, segerviss mot friheten  
Vår klass nu stormar an.  
Skall vi slavar förbli, etc.

Proletärer, förenen er  
Kring frihetens banér,  
Att slå er fri från slaveri  
Och kapitalistiskt tyranni.  
Vår strid ej förgäves är,  
En härlig jord finns här  
Och den är vår, om blott vi står  
Industriellt förenade.  
Skall vi slavar förbli, etc.

### Framåt på ljusets bana.

Framåt, framåt på ljusets bana,  
Du unga, friska kämpahär!  
Re'n svajar högt Verdandis fana  
:: Och dygdens genius henne bär. ::  
För sannt och gott och skönt vi strida.  
Vi mot förtrycket dra vårt svärd,  
Och sannings eld i nattlig värld  
Ibland vårt folk vi skola sprida.

Framåt på ljusets väg.

Du friska kämpahär!

Framåt, framåt!

Håll troget ut!

Vi seger få till slut.



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## En hund är den . . .

En hund är den, som för en herre sänker  
i ödmjuk vördnad djupt sitt huvud ner,  
en träl är den, som för de höge bugar  
som åt de rike slavens offer ger.

Vi äro hundar ej, ej håller trälar  
vi fordra rätt åt alla uppå jord;  
vi fordra tankens rätt åt fria själar  
och lika rätt vid mänsklighetens bord.

Du mödans son, för ingen böj din panna  
ty ingen äger större rätt än du!  
Det maktens ok, som på din nacke vilar  
med enad kraft vi bryta ska' itu.

Den rätt vi vilja och vi måste have  
den gives ej, vi måste taga den!  
Framåt, I stridsmän, rusten er till kampen  
för jämlikheten, för befrielsen!

John Henry Mackay.

## Josef Hillström.

Han föll för de mördande kulornas stål  
I kampen mot våldet till slut.  
De mäktiga vunno sin seger, sitt mål,  
Som ofta och alltid förut.  
Om liv eller frihet han tiggde dem ej,  
Han fordrade rättvisa blott,  
Och svaret var domarens stenhårda nej  
Och bössornas dödande skott.

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Den tystnat den stämman, som manande ljud  
I livsvarm och segerrik tro.  
Det hjärta, som klappat i brinnande glöd,  
Har stelnat i dödsfylans ro.  
Dock minnet skall leva i kommande tid  
Hans sång, fast vi sångaren mist  
Skall följa vår fana i sekellång strid  
Till lycka och seger till sist.

Och vinden med frihetens budskap en gång  
Skall susa kring länder och hav  
Och sjunga sin mäktiga, jublande sång  
För blommor och gräs på hans grav.  
Den morgonsol varom han diktat och drömt  
Skall säkert med löften och hopp  
Ur skuggor och tårar som strålglansen gömt  
För kommande släkten gå opp.

Signe Aurell.

## Luffaren.

Av Joseph Hillström.

Mel.: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, keep on a tramping.

Om ni nu blott lyssnar till,  
Jag för er berätta vill,  
Om en fattig fan, som luffa' och var "bum".  
Han var ingen lättjans träl,  
Sökte job i ve och väl,  
Men fick alltid samma svar, där in han kom.

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Kör:

Gå, gå, gå, försök ej stanna.  
Här är ingenting för dej!  
Akta dej igen kom in,  
Ty då burar jag dej in,  
Ut på luffen, sådant passar säkrast dej.

Gata upp och ned han drar,  
Tills att foten lyser bar,  
I ett kök han ser en käring laga mat.  
Och han hälsar blygt och ber:  
"Låt mej hugga ved åt er."  
Men hon svarar endast argt och desperat:

Kör:

På en skylt så läser han:  
"Kom till Jesus, arbetsman."  
Då han tänker: "Här får jag nog jobb ändå."  
Och han ber till gud och hin  
Tills hans knän är utan skinn,  
Men vid middagstiden ropar prästen så:

Kör:

Se'n i gatan möter han  
Stadens "snut," en viktig man,  
Som nu frågar, hur han vågat sig ditin.  
"Kom med mej till domarn opp!"  
Denne svarar endast "Stopp!"  
Busar ha ej pengar, låt dem dra för hin."

Kör:



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Ändtligt kom den stora dag,  
Då han dog, jag tror av slag,  
Och han trodde, himlen var hans hem till slut.  
När han efter stort besvär  
Hinner porten, S:te Per  
Slänger den i lås och ropar högt: "Vet hut!"

Kör:

övers. av Gösta Brown.

### Stridsmarsch.

Mel.: Arbetets söner. .

Upp proletärer! Nöden besvär er  
upp att för friheten nu slå ett slag.  
Upp för att kämpa och snart nog tillämpa  
människorättens likställighetslag.  
Upp för att kämpa för frihet och bröd,  
lika för alla i lust och i nöd.  
Framåt vi tåga med svajande fanor,  
färgade röda i tider som flytt.  
Frihetens färger ha åldriga anor,  
leda oss skall de i striden på nytt.

Ingen får vika, ingen får svika,  
ingen får taga tillbaka ett steg.  
Kolonner vi forma, framåt vi storma,  
var man är modig och ingen är feg.  
Alla tillsammans till storms vi nu gå,  
förtryckarnas fästen i spillror vi slå.  
Hand uti hand vi varandra nu svära,  
tåga så framåt till seger och bröd.  
Kommande slakten en gång skola lära,  
hur vi stredo i lust och i nöd.

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Ingen får vägra; målet skall hägra ,  
liksom en fyrbåk i stormande sjö.  
Hårda bataljer mot lättjans kanaljer  
bjudes oss ännu om våldet skall dö.  
Alla tillsammans vi nu storma fram,  
tyrannernas välde skall komma på skam.  
Fylke vid fylke och fana vid fana  
tåga vi framåt nu led efter led.  
Kommande släkten en gång skola ana  
måttet av kampen som en gång vi stred.

Liksom en hägring, full utav fägring  
svävar nu målet för allas vår blick.  
För att det vinna, en gång det hinna,  
alla en dag uti striden vi gick.  
Alla tillsamman vi gingo i strid,  
för att frammana en nyare tid.  
Skuldra vid skuldra och sida vid sida,  
tåga vi framåt nu led efter led.  
Kommande släkten kring världen vida,  
ärva skall arvet för vilket vi stred.

### Arbetsmannen.

Mel.: "Ur Andreas Hofer."

Vem skaffar guld i dagen?  
Vem odlar säd och vin?  
Vem väver duk av siden,  
Som gör den rike fin?  
Vem skaffar åt den rike bröd,  
Men lever själv i bitter nöd?  
:: Jo, det gör arbetsmannen  
Av proletariat'! ::

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Vem trälar hela dagen  
Och sliter ut sin kraft,  
Åt andra skaffar skatter,  
Bekvämlighet och prakt?  
Vem driver världens hjul så lätt  
Fast själv han äger ingen rätt?  
:: Jo, det gör arbetsmannen  
Av proletariat'! ::

Som fosterlandets söner  
Vi äga ingen rätt,  
Till föda åt kanoner  
Vi skickas rätt och slätt,  
Man ser här folkförräderi't:  
. Det lekes med vårt blod med flit.  
:: Nej upp, I arbetsmän  
Av proletariat'! ::

Och svärjen trohetseden  
I krets kring fanan röd,  
Att såsom hjältar kämpa  
För frihet och för bröd.  
Vår fana fladdrar stolt och röd —  
Framåt till seger eller död!  
:: Vak upp, I arbetsmän  
Av proletariat'! ::

Vi hava kraft i armen!  
Om eniga vi bli,  
Så skola vi snart störta  
En styv bourgeois.



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På spillrorna av dennas fall  
Ett rike fritt se'n byggas skall.  
:: Vak upp, I arbetsmänner  
Av proletariat'! ::

Snart morgonrodna'n breder  
Sin glans vid nordens strand,  
Och segerfanan bäres  
Av kraftig arbetshand.  
Då vinner slaven högsta pris,  
Och jorden blir ett paradis.  
:: Då segrar arbetsmannen  
Av proletariat'! ::

### Fästmarsch.

Hör sången dess mäktiga toner  
Från Alpernas fot högt i nord.  
Ej finnes ett land eller zoner  
Där ej det bevingade ord  
Om rätt för de fattiga talar  
Det dånar kring berg och kring dalar  
Kring Sveriges sköna skogbeksäddade kust  
Vi lyssna till dess allvarsfulla röst.

De mäktiga hålla oss bundna  
I fattigdom, ringhet och nöd;  
Men högt vi förtryckarna förkunna  
Vad sanning och rättvisa bjöd.  
Upp trälar av alla nationer,  
Till storms mot de stolta patroner  
Vi störta fram mot altare och tron,  
Vår lösen är: Social revolution.

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## Arbetets söner!

Arbetets söner, sluten er alla,  
Till våra bröder i syd och i nord!  
Hören I ej huru mäktigt de skalla  
Ut över världen befrielsens ord.  
Ur den förnedrande trälldomens grift,  
Upp till en hedrande, ädel bedrift.  
Oket med påskriften: Bed och försaka!  
Länge oss nedtryckt i mörker och nöd.  
Människovärdet vi fordra tillbaka.  
Kämpa för rättvisa, frihet och bröd!

Icke naturen hårdhändt har dragit  
Gränser som skilja fattig och rik.  
Hjärtlöst har makten under sig slagit.  
Alla dess håvor, rovdjuret lik.  
Mot den förödande guldkalvens stod,  
Kämpen med glödande känslor och mod!  
Käckt mot förtrycket ett värn vi oss dana,  
Stridsropet genom nationerna går  
Sluten er under vår enighets fana,  
Fällen ej modet och segern är vår.

Pehr Lindahl.

## Vårt land.

**Inte(r)nationellt Proletärkväde.**

Vårt land, vårt land, vårt fosterland  
Finns överallt på jord.  
Där solen högblå himmelns brand,  
Omstrålar dal och berg och strand,  
Befruktar liv från syd till nord.  
Hell dig vår moder jord!

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Vårt land är rikt och skall så bli:  
Det gyllne skördar bär,  
Och var sekund som går förbi.  
Dess friska luft inandas vi,  
Som livets flamma föder, när —  
Ett härligt land det är.

Vi älska solens ström av ljus  
Och liten fågels sång,  
Men hata orgeltoners brus  
Och mörkets lögn i "herrens hus,"  
Där hycklad andakt, sionssång  
Oss upprört mången gång.

Kring jorden rustas nu till strid,  
Ty, se, vårt land man tog.  
Var vän utav den nya tid  
Skall bjuda våldets spets därvid.  
De bojar, vari man oss slog,  
De skola krossas nog.

Vem täljer proletärers tal,  
När de med manligt mod,  
Utledsnade på livets kval  
Stå upp att ta den jord man stal,  
Om också guldklätt övermod  
Då kräver deras blod?

Vems var det blod, som ständigt flöt  
Till krönt bandits försvar?  
I krigstrumpeten högt man tjöt  
Och människor slaktades som nöt,  
Men kejsarn, kungen lagern skar —  
Skönt "fosterlandsförsvar"!



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De store leva ljuvt och gott,  
Ty allt är dem beskärt,  
Men tragisk är arbetarns lott,  
Åt honom ben man kastar blott  
Att gnaga. Är väl sådant värt  
Att hålla rätt och kärt?

Arbetets man skall ta sitt land,  
Som nu dagdrivarns är.  
Och stål skall blixtra i hans hand,  
Och han skall lägga an en brand,  
Som tyranni och våld förtär,  
Om annan hjälp ej är.

Sök lura oss med himlens glans —  
Den gubben skall ej gå!  
En himmel aldrig, aldrig fanns,  
En belzebub med horn och svans,  
En svavelsjö med lågor blå —  
Blott fånar tro därpå!

I detta tusen bovars land  
Vi slott och kyrkor byggt,  
Men riva ned dem kan den hand,  
Som reste dem mot himlens rand.  
Slikt tal nog anses otäckt, styggt,  
Men det kan sägas tryggt.

Som blomman spirar ur sin knopp,  
Så även skall en gång  
Bli verklighet utav vårt hopp:  
Med ljus och glans vår sol går opp.  
Vår lyckas sköna soluppgång,  
Den hälsa vi med sång.

Fehr Lindahl.

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## Prästen

Vem beder oss försaka  
allt gott som livet bjöd,  
Men låter sig väl smaka  
av allsköns överflöd?  
Vem lever själv i sus och dus  
men varnar oss att ta ett rus?  
Jo, det gör kristne prästen,  
en "herrens tjänare."

Vem dömer oss att plågas  
i svavelglödens famn,  
om ej vi fromma bedja  
i Jesu Kristi namn?  
Vem prisar nöd och fattigdom,  
men trivs så väl i rikedom?  
Jo, det gör kristne prästen,  
en "herrens tjänare."

Vem messar hyllningssånger  
till kungars lov och pris?  
Vem beder oss att kröka  
vår rygg för maktens ris?  
Vem talar varmt om jämlikhet  
men tåler lugnt all olikhet?  
Jo, det gör kristne prästen,  
en "herrens tjänare."

Vem är se'n fordomtima  
ett mörkrets sändebud?  
Vem vill försöka kväva  
vartenda sanningsljud?

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Vem rider spärr mot allting nytt  
och svärmar för den tid som flytt?

Jo, det gör kristne prästen,  
en "herrens tjänare."

Vem smidde starka bojor  
åt den som frihet bjöd?

Vem vigde sanningskämpen  
till bålets kättardöd?

Vem stod som vilddjur jämt på lur  
att döda varje sann kultur?

Jo, det gör kristne prästen,  
en "herrens tjänare."

Vem har i sekler narrat  
sitt folk med paradis?

Vem har var fördom ammat  
och dumheten gett pris?

Vem här med hot om avgrundskval  
gjort dårar utav tusental?

Jo, det gör kristne prästen,  
en "herrens tjänare."

N. W.

### Fansång.

Vad är det som svajar för vinden så käckt  
Och samlar de undertryckta skaror?

Jo, det är den fana, varunder vår släkt  
Skall segrande gå genom alla faror.

Hon är en symbol av den stigande sol,  
Och kärlekens brodersmål hon talar.

Mångdubblad hon plantas från pol och till pol  
Och vinkar oss från höjder och från dalar.



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Tyrannerna bäva, när fanan de se.  
Sig rusta till kamp på alla platser!  
Friskt mod blott, kamrater, och snart nog kanske  
Hon trona skall på deras palatser!

Mot målet med fanan i spetsen vi gå,  
Den internationella, den röda, —  
Om någon går under i kampen också  
Hon följa skall till graven sina döda. H. M—r.

### Stridssång.

(Mel.: Tramp, tramp.)

Upp till strid för sanning, rätt  
Och för frigjorda män'skoätt;  
Att envar ifrån allt förtryck må bli fri,  
Det är målet för vår id,  
För vår kamp och hårda strid  
Mot all överhet och lögn, bedrägeri.

Kör:

När vi tåga fram i striden  
Mot förtryck och tyranni,  
Skall vi alla såsom en,  
Hand i hand mot fienden  
Storma fram och slå oss fri från slaveri.

På en väg som stenig är,  
Vi på livets börda bär  
Uti fattigdom och nöd vi tråla få:  
Liksom djur vi drivas fram.  
Men det är vår egen skam  
Om alltjämt vi nöjda uti trældom gå.

Kör: .

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Proletär som än är ung,  
Varför vandrar du så lugn?  
Ser du ej den fara som nu hotar dig?  
Res dig upp i raseri  
Mot förtryck och tyranni!  
Frihet, glädje, fröjd blir lönen för din strid.

Kör:

J. A. J—n.

### Ungdomsmarsch.

(Mel.: "Engelbrektsmarschen.")

Fram i arbetets här och fram i ungdomens led  
Under röda standar, om ditt hjärta där är med:  
Vill du känna dig ung, och vill du kämpa dig fri,  
Se här är frihetens skara, och de unga äro vi;  
Där i sång vi gå fram, och där vi storma fram i strid,  
För den ärliges id skall gry en ljusare tid:  
Vi gå fram som en vår, då alla bojor brista loss,  
Vi ha sol, vi ha sång, vi ha segertro med oss.

Vi gå fram, fram i kamp för allas frihet och rätt,  
Och vad tungt är för en, blir för många skuldra lätt,  
Ty, står orättens borg än som ett berg på sin grund,  
Vi sätta hävstången till och bryta ned den i förbund.  
Den skall ned, ned i grus, och över fogdeborgar grå  
Skola plogarna gå och skola stugorna stå:  
Den skall ned, ned i kamp, och när vi redeliga stritt,  
Då är friheten vår, då är Sveavälde fritt.

Vi gå fram för vårt folk och för vårt fädernesland  
Till att lösa dess garn och förtryckets tunga band,  
Till att tända dess ljus, att det ser sanningen klar,

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Och till att värna dess liv mot både fogde och barbar.  
Denna jord, den är vår, där andra breda sig förnöjt,  
Denna jord, som vi röjt, som vi byggt, som vi plöjt;  
Fram till strid för vår rätt, så framt vi kallas svenske  
män —

Ha de rövat vårt land, vi erövra det igen!

K. G. Ossian-Nilson.

### Ditt mänskovärde.

Stå upp du mödans son,  
Som lyckan rövats från!  
Din mänskorätt man stal,  
Då man med fagert tal  
I nattens svarta garn dig snärde.  
Du arme proletär,  
Stå upp! Dig känna lär  
Ditt mänskovärde, ditt mänskovärde.

När under okets tvång  
Du trälat dagen lång  
Och hálgmålstimman slår,  
Du kanske hungrig går  
Att slumra på ditt hårda gärde.  
En mänskiigare lott  
Du kunde få om blott  
Du känna lärde ditt mänskovärde.

Du skulle slippa då  
Att se hos dina små  
Den tårbegjutna blick,  
Som djupt till hjärtat gick,  
När bröd förgäves de begärde.



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Ja, denna grymma lott  
Ej vore din om blott  
Du känna lärde ditt mänskovärde.  
De rike hånfullt le  
Åt dig, när dig de se  
Uti din slitna rock,  
Och deras lyx ändock  
Du skapat, liksom varje värde.  
Du gav dem överflöd  
Och levde själv i nöd,  
Då de förtärde ditt mänskovärde.

O, du till själ och kropp  
Utplundrade, stå opp.  
Träd in uti vår här  
Och bliv en kämpe där!  
Vad våra fäder blygt begärde  
Man nekade helt fräckt!  
Men — kom så gå vi käckt!  
Vi trotsa svärdet för mänskovärdet!

Kom, skynda! Kom med fart!  
Stormklockan ljuder snart.  
Och när vi kämpat ut,  
På allt förtryck gjort slut  
Och överklassen är sin färde,  
Då ha vi äntligt nått  
Vårt mål och återfått  
Vårt mänskovärde, vårt mänskovärde.

(Lind.)

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## Världens proletärer vakna

Världens proletärer vaknen,  
Krossa bojan, fordra rätt.  
Ali den rikedom I skapen,  
Stjäls av parasiters rätt.  
Skall du träla under tystnad,  
Från din vagga till din grav?  
Är det all er ärelystnad,  
Att bli god och villig slav?

### Kör:

Res upp du svältens träl i världen,  
Och slåss för friheten och härden.  
Res upp du slav från hela världen,  
I en union grand.  
Våra små de skrika efter föda,  
Och milljons är från hunger döda.  
Vårt mål och motto de oss föra,  
Till vårt framtidsland.

Om ni blott en gång vill tänka,  
Varje järnvägståg på land,  
Och all havens skepp vi länka,  
Kan med starka kedjeband.  
Uti gruvan och fabriken  
Varje hjul, och om ni vill,  
Härrar utav alla riken  
Skali på ert kommand stå still.

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Slut er samman arbetsträlar,  
Men och kvinnor hand i hand.  
Vi skall krossa mammons själar,  
Likt en stormflod över land.  
Enade vi segern bjuda,  
Söndrade vi gå till fall,  
Må vårt motto städse ljuda,  
All för en och en för all.

Världens proletärer vaknen,  
All er makt till værket sätt.  
Tag den rikedom I skapen,  
Er tillhör den med all rätt.  
För bröd och frihet ingen gråter,  
När en gång vår arbetshand ,  
Den röda fanan svaja låter,  
I proletärers framtidsland.

Joe Hill. Översatt av C. Nilsor

## Hållen fästet

Engelska Transportarbetarnaes Strejksang

För frihets sak vi möts i dag.  
Och höjer rösten för,  
At hand i hand, med unions band.  
Vi kämpar eller dör.

Korus

Hållen fästet tills vi kommer  
Förenta nu vi står.  
Hand i hand vi kämpar framåt.  
Segren skall bli vår.



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Upp kamrater, se banéren  
Fladdrar högt mot skyn.  
Hjälpen kommer, när vi önska.  
Sjung, kamrater, sjung!

Våra skaror ständigt ökas.  
Giv signal till dem.  
Med vår union skall vi segra  
Över fienden.

Villt och länge kampen rasat,  
Stridd för älskad sak.  
Solidaritet har segrat.  
Jubla högt, kamrat.

Oversatt av Fritz Andren.

## Prästen och slaven

Mel.: Till det härliga land.  
Våra präster stå upp titt och tätt.  
Lär oss skilja på synd och på rätt  
Men begär du ett torrt stycke bröd  
De dig svara med trossäker glöd.

Kör:

Du får mat, o kamrat ,  
Uti himmelens ljuvliga stat.  
Svält förnöjd, i guds höjd  
Får du mat på förgyllade fat.

Sedan svältningsarmén får du se  
Och de sjunga, de klappa, de be.

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Tills de fått allt ditt mynt i sin håv  
Då så får du som mat för ditt skrov.

Ja, sen pingstvännerna du ock ser.  
Och de skrika och väsnas och ber.  
Giv ditt mynt allt till Jesu behag  
Han vill stilla din hunger i dag.

Om du kämpar för barn och för viv,  
Gör ditt bästa utav detta liv.  
Du en syndare är och man spår,  
När du dör du till helvete går.

Arbetsmän, sluten er nu till oss.  
Hand i hand vi för frihet skall slåss.  
När sen världen vi ha, mat och säng.  
Utsugarna får denna refräng.

Kör:

Snart, ja snart, får du mat.  
När du blir bra till kock, ej till gnat.  
Hugg dig ved, var ej lat,  
Du får mat uti himmelens stat.

Joe Hill. Översatt av Ture Nerman.

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## Ära

Att skända och mörda och tända i brand,  
Att sämre än vilddjur vara,  
Att hugga och sticka med domnande hand,  
Det kallas att värna sitt fädernesland.  
Att hemmets torva försvara.

Att blödande styra på främmande kust,  
Med mördarevapen i händer,  
Att mista sin ungdoms krafter och must,  
Det kallas att kämpa med liv och lust,  
För hemlandets dyrbara stränder.

När hustruns och barnens manliga stöd  
Sänts ut i kulsprutskuren.  
När barnen få hungra och gråta för bröd,  
När fadern snart finner en smärtefull död.  
Det kallas skydda kulturen.

Att föras tillsammans som själslösa djur,  
Att mörda och själva mördas,  
Jag aldrig kan kalla det själv natur  
Och inte förtjänar en mördarkultur,  
Att skyddas och älskas och vördas.

När vansinnet blomstrar i fullaste glans,  
Och kriget sin gröda ses bärja,  
Jag kallar det ära, den högsta som fanns,  
Att kasta den mördande blodiga lans,  
Och bryta i stycken sin värja. M. Aredolff.



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# Norske or Danske Sange

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## Internationale.

Egen Melodi.

Rejs er, fordømte her paa Jorden  
Rejs dig, Æu Sultens Slave hær!  
I Rettens Krater buldrer Torden,  
nu er det sidste Udbryd nær.  
Bryd kun Fortids møre Mur i Stykker.  
Slaveskarer, der er kaldt!  
Snart Verdens Grundvold sig forrykker,  
fra Intet da vi bliver Alt!  
:: Vaagn til Kamp af Jer Dvale,  
til den allersidste Dyst;  
— og Internationale  
slaar Bro fra Kyst til Kyst. ::

Ej nogen mægtig Gud og Kejser  
og Folkehøvding staar os bi.  
Nej, selv til Kampen vi os rejser,  
vor Folkeret forlanger vi.  
For at knuse Tyvene vi føder,  
for at fri vor bundne Aand,  
vi puste vil til Essens Gløder,  
og smede med en senet Haand.  
Vaagn til Kamp o. s. v.

Vi knuges under Stat og Love,  
vi flaas af Skatters skarpe Klo.  
Og pligtfri kan den Rige sove;

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vor Ret kan ingen Steder gro.  
Lad os kaste Aaget af vor Nakke!  
Lighed fordrer: Pligt for Ret.  
Med Pligterne vi tog til Takke,  
nu tager vi vor Løn for det.

Vaagn til Kamp o. s. v.

Ved Ofringen til Mammons Ære  
har Guldets Konger aldrig haft  
et andet Maal end det at tære  
paa Proletarens Arbejdskraft.  
Denne Bande ved vort Slid og Plage  
til en mægtig Rigdom kom,  
og naar vi fordrer den tilbage,  
forlanger vi vor Ejendom.

Vaagn til Kamp o. s. v.

Arbejdere i Stad, paa Landet,  
en Gang skal Verden blive vor.  
Den dovne Snylter skal forbandet  
forjages fra den rige Jord.  
Mange Gribbe paa vort Kød sig mætter,  
Lad os jage dem paa Flugt.  
Vor Kamp er herlig Tid forjætter,  
hvor Solen altid straaler smukt.

Vaagn til Kamp o. s. v.

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## Ungdomssang.

Mel.: Förste Majdag, Blus og Brande!

Som en Fos i al sin Vælde  
styrter skummende afsted,  
baner Vej trods haarde Fjelde,  
river mangt og meget med,  
higer Ungdom imod Maalet  
med en Vilje, stærk som Staalet,  
gennem Baal og Brand,  
fører Ungdom an,  
gaar i Spidsen frem til Kamp for Fremtidsland  
::: og højest Fanen vajer. :::

Ingen Skanser er saa stærke,  
at de ej kan brydes ned,  
stem da Skuldren mod, lad mærke,  
Ungdom, Kraft og Spænsthed,  
medens Tidens Hjul sig drejer.  
Reaktionen bort vi fejer  
som en Stormvejrs Flod,  
river op med Rod,  
hver en Hindring, som for den i Vejen stod,  
::: gaar Ungdom frem mod Sejer. :::

Ingen kan som Ungdom gløde,  
værne trofast om sin Sag,  
derfor, Ungdom, lad os møde  
under luerøde Flag,  
og naar Tusinder af Næver  
kækt det røde Banner hæver,  
vil ved Stormens Sus  
Reaktionens Hus  
med et mægtigt Brag da styrte om i Grus,  
::: og Friheds Sol vil skinne :::

Brand.



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## Arbejdets Mand.

Mel.: Slesvig, du elskede, omstridte Land.

Arbejdets Mand, du som haardt for dit Brød  
Livet igennem maa trælle og slide;  
du, som kun kender til Savn og til Nød,  
du, som fra Vuggen har lært kun at lide;  
Arbejdets Mand, vaagn op, vaagn op,  
slutter i Arbejderhæren Trop!

Frihed, Lighed være dit Maal.

Vel er du fattig, men har dog en Ret:  
den til at leve saa vel som de andre;  
vel var din Oplysning inderlig slet,  
men du ej længer i Mørket skal vandre.  
Arbejdets Mand, vaagn op, vaagn op,  
slutter i Arbejderhæren Trop!

Frihed, Lighed løser hvert Baand!

Vel er du ikke som Rigmanden flot,  
har intet Guld, som kan købe dig Ære;  
vel er dit Sprog (som din Næve) lidt raat.  
Samfundets Støtte din Haand dog skal være.  
Arbejdets Mand, vaagn op, vaagn op,  
slutter i Arbejderhæren Trop!

Frihed, Lighed være dit Maal.

Arbejdets Mand, ræk din Broder din Haand,  
spræng den forrustne, end strammende Lænke,  
som man har lagt paa din slumrende Aand;  
brug saa din Ret til for Frihed at kæmpe.  
Arbejdets Mand, vaagn op, vaagn op,  
slutter i Arbejderhæren Trop!

Frihed, Lighed løser hvert Baand!

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## Minder

Mel.: Stille vad önsker du mer.

Nu mens jeg sitter her inde  
I fængselet selle saa graa.  
Ser jeg et biledet av hende.  
Som trofast i kampen vil staa.

Hendes hænder er harde og barket.  
Hendes kjole er simpel og grov.  
Men et hjerte saa varmt hun har skjenket  
Til kampen for frihet paa jord.

Naar kræfter og vilje mig svigted,  
Og troen paa seier forsvant.  
Nyt haab i mit øre hun visket,  
Saa kræfter og vilje jeg fandt.

Ja, fagre og skønne er minder,  
Av kvinder som med en vil staa.  
Gjenem strid i klasse kamper,  
Indtil vi vor frihet skal faa.

Hør her nu kvinder med hjerter ,  
Hvis dere lyklig skal bli,  
Hjelp da de gutter som strider,  
For mensker paa jord at bli fri.

T. Bjørndal.

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## Igjenem røken lyset skinder

Mel.: Sang om tusen aar.

Hør her nu du, forskræmte broder,  
Vad godt har du, av dette liv?  
I nøden gaar du alle tider,  
For ingen klær, har barn og viv.

Reis nu dig op, og bræk det kjede,  
Du ved som slave holder dig,  
Ifra den ret, paa jord at leve,  
I et hjem, som glæder dig.

For mange aar, har klasser stridet.  
For mange aar, har blodet strømt  
Ifra de mænd, som stred for frihed.  
Fordi sa mange, var forskræmt.

Men nu er tiden, for os kommet,  
Da vi det siste, slag skal slaa.  
Til vor altid varig frihed.  
Saa kom og sammen, med os gaa.

Ser du mørket, nu forsvinder,  
Og vi til seier nu gaar frem.  
Igjenem røken lyset shinder.  
Og bringer glæde, til vort hjem.

T. Bjørndal.



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## Til Enighet

Mel.: Til vaaben nu.

Til enighet, til enighet, alle som arbeider.  
Kom til os i denne forening stor.  
Naar alle vi forened staar.  
For fridom da vi gaar.  
En forløsning skal vi slaver ha paa denne jord.

Ser du ei, ja ser du ei, at kapitalisten tager,  
Alt vad du i denne verden gjør.  
Du trællet har alle dager  
Dog ingen ting du har.  
Hvorfor ikke nu du dig sammen tar.

Kom nu her, du broder kjær, kom lad os gaa til striden  
Lad os gjøre dette for friheden.  
Et hjem saa kjærte vi bygge vil.  
Naar hungers graat blir stil.  
Et hjem med glæde og et hjem med barne smil.

T. Bjørndal.

## Frygt ej

Mel.: Holder du av mig.

Om jeg nu kunde, med sangen min naa,  
Til de som maa trælle, og ingen ting faa;  
Til de som endnu, har öinene lukt,  
Om de skulde aapnes, tar mæsteren sin flukt.

O tænk bare over, hvor godt det blir her,  
Naar alle nationer forenede er.

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Naar slagsmaal og kriger, for rige blir endt.  
Og vi ikke mer, paa vor knær ligger bendt.

Derfor tilbage, de holder os nu.  
Forenes vi alle, de rundt maa sig snu  
Hvis de da vil spise, og kläder ha paa,  
De da maa gaa ut, og arbeide sig faa.

Hør her nu alle, som dette forstaar,  
Kom lad os gjøre, vad best vi formaar.  
Frygt ei den skare, som mod os vil staa.  
For frihedens hære, de bøie sig maa.

T. Bjørndal.

### Et bilede han saa

Mel.: Paa fjeldveien

Det var et bilede, i mit sind.  
Og mit hjærte tok det ind.  
Om den ret at leve her paa jorden,  
Og jeg tænkte paa hvordan,  
Jeg skulde faa det frem.  
Saa alle her paa jorden kunde se det.

Til en ven, jeg gik hen.  
Og mit bilede la frem.  
For hjelp der jeg tænkte at finde.  
Og han sagde til mig der,  
At jeg hørde til den hær,  
Som frihed paa jord skulde bringe.

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Til I. A. V.\* jeg gik,  
Og forstaaelse jeg fik:  
At de alle hadde set det samme bilede.  
Derfor de forened var,  
Og tilsammen de nu bar,  
En forklaring av dette mit bilede.  
  
Det var klart jeg skrev mig ind,  
For det stod jo i mit sind.  
At jeg kun her paa jorden var en slave.  
Ja fri jeg vilde bli,  
Ifra dette tyrani,  
Som har holdt mig saa længe tilbage.

\*I. A. V. er forkortelsen av "Industrielle Arbeider av Verden" eller "I. W. W." A. W. Magnusen.

### Naar friheds klokken slaar

Mel.: Han vilde ut fra den mørke kroken.

Det røde flaget vi med os bringer  
Og glade sanger, vi alle synger.  
For det vi alle, for frihed staar.  
Og vi skal kjæmpe, til klokken slaar.  
  
Det røde flaget, det er vort banner.  
I arbeidsklassen, vi rundt det samler.  
Hver mand og kvinde, som med vil bli,  
Og fri sig selv, ifra slaveri.  
  
Naar slaget er over, og vi har seiret,  
Og naar vi alle har glæden feiret.  
Et hjem saa godt, vi da bygge vil,  
Med lys og glæde og barne smil.

T. Bjørndal.



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## Vil du bli fri!

Mel.: Hadde jeg vinger saa vilde jeg fly.

Hvis du fra trængsel og nød vil bli fri,  
Da kom som en mand  
Og gjør vad du kan.

Hvis en forandring du ønsker at faa,  
Ja da du forene dig maa.

Du ved du har trællet som slaverne før,  
I kapitalistik tvang.  
I Rommernes land.

Hvis du vil bli fri ifra denne tvang,  
Da kom her og gjør vad du kan.

Kom her nu alle kvinder og mænd!  
Kast kjederne av.  
Snak du som før tav.

Og naar vi forenede er i hvert land,  
For frihet vi gaar da med sang.

T. Bjørndal.

## Jordens fængsel

Mel.: Mellem Gran Skov og Li.

I min tanke jeg ser, at i fængsel jeg er,  
Og fra barndom har holdt mig i tvang.  
Som en arbeidermand, gjennom aarenes gang.  
Har jeg trællet for rike i tvang.

Det er mange som er i det fængselet her,  
Som i tider har lidet stor nød.  
Som slaver i træl, fra morgen til kveld,  
Mens de rike i luxus har dvelt.

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Som slaver vi gaar, for lite vi faar,  
Enskønt det er misundet os.  
Ja mangel det er, paa mat og paa klær,  
Iblandt alle som arbeider her.

Mine venner hør her, lad os samles især,  
Og tilsammen forlange den ret,  
Til at leve paa jord, som søster og bror,  
Som altid paa ligheden tror.

A. W. Magnusen.

### Wobblies er best

Mel.: Jeg er en liten krigsmand.

Hør nu mine venner, hvad tænker dere paa,  
Vi altid gaar i slaveri, og ingen ret kan faa.  
Hvor længe skal vi vandre, i nød paa denne jord  
Og negte at forlange en ret og frihed god.

Det er nu høit paa tide, at vi nu tænker paa,  
At for vor frihed kjæmpe og alle sammen staa,  
Kom lad os alle slutes til en forening god.  
Saa vi kan alle kjæmpe, til vi faar fred og ro.

Nu ha vi jo saa mange, foreninger paa jord.  
Og alle lar sig lede utav en fører stor.  
Men er vi nok oplyste, kan tænke for os selv,  
Lad fleretalet styre, og alle ting blir vel.

Det er kun en forening, som vi kan slutes til.  
De kalder sig for Wobblies, de aldrig falde vil.  
Sin forening de har bygget, oppaa et grundlag fast,  
Og de gaar frem til seier, i enighet og hast.

A. W. Magnusen.

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## Proletarer

Egen Melodi.

Enhver, som har traadt sine Børnesko  
med barkede Næver paa Skaft,  
med fribaarne Tanker og egen Tro,  
han ejer en sælsom Kraft;  
naar Arbejdet vinker ved Morgengry,  
naar Friheden krænkes ved Krudt og Bly,  
saa er han paa Gaden  
og midt i Baladen  
ved Haanden med Raad og til Daad.

Det Barn, som blev svøbt i en pjaltet Klud  
og ammet ved Ulykkens Barm,  
han haanes og hades og grines ud,  
men dog faa en kraftig Arm;  
naar Sulten og Kulden ham hærdet har,  
saa vokser han op til en Proletar —  
at han skulde være  
jert Samfund til Ære —  
det kan I ej vente af ham.

I kuede tidligt en kraftig Aand,  
og I vilde knuse hans Mod;  
saa ofte han gav Eder Broderhaand,  
forgiftede I hans Blod —  
I har forurettet ham for en Stund  
og klippet hans Pels som en Puddelhund —  
nu haandhæves Retten,  
han møder paa Pletten  
i straalende Solskins Humør.



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Forandret lyder "Signalernes" Klang!  
nu kommer de mange og smaa,  
og Marschen gaar fremad til Arbejdersang,  
det kunde I stole paa! —  
Vi har en Høne at plukke i Mente,  
der er baade Renter og Renters Rente  
til Eder paa Gaden,  
naar paa Barrikaden  
vort Regnskab vi opgøre skal.

U. P. Overby.

### Frihedssang.

Egen Melodi.

Op, I Slaver af alle Nationer,  
I, som træller fra Morgen til Kvæld,  
ræddes ej for de haarde Patroner,  
højt for Frihed vi raaber vort Held.  
Thi de Dage skal komme, da Arbejdets Mænd  
ej forgæves skal fordre sin Frihed igen.

∴ Paa vort Løsen giv Akt:

"Enighed giver Magt!"

Raabet er: "Proletarer til Kamp!" ∴

Mindes I ej fra Fortidens Dage,  
dengang Folket det selv tog sin Ret; —  
maa vi nu, li'som Fædrene tage! —  
Vid, at Jorden er vor, — hver en Plet!  
Thi de Dage o. s. v.

(Frit oversat fra Svensk.)

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## Socialisternes Marsch.

Egen Melodi.

Snart dages det, Brødre, det lysner i Øst —  
til Arbejdet, fremad i Kor!

Man haaner den fattiges eneste Trøst:  
vor Ret til at leve paa Jord;  
man deler vor Frihed, beskærer vort Brød;  
til Arbejdet! Liv eller Død!

Aartusinders Aag paa vor Nakke blev lagt,  
vi bar det og tav i vor Nød;  
men er vi de mange, saa være det sagt;  
vi fordrer det daglige Brød.

Samdrægtige gaar vi i Sorg og i Nød  
til Arbejdet! Liv eller Død!

Til trælle i Sind og til Slaver af Guld  
den voksende Slægt fostres frem,  
og Jorden saa aldrig saa usselt et Kuld  
som det, der paa den nu har Hjem;  
thi Lykken maa visne ved Tryglen om Brød —  
til Arbejdet! Liv eller Død!

Vor Arne er kold og vort Hjem kun et Skjul  
for Trængsler og Tvedragt og Savn;  
vor Idræt man fængsler i Bur som en Fugl  
og kaster Foragt paa vort Navn.  
Os levnes kun Hadets den ulmende Glød —  
til Arbejdet! Liv eller Død!

Rigmændene fodres ved Arbjeder-Slid,  
og Præsterne fører os frem

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til Pøle af Svovl paa den yderste Tid —  
naar ikke vi ofrer til dem.  
Vi bygger en Guldgrav, Tyranner! for Brød —  
til Arbejdet! Liv eller Død!

Det knager i Samfundets Fuger og Baand, —  
lad falde, hvad ikke kan staa! —  
Men ræk mig, o Broder, din barkede Haand,  
før i Løgn og af Sult vi forgaa.  
En Bygning vi rejser til Skærm i vor Nød:  
til Arbejdet! Liv eller Død!

U. P. Overby.

### Op til Kamp!

Mel.: Marceillaisen.

Op til Kamp! Op, I Arbejdersønner,  
svinger Fanen for Frihed og Ret;  
hør den Røst, hvoraf Verden gendrøner,  
:,: vi er lige og lige vor Pligt. :,:  
Lighedsaanden fra Oldtidens Grave  
stiger vældig og kalder til Kamp,  
Guldets Magt hensvinder som Damp  
og Tyranner i Dødsangsten rave.  
Vi svinge vil vort Sværd  
og kæmpe for vort Værd,  
vi slutter Pagt  
mod Vold og Magt,  
til de i Grav er lagt.

Længe gik vi taalmodig, skønt lænket  
var vor Aand til Despoternes Aag;  
længe taaite vi Æren blev krænket,



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:,: medens Retten i Støvet blev traadt, :,:  
længe betled' vi Ret til at nyde,  
hvad vor Daad og vor Virken har skabt,  
til at leve vi kun Ret har haft,  
mens som Trælle vi sled for de andre.

Vi svinge vil vort Sværd o. s. v.

Se, Tyrannernes Slæng, hvor de bæve,  
hvor de lokke med smigrende Ord.  
Før vi voved' knapt Haanden at hæve  
:,: efter Kummer fra Overflods Bord, :,:  
men nu hæve vi stolt vil vor Pande,  
vi vil sprænge den Lænke, der trang,  
som Slaver os til Jorden tvang,  
fast som En vi alle vil stande.

Vi svinge vil vort Sværd o. s. v.

Op da, Mænd! Op, nu Tiden er kommen,  
op, nu Døgnet's Basuner har lydt:  
snart forfærdelig lyde vil Dommen  
:,: for det Arbejderblod, der er fyldt; :,:  
se, det blodrøde Banner, der vajer,  
tolker Tidernes ventede Sag;  
snart Rygtet vil fra Dag til Dag  
melde Friheds og Lighedens Sejer.

Vi svinge vil vort Sværd o. s. v.

E. W.

---

## Vi skuer.

Mel.: Du gamla du friska.

Vi skuer den yppige, rige Natur,  
der bugner af kraftig Vækst og Grøde;  
men kunstige Forhold har rejst som en Mur,  
der hindred Mængden i at faa sin Føde.

Uvidenhed, Misbrug og skændige Baand  
har kuert de mange imod Jorden,  
og opdynget Skatte paa Enkeltmands Haand,  
ja skabt vor Nutids hele Samfundsorden.

Men vi, som kun higer mod Frihed og Ret  
samt Lighed og Broderskab for alle,  
bør sprænge det Guldkalvens udspændte Net,  
hvis ej vi vil som Ofre i det falde.

Fra Danmark til Indien og Afrikas Kyst,  
fra Kina til Vestens store Skove,  
der stiger et Suk fra hver Arbejders Bryst,  
et Suk, der ruller vide over Vove.

Og Sukket fortæller om Hunger og Aag,  
om Krige, hvor Broder myrder Broder;  
thi vi er dog Brødre, trods Farve og Sprog,  
da Jorden er vor fælles Fostermoder.

Og slutted' som Brødre vi inderlig Pagt,  
og omsluned' Kloden som en Kæde,  
da fik vi med Krigsgalskabsdæmonen Magt  
og kunde trygt om Hjemmets Arne frede.

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Da skulde den flitige Arbejder faa  
sit Udbytte helt og ubeskaaret,  
og da skulde Kundskabens Solstraale naa  
til selve Folkets Marv hver Dag i Aaret.

Lad os for at naa dette lysende Maal  
da fylkes om Enighedens Fane;  
naar Troen er fast og naar Viljen er Staal,  
kan Skranker ej os standse paa vor Bane.

Ja fremad, hver Arbejdets ærlige Søn,  
trods Ranker og trods Tyranners Torden,  
vort Valgspræg og Sejrens saa herlige Løn  
er Frihed, Lighed, Broderskab paa Jorden.

Saxo W. Wiegell.

### Ungdomssang.

Mel.: Stilstand er for unge Hjerter Döden eller:  
Egen Melodi.

Junkerspiren kaster stolt med Nakken,  
naar han peger paa sit Adelsskjold.  
— Vi er Børn af dem, der brugte Hakken,  
ligefra den første Fortids-Old.

Adel, Fyrster steg paa vore Rygge,  
og vi bar dem over Ørkners Sand;  
fredelig de sad i Palmers Skygge,  
naar vi andre savned Brød og Vand.

Adelsskjoldet er et tvivlsomt Mærke,  
hvisker om, hvor højt en Mand kan naa,  
naar hans Rovinstinkter blot er stærke,  
og han selv tilpas er snu og raa.



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Hakken, ak, gør ingen Mand til Greve,  
skænker knap en Hytte trang og lav,  
gi'r os Feber-Kost ime'ns vi leve,  
og naar vi er død en Fattiggrav.

Bi blev født hvor Lyset langsomt piner  
sig igennem Baggaardssmøgers Graa,  
der, hvor kolde stønnende Maskiner  
hugge Tidens Stræng i Stumper smaa.  
Intet Haab og ingen Himmelstige  
stræbte op til Lysets klare Blaa.  
— Hvem har givet Solen til de Rige  
for at svøbe Mørket om de Smaa.

Thi som Planten, naar den Lyset savner,  
bøjes langsomt, skælver ned og dør,  
saadan blev vort Liv som golde Avner,  
Evnen selv svandt bort som Sne, der tør.  
Dampmaskinens strubehede Aande  
pustes mod vor Kind i dybe Støn;  
ingen agter paa vor blege Vaande,  
alle har kun Tanke for vor Løn.

Disse lange, lysforladte Gader  
overskygged' vore Barndoms-Aar;  
disse kolde Huses Rude-Rader  
blinked aldrig med et Strejf af Vaar.  
Men vor Arm blev stærk, vor Haand blev hærdet  
ved at gribe om Maskinens Staal;  
og vort Øie spejder uforfærdet  
mod et stort og gyident Fremtidsmaal.

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Ja, som Samson i sin unge Styrke  
bar Filisterporten bjærghøjt op,  
stiger vi en Dag fra Gydens Mørke  
over Grav og Grøft til Lysets Top.  
Med det gamle Samfunds Port paa Ryggen  
lejre vi os i en Verden ny,  
og mens Taagen letter, smiler Lykken  
fra det nye Samfunds Morgengry.

Jeppe Aakjær.

### Højt vi hæver.

Mel.: Stilstand for unge Hjerter Döden.

Højt vi hæver Rebellionens Fane,  
Ungdom, saml dig vaagen under den,  
vi et Slag skal slaa mod gammel Vane  
med vor friske Talekunst og Pen.  
Der er mange Krav, som skal indfries,  
der er Lænker, som skal løses op,  
her maa ikke taales eller ties,  
derfor leve Rebellionens Trop.

Mod alt raaddent, som ej Pust kan taale,  
retter vi vor friske Tankevind,  
og vi sender Frihedslynets Straale  
ned i hvert et sløvt og fattigt Sind.  
Fylder det med Oprørstrang og Brede,  
farver Tanken, som er bleg og træt,  
lærer, at vi ej skal ydmygt bede,  
men at vi skal kræve stolt vor Ret.

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Pligten kalder, op til Kamp, I Unge,  
saml Jer under Fanens røde Dug,  
alle I, hvis Kaar er smaa og tunge,  
thi for hver en Kraft har haardt vi Brug.  
Frem mod Skranker, som vil Frihed hæmme,  
Sejr for alt, som op mod Lyset bær.  
Det skal kendes, at man ej kan tæmme  
Ungdomsrebellionens stolte Hær.

Hans Laursen.

### Hør Sangen.

Hør Sangen, hvor mægtig den toner —  
fra Alpernes Fod højt mod Nord.  
Der gives ej Land eller Zoner,  
hvor ej det bevingede Ord  
om Ret for "de Ringe" mon tale,  
paa Bjærg og i frodige Dale.  
Ved Danmarks skønne skovbekranste Kyst  
lød Socialismens alvorsfulde Røst,  
∴ dens alvorsfulde Røst. ∴

Aarhundreders dybeste Mørke  
indhylled' vor Arbejderstand;  
ukendt med vor Kraft og vor Styrke  
vi trælled paa Afgrundens Rand.  
Da lysned saa dejlig en Stjerne,  
med Trøst og med Haab i det Fjærne;  
thi Socialismen kækt os viste Vej  
til Ret og Velfærd; den os svigted ej,  
∴ nej, den os svigted ej,



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Vort Øje, som var fordunklet  
af Mismod, af Sorg og af Nød,  
nu stolt med Begejstring det funkled,  
Tyrannernes Lænker vi brød.  
Op, Brødre af alle Nationer —  
til Kamp mod besudlede Troner!  
vi styre frem mod Friheds sikre Havn,  
vort Løsen det er Socialismens Navn,  
:: er Socialismens Navn. ::

Nu bort med al Tvedragt og Avind  
blandt Arbejdets fribaarne Mænd.  
For Ret og for Sandhed vort Glavind  
samdragtig vi drage fra Lænd.  
Den blodrøde Fane vi følger,  
og dristig vort Maal vi ej dølger.  
Ej mer vi taale vil Foragt og Nød,  
med Socialismen Sejr eller Død —  
:: ja Sejr eller Død! ::

Fr. A. Hertz.

### Den tyske Socialistmarsch.

:: Op, socialister, ind i rækken!  
vor fane vajer, trommen gaar.  
Det gælder at befri arbejdet,  
at gi det frihets lyse kaar. ::  
Lad jordens lykke, solens pragt,  
la daandens lys og kundskabs magt  
faa spredes vidt til alle sider.  
Det er det maal, hvorfor vi strider.  
:: En hellig krig med seiersmagt!  
Og folket selv som fanevakt. ::

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∴ I millioner, som arbeider  
i skakt, paa sjø, i by, paa land,  
som træller haardt for ussel lønning  
i trofast virke, mand ved mand, ∴  
end gaar I der med sorgfuldt sind.  
Hør raabet! Kom i rækken ind!  
At hjælpe Eder, I som lider  
det er det maal, hvorfor vi strider.  
∴ En hellig krig med seiersmagt!  
Og folket selv som fanevakt' ∴

∴ Ei som barbarer frem vi drager  
med flint og spyd i krigerfærd.  
Nei, frihets skarer gaar i kampen  
med rettens banner aandens sværd. ∴  
At fred og velstand raade faar,  
og haap og glæde røtter slaar  
i hvilens og arbeidets tider,  
det er det maal, hvorfor vi strider.  
∴ En hellig krig med seiersmagt!  
Og folket selv som fanevakt' ∴

(Efter Norsk.)

## Streikbryteren

O Judas, forræder og bortsolgte sjæl,  
Se vel paa de glinende penge.  
Der er sved, der er blod fra den fattige træl.  
Du som Kain har slaat din broder ihjel.  
At vaske dig ren kan du trænge.  
De bliver til blod disse penge.

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Av sved og av taarer der rinder en flod,  
Igjennem de fattige steder.  
Fordi lykken i kampen dem altid forlod,  
Og knækkede kampaandens steileste mod,  
Naar Judas kom frem som forræder,  
Da bråst baade samhold og hæder.

Kan hænde du tror at din gjerning er pen,  
Og galt at mot dig være gnaven.  
Nei, betænk at du aldrig faar vasket dig ren,  
Bed du om naade, bed til en sten.  
Helt til du viler i graven,  
Med "Judas forræder" paa platen.

J. Grimsrud.

### De er gal efter mig

Mel.: Pigerne i eBrgens by.

Jeg synge vil en liten sang, for alle og enhver,  
Saa alle sammen kan forstaa, hvor gale mensker er.  
Efter mig paa jord, baade liten og stor,  
Enskønt jeg paa loffen gaar.

Naar jeg hopper av et tog, som langt har tat mig væk,  
Da kommer der en stor tyk mand, som er forfærdelig  
fræk.

Og han siger, hør du, med mig følger du nu  
Til vor domer, som er meget snu.

Domeren han paa mig ser, og for sig selv han ler.  
Nitti dager stenhuggning, jeg kan ei giv dig mer.  
Men vad kan jeg si, jeg maa staa der dom og bli,  
Og tage alt, vad han vil mig giv.



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Om kvelden naar jeg ene er, i sellen mörk og graa,  
Da kommer der en velklæt præst og ber mig høre paa  
Alt det godt vi faar, naar til himlen op vi gaar,  
Og forlader den syndige jord.

Med hodet fuldt av gode ting, jeg lægger mig da ned,  
Og tænker at jeg tryg nu er, og haver evig fred.  
Men det faar jeg ei, for her er væggelusa lei,  
For de er aldeles gal efter mig.

Taaren til mit øie gaar, hvær gang jeg tænker paa,  
At den sorg som her vil bli ,naar jeg fra jord maa gaa  
Og jeg spørger dem, en shyffel number fem.  
Saa jeg kan shyffel kul for SATAN frem.

T. Björndal.

### Han vaagnet

Mel.: Naar fjorderne blaaner.

Gjennem fængselet gitter, vi sitter og titter.  
Paa fanger som træller, og ingen ting faar.  
Rundt dem gaar vakten, som roper og skriker,  
Og bærer en svepe med bly kuler paa.  
For shynder de sig ei,  
Saa slaar han ivei,  
Saa kroppen den blir blaa,  
Blodig og raa.

De fanger jeg kjender, de er mine venner,  
De er der kun fordet paa frihed de tror.  
Ja de har kjeder, om føtter og hænder,  
Med en kule de drager, hvorænd de end gaar.

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Jeg siger jo nei,  
Frihed findes det ei.  
Nei det er ingen sted  
Som har frihed og fred.

Vad kan jeg gjøre til hjælp at fremføre,  
Den frihed som tilhører kvinder og mænd.  
Som alt produserer, dog fatig de lever,  
Under mæsterens love, som i nød holder dem.  
Jeg siger jo dig,  
Kom bare med mig.  
Til de Wobblies vi gaar,  
Og en bog der du faar.

T. Björndal.

### Lad enigheden gro

Mel.: Vi vandrer med freidlig mod.

Vor forening den blir stor,  
For hvær en dag og nat som gaar.  
Hvis du vil komme med os,  
Kom bare op og se os.  
"Du er velkommen til vor flok,  
Kom bare ind og skriv dig op."

O, hvor herlig blir vel det.  
Naar arbeiderfolket faar sin fred.  
Forenes vi nu alle,  
Maa slaveriet falde.  
"Lad enigheden i os gro,  
Lad os i en forening staa."

T. Björndal.

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## Har du mod..

Mel.: Tag alting til gud i bön.  
Har du mod at bli forened,  
Vad det end skal koste dig?  
Har du mod naar rike haaner,  
Og til motstand reiser sig?  
Har du mod at blive enig,  
Tage skritte rigtig ut?  
Tør du endnu ei begynde  
O, hvor gaar det da til slut.

Ved din kraft du kan os hjælpe,  
Og for fridom sammen staa.  
Hvis du bare vilde vælge  
At i en forening staa.  
O, betænk dog vad det gjælder,  
Nu er tiden os saa nær.  
Foren dig nu og gaa til striden.  
Ved seiren blir din frihed her.

T. Björndal.



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## I. W. W.s principerklæring.

Arbeiderklassen og arbeidsgiverklassen har ingenting felles. Det kan ikke bli fred, saa længe millioner av det arbeidende folk lever i nød og forsakelser og de faa som utgjør overklassen, har alle dette livs goder.

Mellem disse to klasser maa en strid paagaa helt til alle verdens arbeidere organiserer sig som en klasse, tar jorden og produktionsmaskineriet i besiddelse og avskaffer lønssystemet.

Vi finder at centraliseringen av ledelsen over industriene paa færre og færre hænder gjør det umulig for fagforbundene at motstaa arbeidsskjøperklassens uavbrudt voksende magt. Fagforbundene avstedkommer en tilstand, som gjør at den ene arbeidergruppe kommer i konflikt med en anden inden samme industri, hvorigjennem de slaar ned hverandre under lønsskampe. Ved siden av dette hjelper fagforbundene arbeidsgiverklassen at vildlede arbeiderne til den tro, at arbeiderklassen har felles interesser med arbeidsgiverne.

Disse forhold kan forandres og arbeiderklassens interesser opretholdes kun gjennom en organisation med den form at alle dens medlemmer inden en industri, eller alle industrier, om det er nødvendig, kan nedlægge arbeidet naarsomhelst en streik eller lockout paagaar i nogen del derav, for derigjennem at gjøre en uret mot en til uret mot alle.

Istedenfor det konservative valgsprog: "En god dagløn for et godt dagsarbeide," maa vi paa vor fane skrive det revolutionære motto: "Ned med lønssystemet!"

Det er arbeiderklassens historiske opgave at avskaffe kapitalismen. Produktionsarmeen maa organiseres, ikke alene for de daglige strider mot kapitalismen, uten ogsaa for at overta produktionen, naar kapitalismen blir avskaffet. Gjennem at organisere os industrielt oppbygger vi det nye samfund inden rammen av det gamle.

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**Uppgift av  
Skandinaviska Propaganda Gruppen i  
Seattle, Washington.**

Skandinaviska Propaganda Gruppen inbjuder till medlemskap alla lönearbetare, som förstå något av de skandinaviska språken och äro villiga att deltaga i det arbete vi förelagt oss.

Vår uppgift är att medelst möten, litteratur och tidning eller tidningar samt alla övriga lämpliga medel sprida kunskap bland isynnerhet de nyanlända skandinaviska arbetarna, om de verkliga förhållandena på den amerikanska arbetsmarknaden och inom den amerikanska industrien.

Arbetare av hela världen, förenen eder, fordra er rätt. Ingenting ni ha att förlora, endast edra bojor. En värld att vinna.

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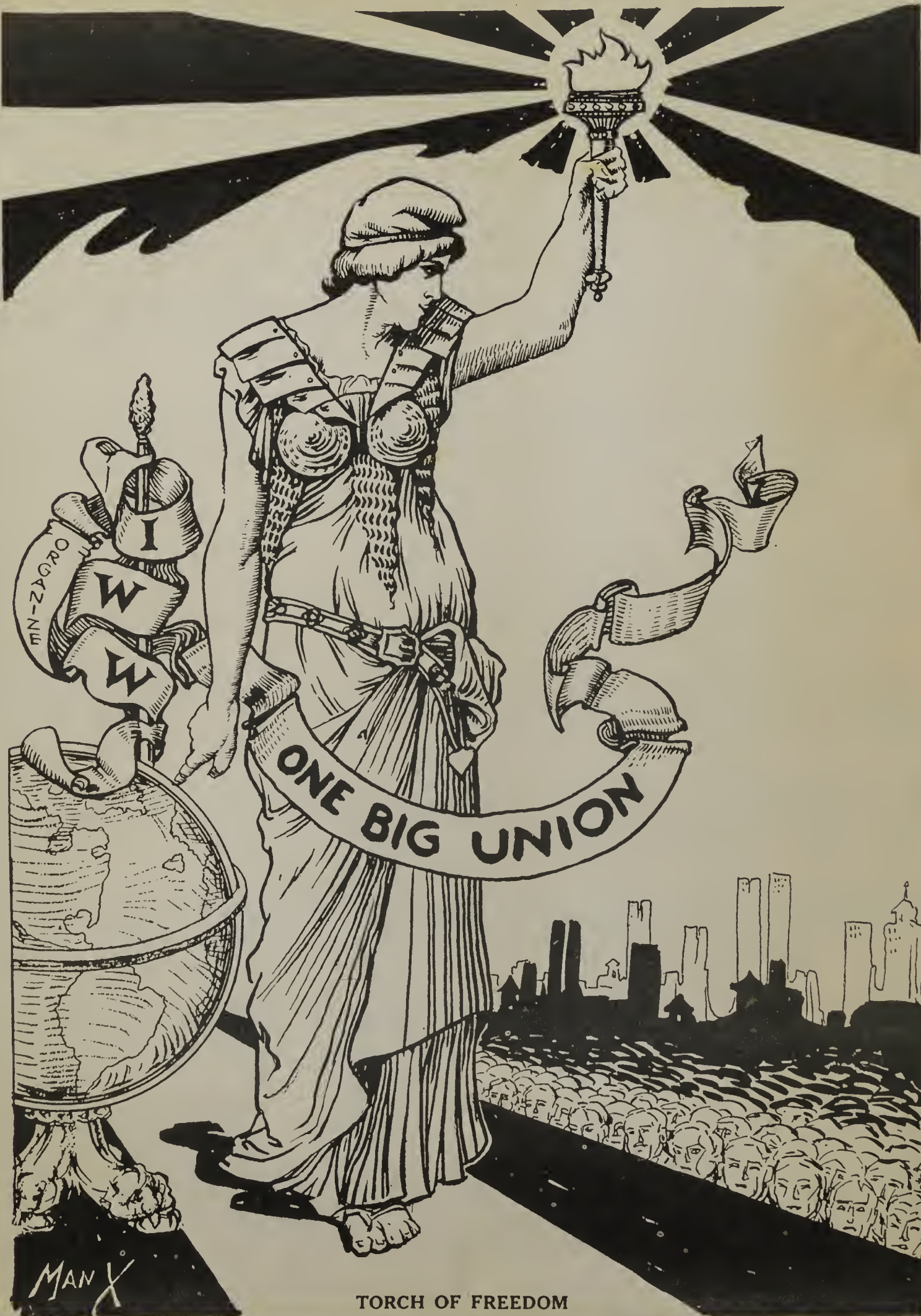
**SKANDINAVISKA PROPAGANDA GRUPPEN**  
**Box 1873**  
**Seattle, Washington.**

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# THE INTERNATIONAL



TORCH OF FREEDOM

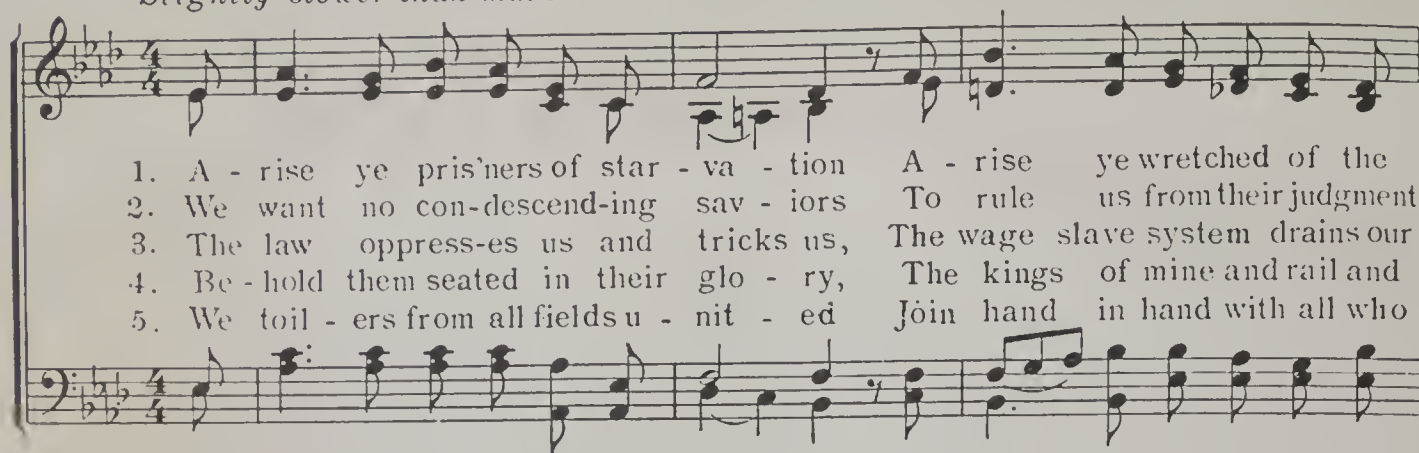


# The International

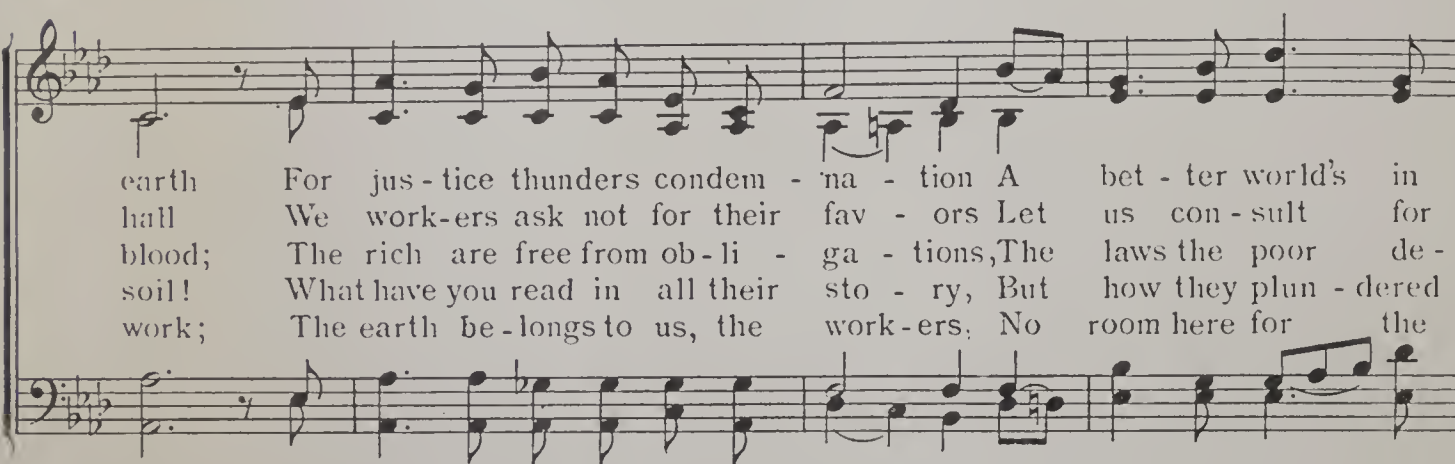
Adapted from  
CHAS. H. KERR'S translation.

Harmonized by  
RUDOLF LIEBICH

*Slightly slower than march time*



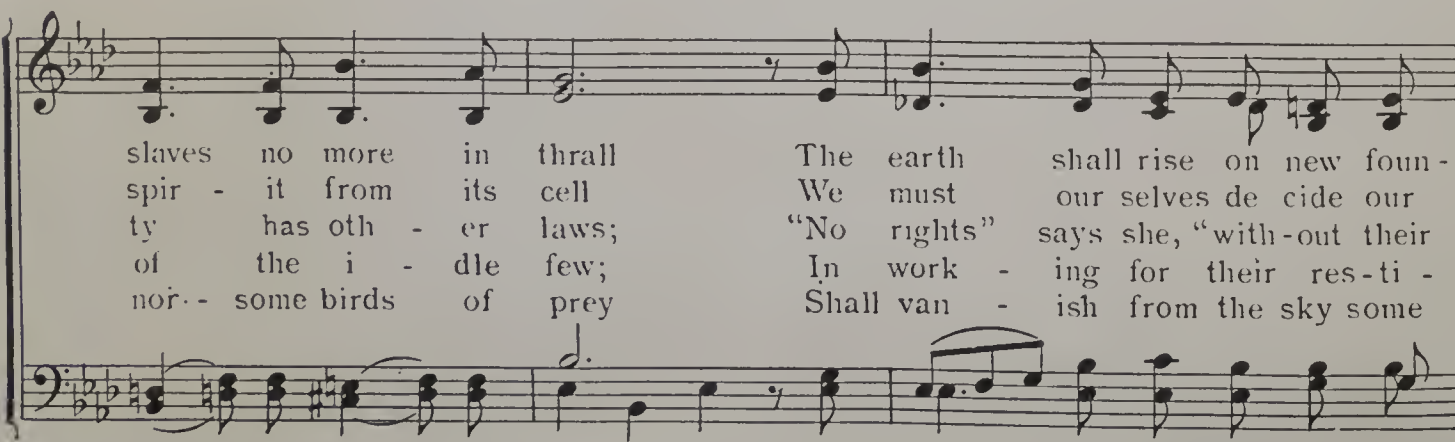
1. A - rise ye pris'ners of star - va - tion A - rise ye wretched of the  
2. We want no con-descend-ing sav - iors To rule us from their judgment  
3. The law oppress-es us and tricks us, The wage slave system drains our  
4. Be - hold them seated in their glo - ry, The kings of mine and rail and  
5. We toil - ers from all fields u - nit - ed Join hand in hand with all who



earth For jus - tice thunders condem - na - tion A bet - ter world's in  
hall We work-ers ask not for their fav - ors Let us con - sult for  
blood; The rich are free from ob - li - ga - tions, The laws the poor de -  
soil! What have you read in all their sto - ry, But how they plun - dered  
work; The earth be - longs to us, the work-ers, No room here for the



*mf*  
birth. No more tra - di - tion's chains shall bind us A - rise ye  
all To make the thief dis - gorge his boo - ty To free the  
lude. Too long we've languished in sub - ject - ion, E - qual - i -  
toil? Fruits of the work-ers' toil are bur - ied In strongholds  
shirk. How man y on our flesh have fat - tened! But if the



slaves no more in thrall The earth shall rise on new foun -  
spir - it from its cell We must our selves de - cide our  
ty has oth - er laws; "No rights" says she, "with-out their  
of the i - dle few; In work - ing for their res - ti -  
nor - some birds of prey Shall van - ish from the sky some

*rit.*

da - tions We have been naught we shall be all.  
 du - ty We must de - cide and do it well.  
 du - ties, No claims on e - quals with - out cause?  
 tu - tion The men will on - ly claim their due.  
 morn - ing The bles - sed sun - light then will stay.

REFRAIN *March time*

'Tis the fin al con - flict Let each stand in his place The

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race 'Tis the

*rit.*

fin - al con - flict Let each stand in his place — The

*a tempo* *Slow* SOLO

In - ter - na - tion - al Un - ion shall be the hu - man race.



INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD  
2422 N. Halsted, Chicago, Ill. 60614



## Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World

The working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few, who make up the employing class, have all the good things of life.

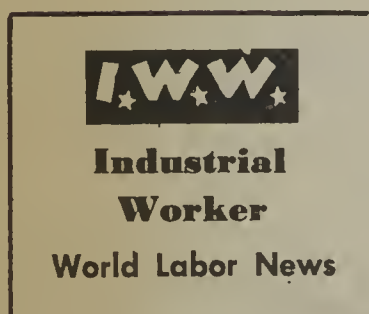
Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production, and abolish the wage system.

We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

These conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.



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Scientific industrial unionism designed by the Industrial Workers of the World to meet the conditions of modern industry emphasizes these basic rules:

1. All workers on the same job, regardless of craft, belong in the same job organization;
  2. All workers in the same industry belong in the same industrial union;
  3. All members of the industrial unions belong directly as members of the One Big Union of the entire working class;
  4. Any worker changing his job is entitled to transfer free of any charge to the industrial union covering his new employment—"once a union man, always a union man";
  5. No part of the labor movement should accept any obligation to work on materials furnished by strikebreakers, or to furnish material for them, or fill the orders that strikers were supposed to fill; or cross any picket line, or aid in any way to break the strike of any group of workers.
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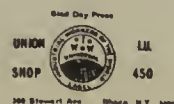
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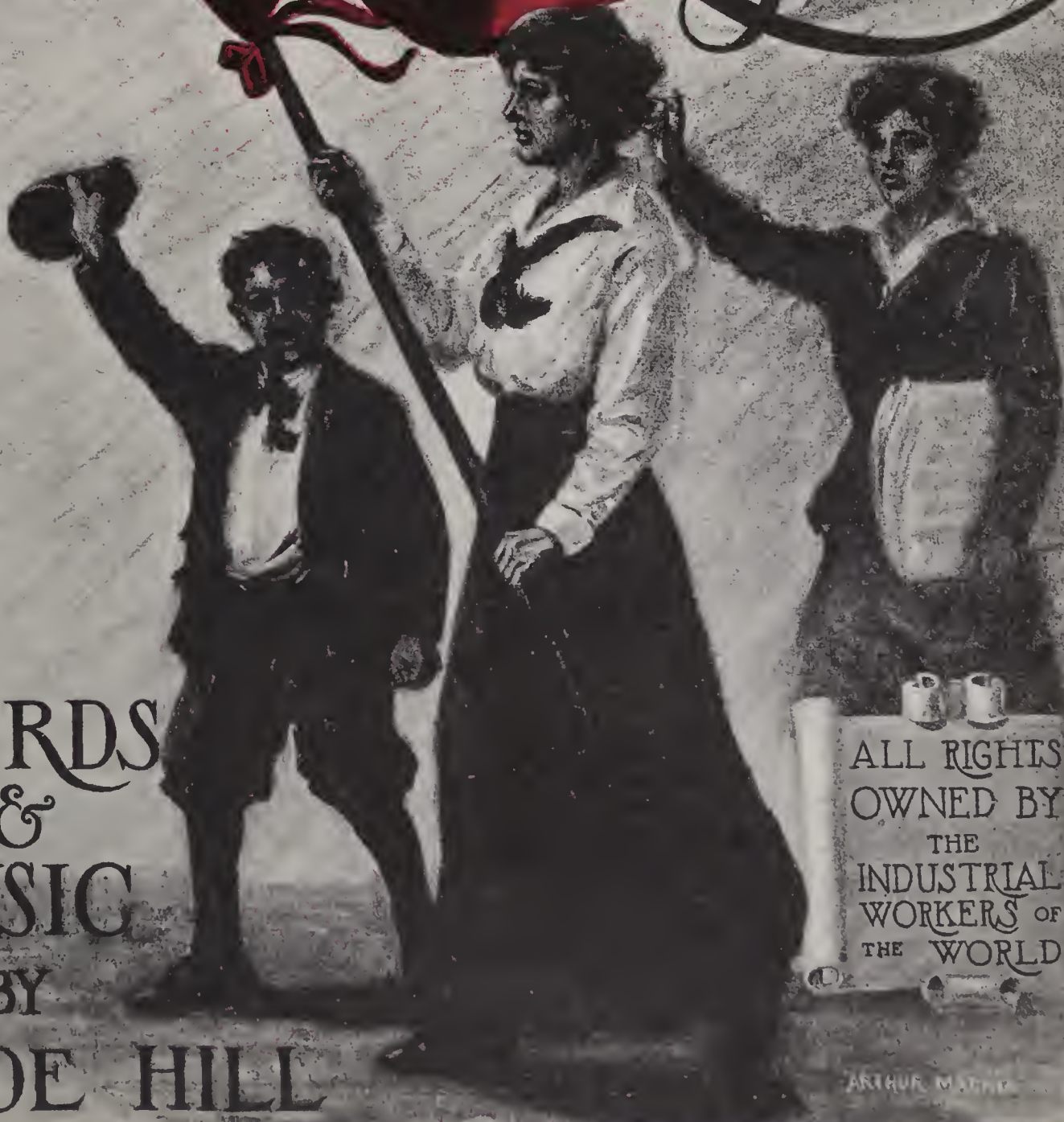






ONE BIG UNION

# The Rebel Girl



WORDS  
&  
MUSIC  
BY  
JOE HILL

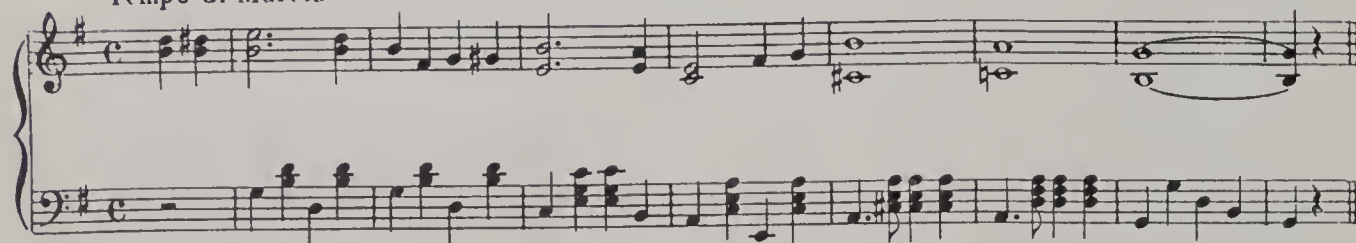
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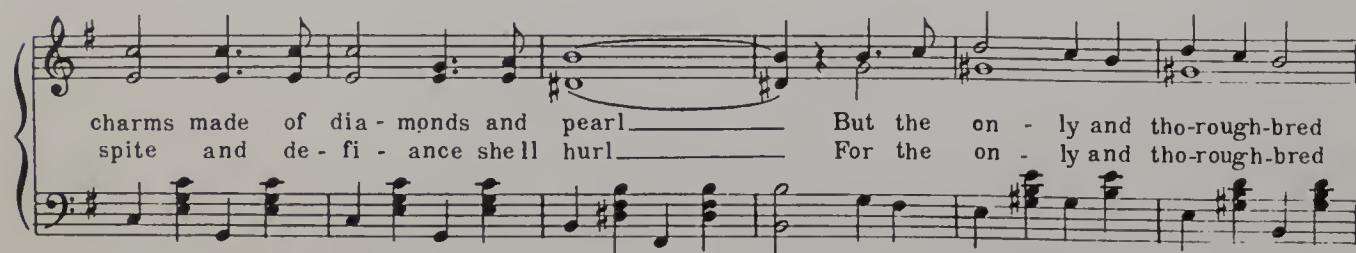
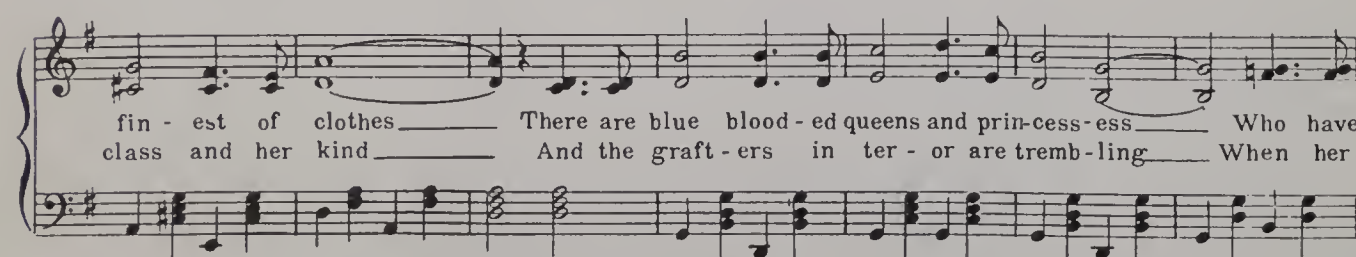
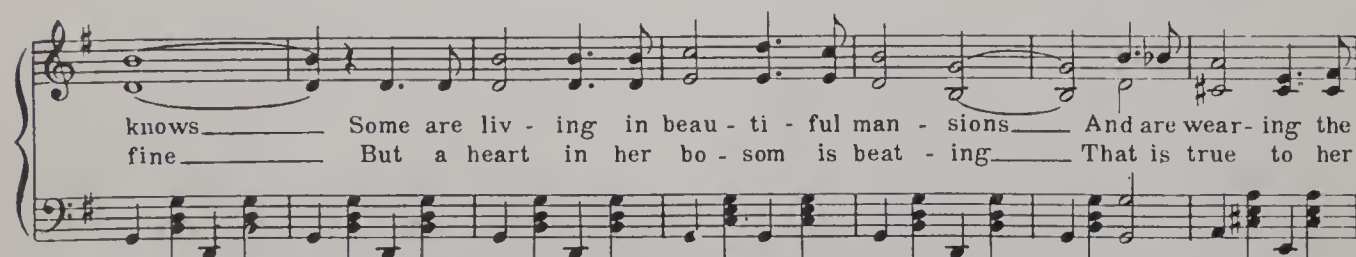
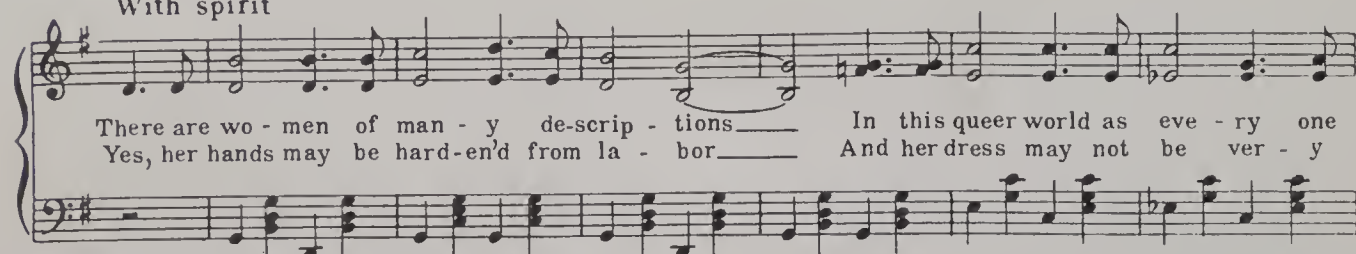
# THE REBEL GIRL

Words & Music by  
JOE HILL

Tempo di Marcia



With spirit





la - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl.  
'a - dy Is the Reb - - el Girl.

That's the Reb - el Girl, That's the Reb - el Girl To the work - ing

class she's a pre-cious pearl She brings cour - age pride and joy

To the fight - ing Reb - el Boy We have girls be - fore but we

need some more in the In - dust - rial work - ers of the world For it's great to

fight for free - dom With a Reb - - el Girl.



Glad Day Press

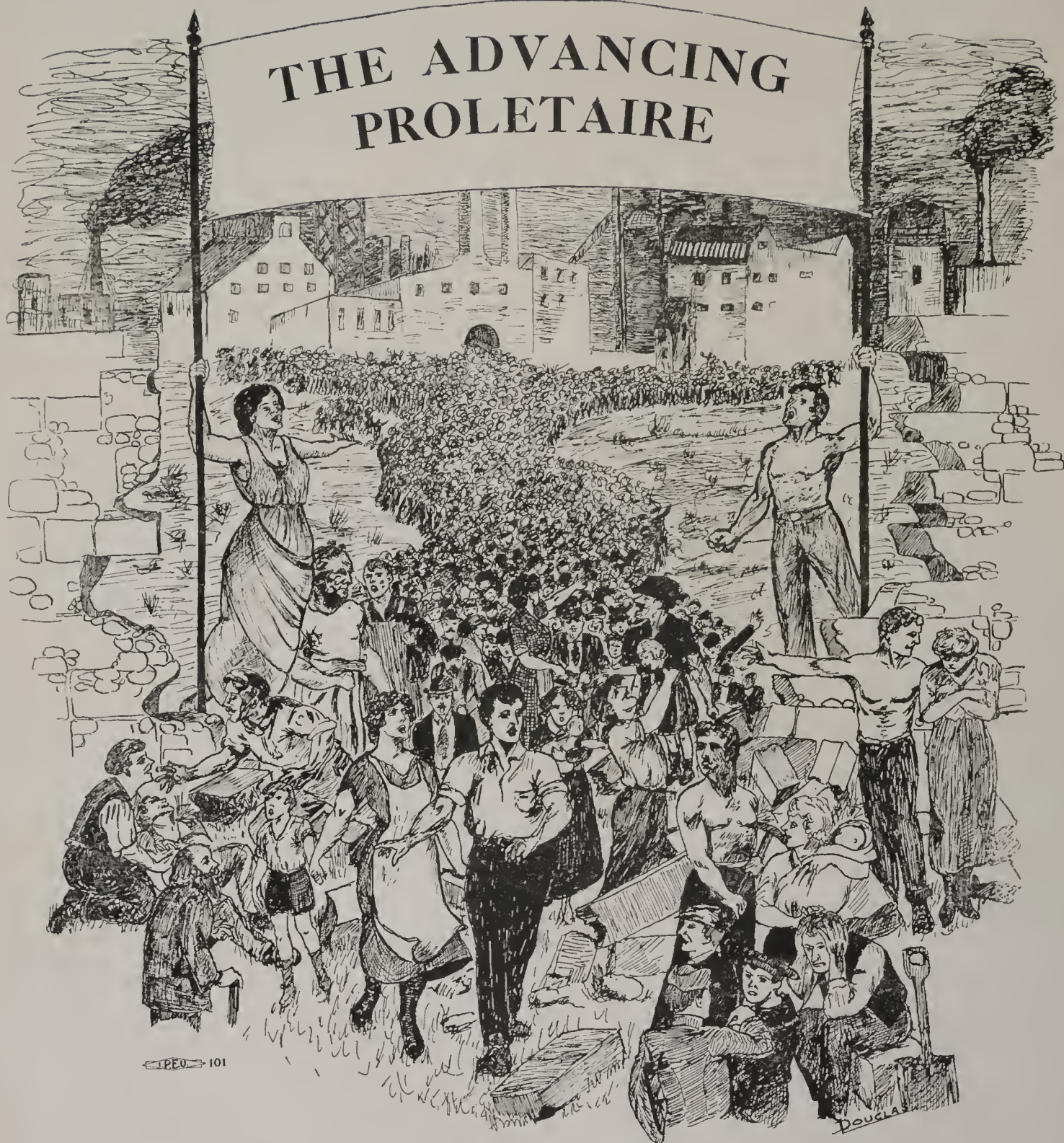
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# THE ADVANCING PROLETAIRE



INTERNATIONAL SONG PUBLISHERS  
204 NORTH CLARK STREET  
CHICAGO



# THE ADVANCING PROLETAIRE

Words by  
DOUGLAS.

Music by  
LIEBICH.

*Not too fast but with fire and vigor*  $\text{S}$  *loud*

1. We are com - ing all u - ni - ted  
2. Years of lab - or years of an - guish  
3. You are quak - ing lords and mas - ters

*Use both hands*  
*loud* *loud*

*Damper pedal*

Throbbing with unmeasur'd pow'r Thro' the dark - ness un - affrighted We have wait - ed for this  
Gal-lows grim and dungeon cell All your boast - ed pow'r to vanquish Has but taught us to re -  
Fear is brooding in your eye For you know that grim disast - ers In the preg - nant future

hour. Now we rise be - fore us sweeping All the gall - ing ties that  
bel.. Now the might - y gi - ant has ris - en From the slum - ber of the  
lie. You shall hear the grim death rat - tle As the sa - ges have fore -

*3* *very loud* *the higher notes may best be sung in the 3<sup>rd</sup> verse only.*

bind, And our fier - y veins are leap - ing With the blood of all man - kind.  
years, And for him your strongest prison Has no ter - rors and no fears.  
told, When the toil and strife of bat - tle O - ver throw the curse of gold.

*(same rate of speed as before)*



*no faster but keep up the onward urge*

We are coming unfor-giv-ing And the

*growing louder and slightly slower, as at first*

*sturdily but not too loud*

earth resounds our tread, Bone and sin-ew of the liv-ing

*softer* *growing much louder*

Spir-it of the rebel dead. You who sow'd the wind of sor-row Now the whirl wind you must

*medium strength growing much louder* *tremolo*

*loud* *growing louder* *very loud*

dare, As you face up-on the mor-row The ad-van-cing Pro-le-

*3rd time, omit next 3 measures*

*tremolo*

*1st and 2nd verses end here.* *End 3rd verse here. as loud as possible.*

taire. *Return to the sign* van-cing Pro-le-taire.

*use both hands* *very loud R.H.*

# THE ADVANCING PROLETAIRE

Music and all the other arts as part of life are subject to the evolutionary process. Each epoch in the world's history gives forth its own art expression. We are told that the day of the Folk-Song is past, that in a complex civilization such as we have in America, no true folk-song can be produced; that America never has had true folk-song of a distinct racial type because of the many nationalities comprising our population.

As our civilization becomes more complex our art must express that complexity. The proletariat, working in the modern industries, constitutes the majority of the people. Shall not the activities of these groups influence the art of their time as they become more and more conscious of their social status?

If America is the Melting Pot of the world, her song must be the song of Internationalism. All over the world there is the cry for greater democracy, the voice of the people demanding the right to dictate the conditions of their government.

Only the artists who have their fingers on the heart beats of that struggling mass will write the songs, paint the pictures and play the music that will endure. It is the mission of THE INTERNATIONAL SONG PUBLISHERS to fulfill that trust. Now is the day of "The Advancing Proletaire!"

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AND  
"CHILD LABORERS' SPRING SONG"**



**INTERNATIONAL SONG PUBLISHERS  
204 NORTH CLARK STREET  
CHICAGO**



# ANCIENT JEWISH LULLABY

Words adapted from Yiddish by  
MARY E. GALLAGHER

Traditional Air.  
Harmonized by LIEBICH

*Not too slowly but with tenderness*

1. Sleep my child, sleep my dar - ling,  
2. Tho' life of - fers pain and sor - row  
3. Work and love your toil - ing broth - er

All too soon my song will cease, When you have left my arms so lov - ing  
To the hum - ble low - ly born Yet there will be for all a bright to - mor - row  
While you sing a song of peace, When work - ers clasp hands with each oth - er

May you then find a life of peace. When you have left my  
Work my child for that hap - py morn. Yet there will be for all a  
Then the whole world will be at peace, When work - ers clasp hands

arms so lov - - ing, May you then find a life of peace.  
bright to - mor - - row Work my child for that hap - py morn.  
with each oth - - er Then the whole world will be at peace.

# CHILD LABORERS' SPRING SONG

These are the children who know only two seasons,  
the busy season and the dull season, and who have  
never seen a living flower.

Words by  
MARY E. GALLAGHER

Music by  
LUISE REICHARDT  
(1778-1825)

*With Simplicity*

In the time of ros - es,  
In the time of ros - es,

Through the wea - ry hours, Till the long day clos - es We are mak - ing flow'rs, With  
Child - ren should be free So when play-time clos - es We may laugh with glee.

numb and ach - - ing fin - gers Crowd - ed in the workshop's gloom, Where no per - fume  
Give us time for growing, Save — oh save us from the tomb, Give us sun - shine

lin - gers While the ros - - es bloom.  
glow - ing When the ros - - es bloom.

*Fine*

*D.S.al Fine*

## Workers' Songs

All the great and memorable music of the world came from the common people, the workers singing at their tasks as they tilled the soil or gathered around the hearth when their labor was done.

In the days when each worker owned his shop, when the tailor or cobbler produced an article of clothing for his neighbor, he could sing as he watched his work completed under his own eyes.

But when the worker lost the ownership of his tools, he lost his joy spirit also. In the modern factory of today, there is no joy in feeding small bits of material into a machine, never knowing who will use the finished product.

Now under the monotonous hum of the motor driven machinery is growing an heroic chorus. Instead of the old cry, "How long, oh Masters, how long?" the new song arises: "When we take our hands from these machines and their wheels stop, then you know our power, when we fold our mighty arms, then you feel our strength."

This is the new hymn of the workers that is stirring the world and the whole world is listening to this song and the whole world is startled by its sound.

The International Song Publishers are sending out to the world this new music of the awakened workers. Do not fail to get the songs they publish. There are songs of triumph, songs of hope and encouragement, songs of sadness and sympathy.

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All suitable arrangements of our songs for chorus or orchestra may be ordered from the publishers and will receive prompt attention.

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**INTERNATIONAL SONG PUBLISHERS**

**204 North Clark Street, Chicago.**



# THE CENTRALIA HORROR UP AND IN ACTION

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY  
HENRY C. PETERSEN

DEDICATED  
TO  
BRITT SMITH

O. C. BLAND  
RAY BECKER  
JOHN LAMB

BERT BLAND  
EUGENE BARNETT  
JAMES Mc INERNEY

LOREN ROBERTS

Now serving a twenty-five to forty year term in the Penitentiary at Walla Walla, Wash.,  
accused of defending their home against armed mob attack, Nov. 11th, 1919.

PRICE 10 CENTS

The net proceeds from the sale of this song shall go to help  
the wives and children of these innocent men.

PUBLISHED BY  
Washington Branch General Defense Committee  
Box 1873, Seattle, Wash.

(LITHOGRAPHED)

# THE CENTRALIA CASE

## A CHRONOLOGICAL DIGEST

- MARCH 1917** At a convention of lumberworkers held in Spokane, a resolution was adopted calling for a strike in the lumber industry. The demands included the eight hour day and better living conditions. This move kindled the fires of violence, smouldering in the mind of the Lumber Trust.
- JUNE 20, 1917** A strike call was issued and the lumbering industry in the Northwest was paralyzed as the workers lay down their tools of production. Other strikes followed at brief intervals until late in 1919. These strikes brought about the desired results for the lumberjacks; however, it added fuel to the confined flames of hatred in the lumber owners' camp.
- APRIL 30, 1918** The Employers Association of Washington, composed chiefly of lumber manufacturers, sponsored a "Red Cross" parade in Centralia, which served as a shield for the mobsters who demolished the union hall, stealing and burning its contents and deporting the tenants. This was one of the first flaring attempts to destroy the union because of the strike.
- JUNE 13, 1919** In furtherance of their attempt to break up the union. "Blind" Tom Lassiter, was kidnapped and forcibly driven from Centralia. He was seized in broad daylight on the main street by well known business men, as he went about his business of selling labor papers. Prior to this affair the same interests had raided his stand, burned his property and ordered him out of town.
- JUNE 27, 1919** The first meeting of the Citizens Protective League (newly named employers organization) was held. Plans were made to perfect a gigantic propaganda machine to deride organized labor and to ultimately break it up. From that time on anti-labor propaganda was spread.
- OCTOBER 20, 1919** At the second meeting of the League which was held in the Elks lodge room at Centralia, a committee was elected to formulate ways and means of ridding that vicinity of workers who had organized in the loggers union. Mobbing was the suggestion offered by many of the business men present.
- NOVEMBER 4, 1919** The I.W.W. Secretary had circulars printed and distributed calling the attention of the citizens to the fact that the League was conspiring to murder the unionists. This was a plea for justice and proof that the loggers wanted no blood shed.
- NOVEMBER 6, 1919** The Centralia American Legion officials joined hands with the Chamber of Commerce in a program of violence. It was their plan to hold a parade and use it as a shield when the union hall was attacked, as it had been done in the "Red Cross" parade on Memorial Day in 1918.
- NOVEMBER 11, 1919** An armed mob charged on the union hall from the rear rank of the Armistice parade. Four men were killed, many unionists were jailed and subjected to a "Patrician" third degree. One logger was emasculated while alive, lynched and his body riddled with bullets. Another was driven insane. As an aftermath ten loggers and a lawyer were charged with first degree murder.
- NOVEMBER 13, 1919** Kenneth MacIntosh, Judge of the Washington Supreme Court, wrote to George Dysart, of Centralia, father of one of the posse commanders in the manhunt, and expressed his appreciation for the "bravery" displayed by those that attacked the union hall.
- NOVEMBER 15, 1919** The lynched loggers body was taken from the jail by armed men and four loggers were forced to bury it. The mutilated body had been used as an example of what would happen to the others unless they confessed to a crime they did not commit.
- DECEMBER 7, 1919** Judge John M. Wilson, who was to try the case of the eleven defendants delivered a speech in the Elks lodge room where the raid idea had found its birth, in which he eulogized the ex-service men that had been killed when they attacked the hall, exposing his bias against the defendants.
- JANUARY 3, 1920** When ruling on the matter of a trial city Judge Wilson stated that it would be utterly impossible for the defendants to receive a fair trial in Grays Harbor County, because of the prejudice manifest against the defendants. Four days later he reversed himself and forced the case to trial in Montesano, Gray s Harbor County.



# UP AND IN ACTION

*March energico*



UP YE TOIL-ERS HARK! A VOICE A PLEA, DES-PAIR, A  
SAD AND LONE-LY YEARS, HATH PASSED IN ROUNDS OF HAP-LESS

*f Brisk*

CALL, FROM MEN A SIGHING, AND SLOWLY DY-ING, BEHIND THE SLIM-Y PRISON  
CHEER, WHEN HOMES WERE RAID-ED, BROKE UP, IN-VAD-ED, AND MOTHERS MET WITH TAUNT AND

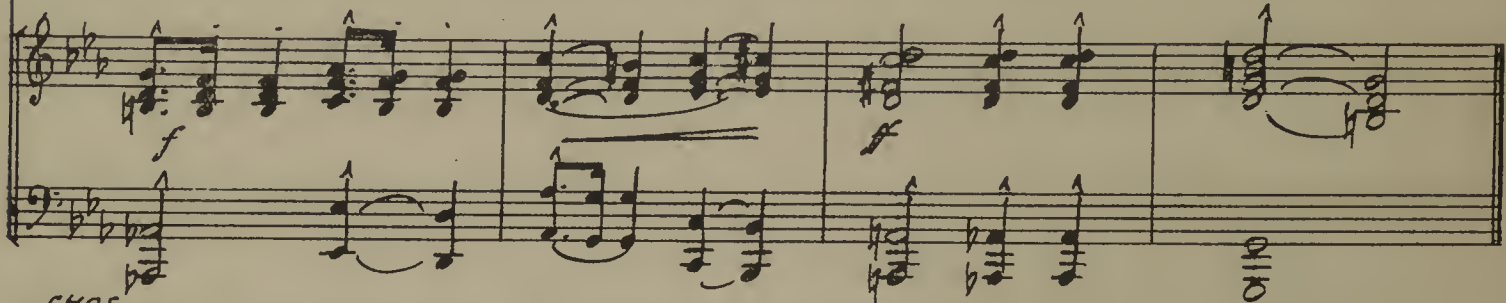
WALL; HELP OPE THE POR-TAL, ROUSE, FEAR NO MOR-TAL,  
SNEER; CRIMES LOW DE-FAM-ING, ACTS IN PRO-CLAIM-ING,

*mf*

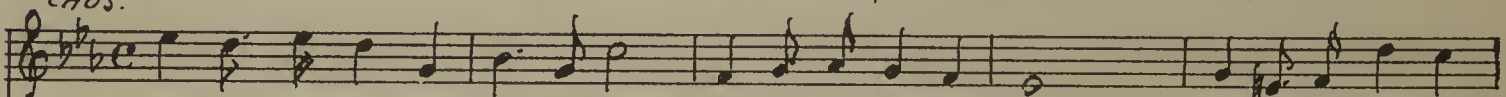




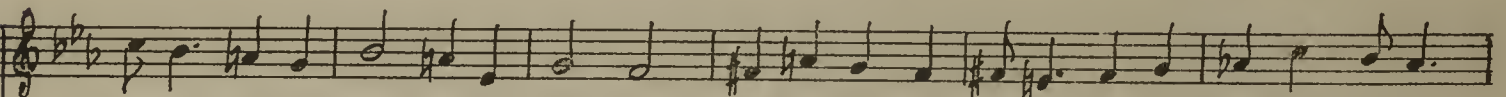
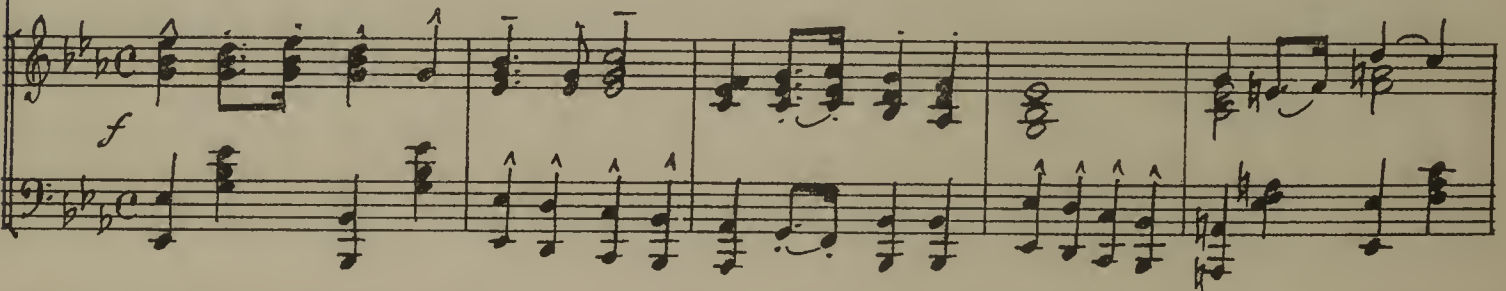
LIKE A FLOOD, WELLING UP, NAUGHT CAN STEM YOUR MASS'D MIGHTY FORC - ES.  
TAKE THE REINS, SHIFT THE CHAINS, DOOM AND FI - NAL CRASH OF YOUR MAST - ERS.



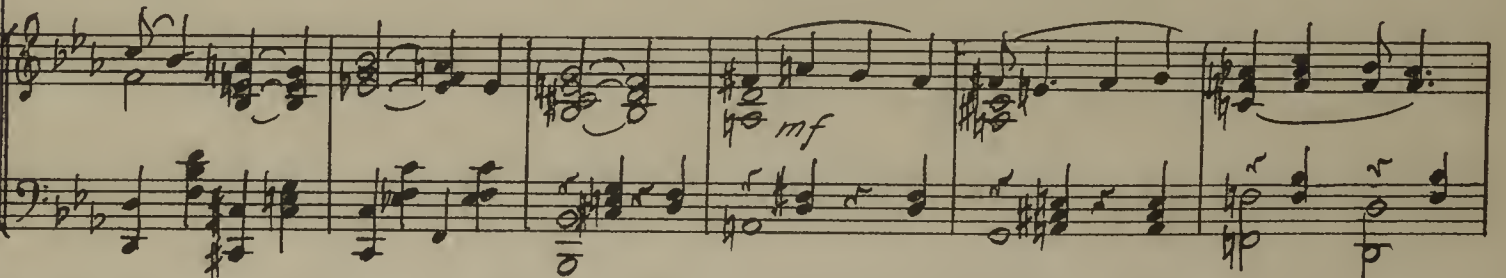
CHOS.



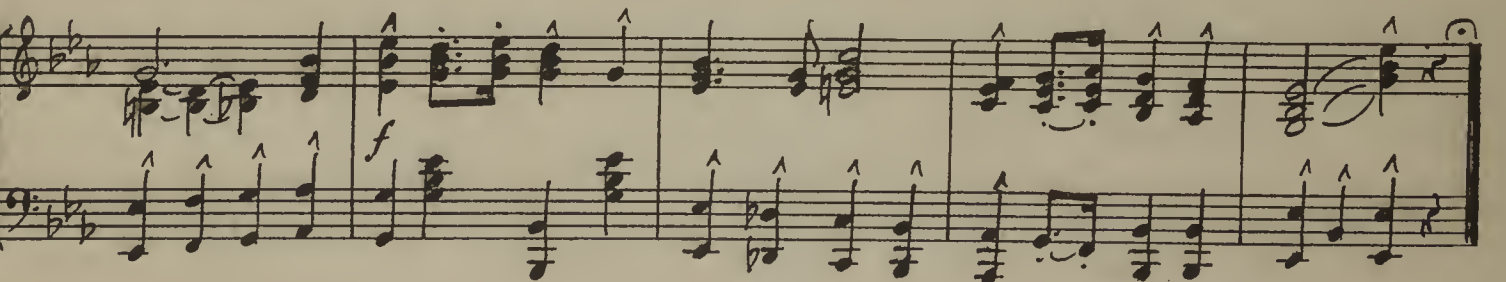
WEALTH, LANDS AND COURTS AND POW - ER STATE, FREE TO COMMAND AND HOLD, — STILL, LIKE A SPREADING



ULCER, BLOT SO FOUL YE WILL POST - ER, BRAVE MEN FOUGHT YOUR BATTLES, PAID THE PRICE WITH LIBER -



— TY, — THEN UP AND IN AC - TION, FALL IN LINE, WORK AND THEY WILL BE FREE.



- JANUARY 14, 1920** The Seattle Central Labor Council passed a resolution asking unions in the Northwest to elect a member to act as a venireman in a "silent labor jury" to hear the evidence submitted at the trial of the Centralia Defendants. Other cities concurred, so the labor jury became a reality, six men being elected to serve on it.
- JANUARY 25, 1920** Montesano witnessed the beginning of the trial. Judge Wilson, biased as he was, heard the case and proved an able assistant to the corps of specially paid prosecutors: Wm. H. Abel, Herman Allen, C. D. Cunningham, J. H. Jahnke, Frank Christenson and John H. Dunbar, in their foul tactics. George F. Vanderveer represented the defense.
- FEBRUARY 18, 1920** Bert Faulkner was dismissed from the case on motion of the defense attorney, who held that the prosecution had failed to produce any evidence tending to show that he was present or knew anything about the case. The same motion was made in behalf of the other defendants and was denied by the court.
- FEBRUARY 25, 1920** The 35th Infantry arrived at Montesano, having been called in at the request of the prosecution and were camped on the court-house lawn. This was done in an effort to frighten the jurors into believing that their lives were in danger. Rumors of some mythical mob had been circulated with the intention of fostering this fright.
- MARCH 13, 1920** After deliberating twenty-two hours and twenty minutes the jury returned a verdict of second degree murder against seven of the men, one was found insane and two were acquitted; they asked that leniency be extended to the convicted men. The labor jury returned a verdict of an acquittal for the entire group, and censored the court and prosecution for the insidious tactics used.
- APRIL 5, 1920** Judge Wilson again displayed his hatred for the defendants by sentencing the convicted men to terms in prison of from twenty-five to forty years. This despite the juries plea for leniency and despite the terms prescribed by law. The conviction was then appealed to the State Supreme Court.
- APRIL 14, 1921** The Supreme Court of the State of Washington affirmed the conviction of the victims. This decision did not come as a surprise as the defense had heard from reliable sources that other judges on that bench besides MacIntosh, had expressed a prejudice against the convicted men and their co-defendants.
- MAY 15, 1922** The first juror freed his conscience by swearing to an affidavit stating it to be his belief that the convicted men were innocent of the crime and that the only reason they were convicted was because the jury was afraid to bring in an acquittal. Subsequent to the making of this affidavit, six other jurors have made similar statements.
- NOVEMBER 5, 1924** Elsie Hornbeck, an important state witness swore to an affidavit in which she said that her testimony had been misconstrued and that she thought that no one should be convicted on testimony such as her's. Numerous other state witnesses have made statements to the effect that the men are innocent.
- SEPTEMBER 9, 1926** A petition was presented to Governor Hartley, containing the statements of the jurors, witnesses in the trial, witnesses to the tragedy and resolutions from various labor unions, asking for an immediate pardon for the victims. To date no action has been taken, apparently the Governor has ignored, not only that petition but the protests of countless thousands of Justice loving citizens, as well.
- AT PRESENT 1927** The seven convicted men and the boy that was declared insane are serving their eighth year behind prison walls. Their faith in the working class is unshaken, although they have every reason to wonder at the phenomenal apathy the workers have displayed with reference to their plight. This office is fighting for their release and will continue that struggle until Justice has been done and these innocent men have been restored to their loved ones and to the ranks of organized labor. We feel that is our duty, and it is your duty to join with us in the fight. Funds must be had to carry on the work of informing the world about this case. Send your donations or request for information to:

#### WASHINGTON BRANCH GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Box 1873

Seattle, Wash.



ROLL CALL I. W. W. CLASS WAR PRISONERS  
AUGUST 1927

WALLA WALLA

|                |      |                |      |
|----------------|------|----------------|------|
| LOREN ROBERTS  | 9100 | BERT BLAND     | 9411 |
| BRITT SMITH    | 9408 | JOHN LAMB      | 9412 |
| O. C. BLAND    | 9409 | RAY BECKER     | 9413 |
| JAS. MCINERNEY | 9410 | EUGENE BARNETT | 9414 |

Letters must bear name and number of addressee and return address of sender. Send all mail to Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington.

SAN QUENTIN

|              |       |            |       |
|--------------|-------|------------|-------|
| JACK BEAVERT | 40628 | JOHN BRUNS | 40054 |
|--------------|-------|------------|-------|

Letters must bear name and number of addressee and return address of sender on both letter and envelope. Send all mail to San Quentin, California.

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Send all mail in care of Warden, Represa, California. Place your return address on both letter and envelope.

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Address all mail to Box 2, Lansing, Kansas.

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GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

3333 WEST BELMONT AVENUE. CHICAGO, ILL

WASHINGTON BRANCH GENERAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE

Box 1873

SEATTLE, WASH.



# **We Have Fed You all A Thousand Years**



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391 

G.B.

**Poem by an unknown Proletarian  
Music by Rudolph Von Liebig**

**Pub. by I.W.W. Educational Bureau  
Chicago, U.S.A**



# We Have Fed You All For A Thousand Years

Words by  
An unknown Proletarian

Music by  
RUDOLF LIEBICH

*In stern sturdy march time*

*This must sound like a threat*

*growing very much louder*

*mf*

We have fed..... you all for a  
There is nev-er a mine blown.....

*ff* *NB Sing the word "Now" on one quarter (one beat) only Make the word "Years" last five times as long (five beats)*

thou-sand years And you hail..... us still un-fed. Tho' there's nev-er a dol-lar of  
sky-ward now But we're bur-ied a-live for you. There's nev-er a wreck drifts.....

*no tremolo in 2d verse*

*tremolo 5 beats long in 1st verse*

*growing rapidly softer*

*(2d verse more sternly)*

all your wealth But marks the..... work-ers' dead. We have yielded our best..... to  
shore-ward now But we are its ghash-ly crew. Go..... reckon our dead by the

*slower* *with much feeling*

give you rest And you lie on a crim-son wool. Then if blood be the price of.....  
for-ges red And the fac-tor-ies where we spin. *slower* If..... blood be the price of your

*with deepest pathos*

*p*

all..... your wealth, Good God! we have paid..... it in full.  
 cursed..... wealth, Good God! we have paid..... it..... in.

*After first verse return to the sign §*

*After second verse return to beginning and play the threat*

*slow*

*growing very much louder*

*mf*

We have fed you all for a thou-sand years.....

*ff*

*very sternly*

For that was our doom you

*mf*

*ff*

*slightly faster*

know, From the days when you chain'd us in your fields To the strike of a week a - go. You have

*slightly faster*

*growing*

*rible emphasis*

*slower*

eat-en our lives and our babies and wives And we're told it's your leg - al share But if

*slower*

*slower*

*with much feeling*

*still slower*

blood be the price of your law - ful wealth Good God! we have bought it..... fair.

*still slower*

*ff*



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# Don't take my Papa away from me Song-Picture from the War.

Words and Music by  
**JOE HILL**



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# Don't Take My Papa Away From Me

2

Words & Music by  
JOE HILL

Tempo di Valse

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The music is in 3/4 time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#).

old cab-in 'cross the sea,  
fa - ther went to the war,  
He'll nev - er kiss her good-night a -  
laid, With her fa - ther shed al - ways be  
gain For he fell mid the can - nons roar.  
But then one day the great  
Great - er a sol - dier was  
war broke out And the fa - ther was told to go,  
The lit - tle girl  
nev - er born, But his brave heart was pierced one day.  
And as he was



plead-ed her fa-ther she need-ed She begged, cried and plead-ed so.  
dy-ing he heard some-one cry-ing A girl's voice from far a-way.

CHORUS

Don't take my pa-pa a-way from me  
Don't leave me here all a-

lone He has cared for me so ten-der-ly

Ev-er since moth-er was gone, No-bod-y ev-er like

him can be No one can so with me play, Don't take my

fa-ther a-way from me, Please don't take pa-pa a-way.

*ritard*



